CC 02830

Insanity vs. the Law

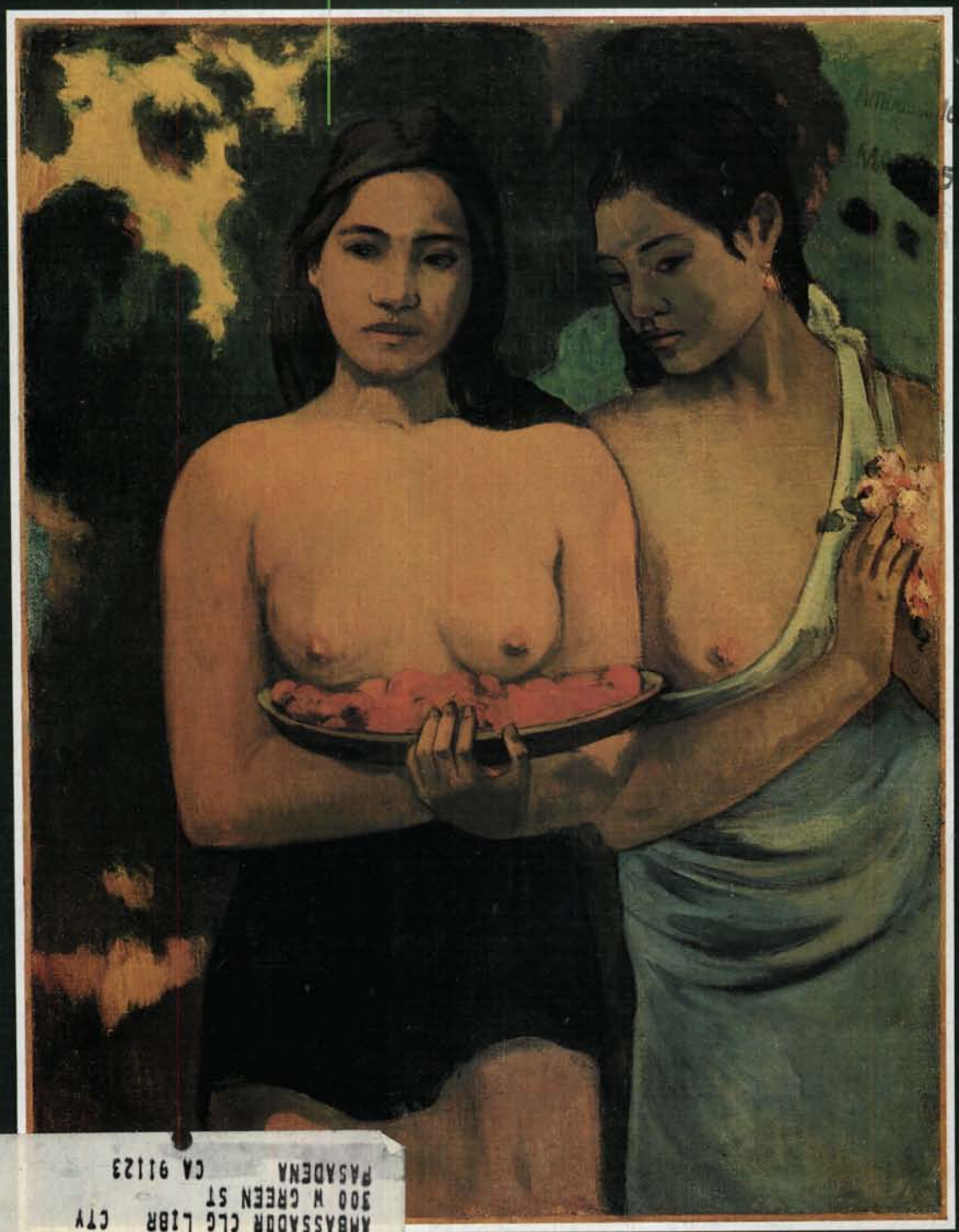
Saturday Review

March 18, 1978

$1.00

CHASING THE PACIFIC DREAM

New Passages to Bali Ha'i



SLBRO 13006 GRE95 14X14 NOV78
026 1 275
AMBASSADOR CLG LIBR CTY
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over a million homes are heated with Texaco Heating Oils.

Millions more are decorated with products containing Texaco petrochemicals.

Petrochemicals are a natural extension of Texaco's petroleum business. For example, Texaco makes Surfonic N-95, a petroleum derivative, used extensively in latex paints. And Nitration Grade Benzene, an important "building block" in the production of synthetic fiber, rubber, and plastic.

Last year Texaco made 525 other chemical products and sold them to 4,000 companies in 73 countries who used these chemicals in their consumer products.

The success of these products and others has encouraged us to expand our petrochemical efforts with $500 million in construction projects.

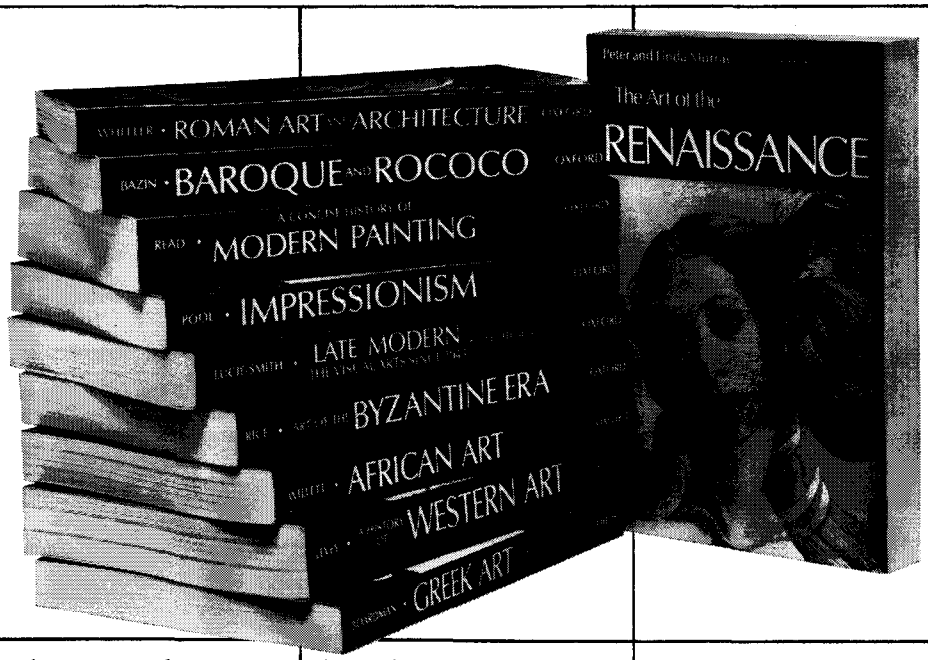
The need for products using petrochemicals is expected to increase importantly in the future. And Texaco expects to be an important supplier to that market.

At Texaco, we're working to keep your trust in petrochemicals, as well as oil and natural gas.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL THE VIA APPIA. EXPLORE AFRICA. FORGIVE GAUGUIN. ACCEPT DUCHAMP. MARVEL AT MICHELANGELO. LIVE THE GOLDEN AGE.

☐ 10-volume World of Art Library, $12.50 [publisher's list prices total $69.50], when you join QPB and agree to buy four more books in the next year.
☐ Clear, readable, authoritative.
☐ An art library you will read, reread, and cherish.
☐ Published in, and imported from, England.
☐ 2705 plates – 649 in color.
☐ Acknowledged art authorities, up-to-date revised editions.



Here are books that you will read – and reread – and treasure. They are history, but not dry texts. They are concise, but not bare-boned. They are scholarly, but not pedantic.

You will come to know individual artists and the social forces that shaped them. You will see their major works. You will understand the why of their art.

The World of Art Library is gloriously illustrated with color and black-and-white plates, and was printed in England for the Oxford University Press. In the QPB tradition, these books are printed on fine paper and are as durably bound as most hardcover editions. And they cost about half as much. (If you don't judge a book by its cover, why pay for the cover?)

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.
Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 10-volume WORLD OF ART LIBRARY, billing me only $12.50 for the entire set (publisher's list prices total $69.50). I agree to buy at least four additional Selections or Alternates during my first year as a member. 8-QB225-3-1

Name_____
(Please print plainly) 18

Address_____ **Apt.**_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

How membership works

1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least a 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books – or no book at all – indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Free books.** For each book or set you take (except the 10-volume Art Library), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to free books. You pay only shipping charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel your membership at any time after you have bought the four books mentioned above.

As for the four additional books you'll buy in the next year, rest assured. You'll have no problem finding books you want to own and read, important works of fiction and nonfiction, great books by great writers, classic and current. They're the books you want, and you'll save *at least 20% on each Main Selection you buy.* What a perfect time to join QPB – with a saving of 80% on the world-famous *World of Art Library.*

QPB

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack Block's class of business majors politely suggested what we could do with this ad.

Mr. Block teaches Business Communications at Mesa College in San Diego.

When our ad ran, he asked his students to make suggestions.

They did. All eighty-five of them. Thoughtfully and pointedly.

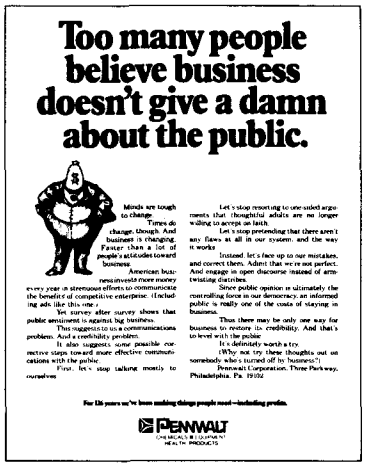
"Don't tell us people distrust big business," they suggested. "Tell us what you intend to *do* about it."

If only it were that simple.

As we've said before in this space, loss of credibility is just one reason why business is in trouble with the public. But loss of credibility leads to erosion of confidence in the whole system.

This alarms us. Because we believe in competitive enterprise, despite its defects.

We hate to see the whole system condemned for the questionable or unethical practices of a relatively few people in business who ought to know better.



But *we* know better than to try to defend the system with one-sided sermonettes that insult your intelligence.

Instead, we hope you'll stop and think. We hope the skeptics among you will question certain attitudes of your own.

Maybe nothing business says will ever change the mind of anyone not already sold on the system.

We certainly don't expect an ad to do it. That's not the point at all.

The point is to make you think. To replace a monologue with a dialogue. Judging from our mail, it's working.

Thus the ads themselves are an example of what we "intend to *do* about it."

The dialogue is healthy. We hope it continues.

We also hope we've shown Jack Block's students that we're open to suggestion.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

March 18, 1978

4 **Editor's Page** by N.C.
5 **Letters from Readers**
6 **Front Runners**

Articles

10 **The Murderous Mind: Insanity vs. the Law** by Richard Gambino
The Alice in Wonderland world of courtroom psychiatry

Chasing the Pacific Dream — Spring Travel Section

14 **After Cook, the Deluge** by Horace Sutton
With the new air fares it is, two centuries after Hawaii's discovery, anybody's ocean

16 **Tales of the New Pacific** by Frank Riley
An update on this generation's characters who float on that celebrated sea

25 **Taking Nippon by Surprise** by Rafael Steinberg *Japan is nothing, if not unusual*

28 **Down and Out in Dharamsala** by James Traub
Aspects of the subcontinent preferred by seekers of nirvana and cheap hash

30 **Nuggets of India: Jottings of a Recent Invader** by Barbara Coates

34 **China Passage** by Susan Ochshorn; photographs by Alberto Incrocci

Books

42 **The Writer's Conscience** by Robertson Davies

46 **The Great Fear: The Anti-Communist Purge Under Truman and Eisenhower** by David Caute
The Romance of American Communism by Vivian Gornick
Reviewed by Alden Whitman

48 **Books in Brief**

54 **Fine Print** by Doris Grumbach

55 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

The Arts

56 **A Super Season for Jon Vickers** by Irving Kolodin
The importance of being earnest in opera

58 **The Golden Giveaway** by Karl E. Meyer
Why commercial TV should pay to use our airwaves

59 **Swordplay, and Satire** by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *Two rattling good films*

60 **Love Among the Middle-Aged** by Martin Gottfried

61 **Bouquets for the Cleveland Ballet** by Walter Terry

Features

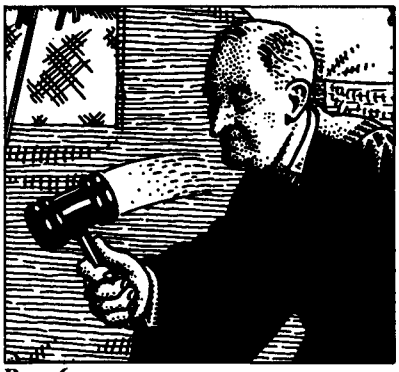
62 **Sporting Life** by Jonathan Evan Maslow *The allure of an Olympiad*

64 **Education Now** by Jack Fincher *Learning by suggestion*

66 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton

72 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker

54 **Literary Crypt No. 103** 59 **Wit Twister No. 114** 71 **Double-Crostic No. 143**



Page 6

Page 10

Page 14

Saturday Review published biweekly (except monthly during August and December) by Saturday Review Magazine Corp., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$28; three years—$36 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 5, No. 12, March 18, 1978. Back issues are $1.50 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada. © 1978 by Saturday Review Magazine Corp. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. Saturday Review Magazine Corp. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., Saturday Review, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-2160.

Cover: "Two Tahitian Women" (*"Femmes au mango"*), by Paul Gauguin, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, gift of William Church-Osborn, 1949

Cartoonists: Vahan Shirvanian, Joseph Kohl, Peter Steiner, John A. Ruge, Henry Martin, Clarence Brown

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Message from Indochina

A BITTER WAR is now being fought between Cambodia and Vietnam, two nations with socialist ideology. That war may have little apparent significance for the American people, but it throws a blazing light on all the miscalculations that brought us into Indochina almost 20 years ago.

The purpose behind our involvement was to prevent the nations of Indochina from toppling in a "domino" process extending throughout Asia. We expended 50,000 lives in that effort and incurred 250 billions of dollars in debt. Vietnamese casualties exceeded one million. Thousands of villages were devastated. Hundreds of thousands of people became homeless.

But now we discover that the assumption underlying our involvement in that war was incorrect. We had feared that the emergence of "people's republics" in Indochina would lead to the overthrow of other governments stretching as far west as India and as far east as the Philippines. Far from being fused into a single, dynamic ideological force directed by Peking or Moscow, the countries of Indochina have been preoccupied with the same separate national problems and regional antagonisms that have always dominated their individual histories. The war between Cambodia and Vietnam is the most explicit expression of the fact that national differences are more powerful than ideological allegiances.

Our mistaken assessment of the likely course of events in Indochina was not just the product of faulty intelligence operations. More generally, it was the result of a fundamental error in U.S. policy. Until only recently, American policy makers proceeded on the assumption that ideology was more potent than nationalism and that as new countries became Communist they would be woven into a single world fabric.

For a long time, the pervasive nightmare that dominated American calculations was that the Soviet Union and China would become a fully integrated strategic and political entity. As late as 1960, U.S. policy makers were disdainful of any talk about a break between the U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China. What we missed was that the territorial disputes of their non-Communist predecessors would overshadow the dictates of a Communist "brotherhood." This does not mean that ideology has been totally absent in the strategy of the major Communist powers. What it means is that the principal usefulness of ideology to the U.S.S.R. and the P.R.C. has been subordinated to national needs and aims.

The reflexes of U.S. foreign policy, conditioned during the Stalinist years, were slow in adapting to the new realities. In 1949, after the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek, it seemed axiomatic to the United States that the U.S.S.R. and Mainland China would become mammoth ideological partners. On a small but nonetheless costly scale, we made similar assumptions about the relationship of the nations of Indochina to Peking. We feared that unless we filled what we conceived to be the power vacuum left by the French, the domino process would be unstoppable. We tended to regard Ho Chi Minh as a puppet and minimized his consistent opposition to all external forces, including the Chinese. We became deeply enmeshed in the kind of subversive and undercover activities we had denounced when practiced by the Soviet Union. The escalation of those activities led not just to the attempted overthrow of the newly elected government of Laos but to the assassination of President Diem in South Vietnam.

No sooner had President Johnson come to office in 1963 than he was subjected to all sorts of dire forecasts about the consequences of our departure from Indochina. Alarming reports came streaming into the White House to the effect that a victory by North Vietnam would eventually unhinge the U.S. position in the Far East, just as it would expose one nation after another to massive outside pressure.

Hence the decisions that were to entangle the United States in a war without moral justification, a war that began in miscalculations and ended in grotesque disconnections—symbolized finally by refugees adrift in frail boats, desperately looking for a haven. And the final refutation of our arguments for going into Indochina is a war today between Cambodia and Vietnam—two countries that were supposed to work in tandem in undermining the governments of the bordering nations.

ARE U.S. ERRORS in all these matters simply to be charged to the quirks of history? Are we to regard the long train of horrendous events proceeding out of these miscalculations and misjudgments as nothing more than casual mistakes? Are the American people expected to absorb and forget all the destruction and bloodletting carried on in their name? It would be an invitation to renewed disaster not to scrutinize the causes nor to fix the responsibility. Was the President misinformed? Were the American people given the facts rightly owing to them? Was the American military acting in violation of the principles of a Constitutional society? Did our intelligence agencies take action on their own that committed the U.S. flag?

We cannot expect infallibility of our leaders. History is an accumulation of error; and governments have been the most consistent contributors to that awesome mass. But our own government was carefully designed so that, to the fullest possible extent, the errors would be forced into the open and the error makers held accountable. We are not a vindictive people; but when our elected leaders have done as much damage to our history as has been done by the Vietnam war, it is asking too much of us to charge up the entire episode to an unfortunate appraisal and let it go at that. "Sorry, old chap, it's just one of those things" is hardly a fitting consolation for all those who lost their loved ones in Vietnam. And what about the Vietnamese themselves? How many people died in bombings that were conducted under the mistaken notion that the air attacks would break the will of the people to fight?

These are only a few of the questions that have never been completely answered. A full-scale congressional investigation of that involvement is long overdue. It may be argued that an inquiry would serve only to tear the country apart all over again. But the greater danger is that the mistakes of the past will go unrecognized. This nation can survive anything except ignored and unredeemed tragedy. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor
Norman Cousins
President
Carll Tucker

Managing Editor
Peter Young
Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Art Director
Alfred de la Houssaye
Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser, Roland Gelatt, Doris Grumbach, Susan Heath, Irving Kolodin, Albert Rosenfeld, Roger M. Williams
Associate Editor
Susan Schiefelbein
Copy Editors
Carol Mauro (Copy Chief), Gina E. Grant, Joan E. Henricksen
Associate Art Director
Lily Hou
Assistant Art Director
Laura Hart
Assistant Editors
Karen Braeder, Susan von Hoffmann, Susan Ochshorn
Cartoon Editor
Clarence Brown
Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace, William Cole, Owen Edwards, Fred M. Hechinger, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Karl E. Meyer, Thomas H. Middleton, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Christopher H. Stern, Walter Terry, Margaret R. Weiss

Advertising Director
Anthony Salisbury
Associate Publisher
Richard B. Barthelmes
Travel Advertising Manager
Jay Stelzer
Advertising Sales
Ilene Goldsmith, Thomas G. Petersen, Jr., Vicki H. Richards
Classified Advertising Manager
June Tooni
Director of Advertising Services
Joan Grant
Production Director
Gerald W. Harris
Advertising Representatives: Western Region, Donald G. Dickey Co., 681 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Detroit, David L. McDonald, 1100 N. Woodward, Birmingham, Mich. 48011; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives, Inc., Atlanta (404) 352-2173, Miami (305) 856-8326, Tampa (813) 837-5618
Research Director
Judy Berenberg
Circulation Director
George Reeves
Controller
Nathan Cohn
Assistant to Controller
Bobby Levasseur
Accounting
Dave Freed
Office Manager
Susan Selby
Administrative Assistants
Dorothy Murray, Emily Suesskind, Mary Swift

Letters from Readers

English Education

Sloan Wilson's pejorative comments about the teaching of grammar [Education Now, December 10, 1977] have finally provoked a response from one who has long resented the denigration of such instruction.

Wilson says that lessons in grammar "teach the child nothing except a hatred of English." If grammar lessons teach students to hate English, why does Wilson not protest the teaching of multiplication tables as teaching a hatred of mathematics?

Whether students learn to love or to hate a discipline in school depends not upon the discipline itself but upon the teacher and the presentation of the material. Granted, if the teacher knows little, if any, grammar—as is, unfortunately, the case with many teachers—he can hardly present it as an intriguing subject worthy of study. But grammar can be taught by "free, inspired teachers" just as effectively as science can.

With regard to writing, almost nobody disputes the fact that students must be put to writing if they ever hope to learn to write. But surely Wilson knows that although the smallest unit of writing is the paragraph, paragraphs are made up of sentences, and sentences constitute the smallest unit of grammar. To ask, then, that writing be taught without the teaching of grammar would be analogous to asking that algebra be taught without addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Prof. Virginia Hinton
Marietta, Ga.

Well-Endowed

I appreciated seeing Barbara Rose's article ["Cézanne: The Autumn Years," November 26, 1977]. Because Rose mentioned the recent controversy over the federal arts funding policy and the "popular-elitist" debate, I wanted to point out that the Cézanne exhibit was sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities (the National Endowment for the Arts was not involved in this particular exhibition). The National Endowment for the Humanities funded the Cézanne exhibit primarily because of its policy of encouraging interpretative exhibits.

Joseph Duffey, Chairman,
National Endowment for the Humanities
Washington, D.C.

Names and Numbers

We who love numbers rise in protest at N.C.'s editorial ["The Bureaucrats and Mr. 1069," January 21]. A number is honest, and its meaning remains constant; but who knows what a word means? If I say something to 25 people, there will be 25 versions of what I have said, none of them being what I meant. If I say 1069, there is only one possible interpretation; no judge and no dictionary is needed to define the figure. Furthermore, how many Michael Herbert Denglers are there? Nobody knows. How many 1069s? One.

Numbers are beautiful, and nothing is more beautiful than a prime number, unless it be a perfect number. A conjecture of Fermat's is as elegant as a sonnet of Wordsworth's.

Could N.C.—at whose bidding words perform miracles—describe in words how to point a space probe in such a way that it will come within a few miles of Jupiter two years from now? He probably had a mean arithmetic teacher when he was small and thus acquired the distorted idea that numbers are inhuman. But how about those of us who had mean grammar teachers, or perhaps dyslexia, or who are confused and baffled and frustrated by words? How can he assume that the bureaucrats could do with numbers what they are now doing to us with words? At least we can agree on what the number means. Where, N.C., is your well-developed, justly renowned, and usually dependable sense of fair play?

Frederick Hooven
Norwich, Vt.

Where There's a Will...

It was indeed a pleasure to read the comments by Will Durant ["What I Have Learned," January 7]. No doubt the Durants' comments on the human condition will continue to be a great inspiration, providing a realistic view of what is and a hopeful view of what one day can be. It is important that others join the Durants in informing us of our shortcomings and in providing insight into our potential.

I recall the dedication of *The Story of Philosophy*, in which Will Durant wrote these words to his wife, Ariel (and, I believe, to us all):

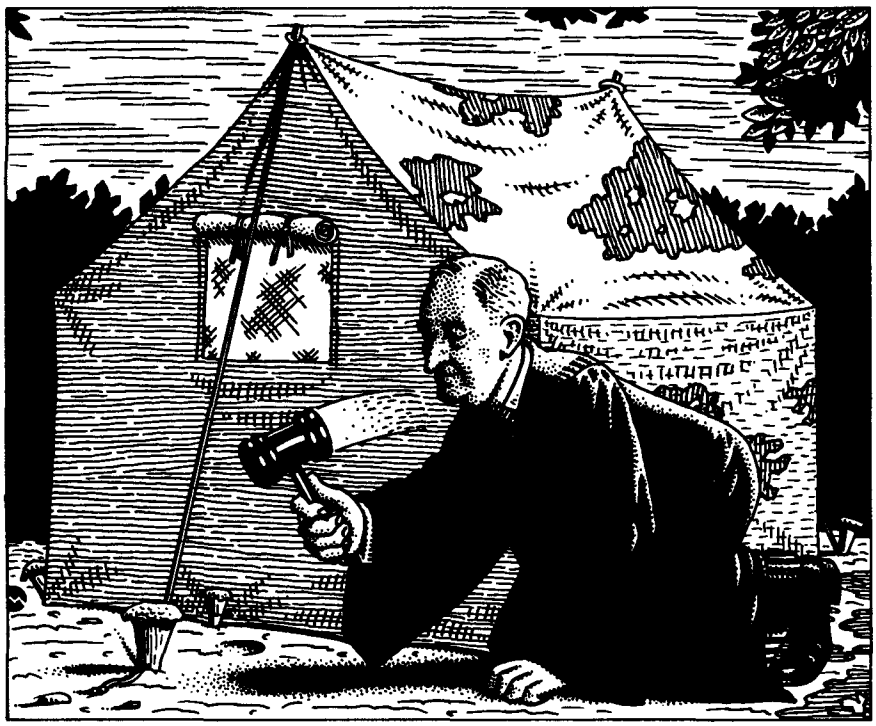
Grow strong, my comrade... that you may stand
Unshaken when I fall; that I may know
The shattered fragments of my song will come
At last to finer melody in you;
That I may tell my heart that you begin
Where passing I leave off, and fathom more.

Robert Augustine
Athens, Ga.

As a service to readers, a variety of vacation ideas are described in the "Vacation Planner" (page 65).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners


Marvin Mattelson

Back to Basics

The more-with-less, small-is-beautiful philosophy of government is getting a big boost in Kentucky. When the state budget failed to provide courtrooms for some of the new district judges, one of the appointees, Lewis Hopper, simply set up court in a 10-person army surplus tent.

"I'm going to hold court with or without a courtroom," Judge Hopper told AP reporter T. G. Moore. "It's not much, but it's something. I'm going to get a desk and chair in here and bring in an extension cord, so I can have a naked light bulb hanging from the ceiling."

Why not hold off till the state comes up with suitable surroundings? "We can't seem to get through to them," Hopper says, "and when we do, they say they're working on it.... But [the] criminal session starts [soon], and with the docket I've got... I'd never get caught up if I waited. [Anyway], hell, I've got zero overhead, literally."

On Guard!

In the Great Apes House of the New York zoo, between the gorilla and the orangutan displays, there is an exhibit titled THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL IN THE WORLD. The exhibit consists of a mirror, under which appears the following text:

You are looking at the most dangerous animal in the world. It alone, of all the animals that ever lived, can exterminate (and has) entire species of animals. Now it has achieved the power to wipe out all life on earth, including its own.

Drink Up!

Why so few killings and so little violence in El Paso, Texas? Anne Garvey, of *Texas Monthly*, points out that El Paso has "a lower rate of murder, assault, and suicide than almost any other city of comparable size in the country." Garvey's tentative explanation: "An unusual but persuasive theory holds that El Paso's domestic tranquillity is the result of lithium occurring naturally in the city's drinking water.... Many doctors now believe that the lithium... exerts a constant, mild tranquillizing effect on the area's inhabitants." Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia—what are you waiting for?

Atlantis Redivivus

Atlantis is bustin' out all over: Three major books on the legendary continent are due this spring, and there is no dearth of articles that locate Atlantis in various bizarre settings.

Otto Muck's forthcoming *The Secret of Atlantis* is said to pinpoint the exact moment in history when Atlantis slid beneath the waves. Times Books, which will publish the volume at $12.50, claims it advances "a grand thesis that once and for all solves the mystery of Atlantis." David Zink's *The Stones of Atlantis* (Prentice-Hall, $9.50) is about "massive stone structures" found underwater off Bimini. And Edwin Ramage has edited *Atlantis—Fact or Fiction?* (due this spring from Indiana University Press), which is a scholarly roundup covering all that is known, or claimed, about Atlantis.

Authors Muck, Zink, and Ramage envision an Atlantis that lies deep underwater. But Professor Harald A. T. Reiche, of MIT, locates Atlantis high in the sky. In *Technology Review*, Reiche explains that as the earth wobbles on its axis in 26,000-year cycles, certain constellations seem to sink below the horizon; the ancient astronomers, trying to understand this (to them alarming) phenomenon, could have invented a striking legend to describe it—the myth of a sinking Atlantis.

Finally, Charles Berlitz, who wrote *The Bermuda Triangle*, now claims that within the Triangle, at a depth of about 3,000 feet, there is a giant, Cheops-style pyramid (one of David Zink's "massive stone structures"?) that may prove Atlantis is resting on the ocean floor just east of North America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners

What Peace Would Mean to Israel

Jerusalem

"Peace," an Israeli auto mechanic told me, "is like winning a million dollars in the lottery. Sure, at first you go crazy with excitement. But suddenly the government is saying you owe them a fortune in taxes, your wife wants expensive improvements on the house, and all your relatives start coming around for handouts. Now it dawns on you that winning a million brings problems!" He fell silent for a moment, then smiled and added, "But still, you don't turn the million down."

The young mechanic's reaction, I found, fairly reflected the national mood. Euphoric at first over Sadat's dramatic visit last year, Israelis are now resigned to a long period of bumpy, sometimes acrimonious peace maneuverings—and they are even beginning to take a sober second look at the problems and opportunities that would flow from the establishment of normal relations with the Arab world.

The opportunities are obvious: Peace would make it possible for Israel to reduce its gigantic outlays for defense—thus at one stroke removing the major obstacle to the country's normal industrial development and freeing up resources for solving the country's many social problems. Nearly one third of Israel's gross national product and one fifth of its work force are now tied up in defense-related industries. Defense needs account for a whopping $2 billion balance of payments deficit.

Peace and an end to the Arab boycott would, further, open up new markets for Israeli goods and services. The attendant economic stability could turn Israel into a financial center—the "Switzerland of the Middle East" that Finance Minister Simcha Ehrlich says he wants to build. Peace would also mean Jewish and Arab cooperation in developing the Middle East into a prosperous region: Already, governments and private companies are drawing up plans for joint enterprises, such as an atomic reactor in the Sinai to supply both Egypt and Israel with cheaper electricity.

But peace, if it comes, will mean confronting an entirely new set of problems: The changeover to a peacetime economy will not be smooth or easy. Israel's technological and industrial capacity was designed, after all, to meet problems of security, not of commercial trade. Until new jobs are found for those now engaged in defense-related industries, a certain degree of unemployment—a new phenomenon in labor-starved Israel—is anticipated. Peace could also mean that for the first time in its history, Israel will have to finance its own development and no longer rely on the largesse of American foreign aid or on contributions from Jews around the world, who have always been quick to contribute in times of crisis but who can be expected to be less generous in a time of quiet.

Many Israelis are worried that peace will mean a massive influx of cheap Arab labor into the Israeli market that will bring with it new social problems. They notice that Egypt has a 25 percent unemployment rate and that the average monthly wage there is only $93. Unlike the 60,000 Arabs from the occupied territories of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip who now work in Israel during the day and return home at night, workers from Cairo, Damascus, and Amman could become a permanent feature of Israeli society, like the *Gastarbeiter* ("foreign workers") of Western Europe. Some fear that Arab workers will endanger internal security, forming a fifth column; others are concerned about the resulting strain on social resources.

What's more, the onset of trade relations with the Arab world may not turn out to be such a boon after all. Experts have pointed out that the Arab boycott has not significantly limited Israel's growth and that peace will bring only limited trading, since the Arabs and the Israelis have little to sell each other. In addition, peace will hurt certain sectors of the Israeli economy, such as the shipping industry; few expect that Israel's national shipping line will be able to compete with the more experienced Arab firms. The port of Elath, long Israel's only trading outlet to the Red Sea and the countries of Africa and Asia, will undoubtedly shrink in significance once the Suez Canal is opened to Israeli ships. Finally, these experts claim, it is highly unlikely that a regional common market on the European model will automatically emerge out of a political settlement. Arabs and Israelis will be too busy erecting tariffs—to protect their indigenous industries from competition—to enter into any serious cooperation.

Most Israelis, however, are less concerned with their ability to integrate themselves into the economy of the Middle East than they are anxious about the internal struggles for control of the state's future that will surface with the signing of a peace agreement and the opening of borders. Long-simmering conflicts—between Eastern- and Western-born Jews, over the country's purpose and identity; between religious and secular groups; and between Jewish and Arab Israelis—have never been resolved because the country has been distracted by its external problems with the Arabs.

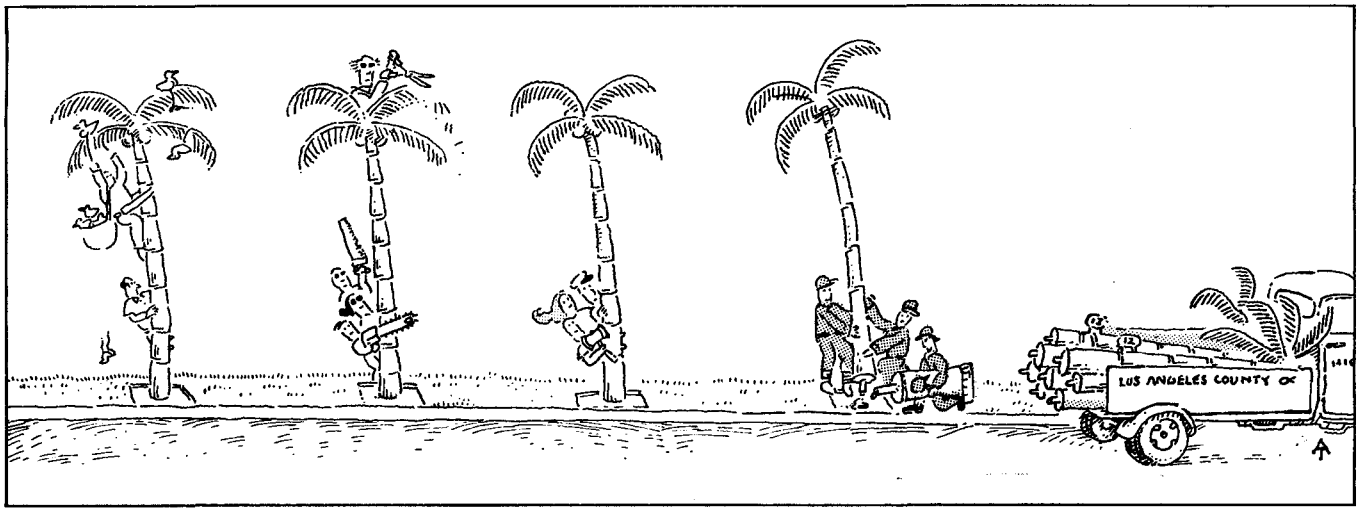
Many Israelis, moreover, are fearful that Israel's entrance into the economic and social life of the Middle East will spell the end of the country's distinctive identity. They fear that opening the borders will bring the collapse of Israel's sense of itself as a Jewish state. They point to what happened to European and American Jewry when the obstacles preventing their absorption into the larger society were removed. They fear that when the lure of prosperity through trade with the Arabs replaces the pressures of hostility, Israel will do to itself, through assimilation and intermarriage, what those who sought their physical destruction were unable to accomplish in 30 years of active combat. They fear that Israel will become another Lebanon—that is, what they would regard as a mongrel culture,with no real roots or reason for existence.

Whatever the outcome, these complex questions of identity will continue to occupy the minds of Israelis long after the simpler questions of survival have been resolved.

—ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners



Arnie Ten

Dead End

It was to have been a brave experiment in urban design: Several years ago, Los Angeles County's road department laid out $75,404 to "plant" 900 plastic laurel, magnolia, and palm trees alongside a 1.7-mile section of local roadway. The idea was to brighten up a stretch of countryside that had little greenery of its own.

But as Elizabeth Thompson reports in the Los Angeles *Times*, things went haywire fast: "Garden clubs feared the plastic [plants] would jeopardize the city's reputation as a garden spot. [Authorities] received hundreds of... letters from children worried that birds would have no place to rest." Soon, "plastic birds began appearing, tied to the artificial trees by an unknown agriculturalist." The plastic trees also attracted vandals who completely destroyed at least 50 of them.

Finally the city, bending before gale winds of public protest, removed the artificial greenery, thus restoring the landscape to its pristine drabness. In a phone interview with Commissioner Irvin Morhar, a supporter of the project, reporter Thompson found the official feeling glum about the fiasco. "The road grime and atmosphere destroyed them" Morhar said. "They got gummy, grimy, and dirty." As to the public's anti-tree outbursts, Morhar professed puzzlement, noting wistfully, "Plastic plants are commonly accepted in homes."

Different Folks, Different Strokes

In Madagascar, the dead will soon literally rise from their graves—with the help of their living, loving relatives. Each spring, the family of a person who has been dead for at least five years exhumes the remains, then wraps the corpse in brightly colored swatches of silk. After that, the family parades the body around the village for the better part of a day and finally returns the deceased to the grave.

Far from being a somber rite, Famadihana ("turning over the dead") is a merry, even boisterous, affair, somewhat remindful of Mardi Gras. The family provides lots to eat and drink, a tootling band trails after the dancing procession, and along the way friends and relatives crowd around to give the silk-encased body affectionate pats and squeezes. At the height of the affair, the men of the family toss the corpse high in the air, time and again.

As a young woman from Madagascar explained to UPI reporter Sylvana Foa, "Everyone is very happy... to have this reunion with someone they love." Foa notes, "The Malagasy [religion's adherents] believe that their dead kinsmen can intervene on behalf of living descendants, [so they try] to keep the ancestors happy and generous."

Even Christians (they make up 40 percent of the population) have embraced the rite of Famadihana. Under the benign gaze of priest or pastor, the Christian processions often wind their way in and out of the local churches so the deceased can admire any recent changes or improvements. The merrymaking, Foa says, finally dies down late at night, and "the beloved kinsman is returned to the clan tomb"—till next time.

Spring-Cleaning

The *St. Petersburg Times* has given its tongue-in-cheek "good housekeeping award" to "a certain elderly St. Petersburg woman who hauled her freshly deceased husband's body from her home to that of a neighbor because, she told police, she didn't want them to see her messy house."

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Using a Lawyer May Be Dangerous to your Wealth

I'm a lawyer myself—and I may be cutting my own throat—but I'm going to tell you the truth:

The bulk of what most lawyers do could be done by someone who had never seen the inside of a law school—and usually is.

Lawyer's *secretaries* do most of the work on wills, divorces (as well as annulments and legal separations), bankruptcies and creditor plans, simple contracts, real estate deals (buying, selling, and leasing), run-of-the-mill personal injury cases, adoptions, filing home steads, insurance claims, minor criminal cases . . . and the list goes on and on.

And what do these Legal Secretaries do? They follow directions and fill in the blanks on forms. That's all. It's as simple as that.

That's why I think you may be ready to try being your *own* lawyer—and save a 'ton' of money.

But before you decide, answer these two questions: (1) Can you follow simple directions—no more complicated than assembling a Christmas toy or reading a cook book? (2) Do you have the few cents necessary to buy the correct forms at a Legal Stationery Store?

If your answer to both of those questions is "yes," you're *ready*. Well, *almost* ready. There are just two more things you should know:

(1) You don't necessarily have to have "the few cents necessary to buy the correct form at a Legal Stationery Store." Because I'll tell you how and where to get many of these forms *free*.

(2) You'll need a book. It's called "Do Your Own Legal Work." (And you *can* do your own legal work—no matter which State you live in!)

The book took more than a year to write. Based on what I've actually been earning in my law practice, that represents more than $100,000 worth of advice.

I mention that, not to brag, but so you'll know that I'm not some kid, fresh out of law school, and hungry for a few bucks. Along that line, you should know that I've been practicing for 13 years, and I've written the book about the legal problems I work with, day in and day out.

Some other things you might want to know: I've published technical legal articles that explain the law—to lawyers. I've served as a research assistant to a Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

What will it cost you to "hire" a lawyer with those qualifications? Ten dollars. Just about what I—and lots of other lawyers—would charge you for 10 *minutes* of legal advice.

Why so cheap? Because I hope to sell a million copies—or at least enough so I can take some time off and enjoy life with my family.

That's what's in it for me.

And here's just a sample of what's in it for *you* (including complete directions and sample forms you can practice with):

How to find and use forms . . . page 7

How to draft your own will . . . page 36

How to handle your own criminal case . . . page 72

How to settle your own accident or personal injury case . . . page 82

How to handle an adoption . . . page 99

How to dissolve your marriage . . . page 113

How to solve debt problems—from consumer-credit counseling to bankruptcy . . . page 127

How to draft a contract . . . page 209

How to handle real estate transactions . . . page 216

How you can use a Law Library—free—to avoid probate! . . . save taxes! . . . form a corporation! . . . and handle hundreds of other matters! . . . page 25

Now I'm not saying that you're never going to need a lawyer. I *am* saying that if you do need to see one, you'll be *ready* and be able to handle a lot of the simple, clerical work yourself. You'll save *his* time.

Here's an example of how my book will cut down on those precious minutes: For an attorney to draw up a simple contract might cost you $400 if he had to start from scratch. It could cost you $30 if he had to take only a half hour to review the work you'd already done—and *can* do, using my book.

Lawyers get $60 for husband-wife wills; I'll show you how to do your own in less than an hour. Lawyers charge $450 for a simple divorce which may take less than two hours of their time. Lawyers get between $3,000 and $4,500 for obtaining a $9,000 personal injury settlement. I'll show you how to do as well, or better, by yourself. Lawyers get $150 for an adoption, but their secretaries do the work—and so can you.

Your best guarantee that my book is everything I say it is, is this: My fellow lawyers will be watching me like a hawk. I wouldn't dare mis-step or mislead you. It could cost me my license.

What's more, I'm so sure you'll find my book *immediately* profitable—that I'll let you read it *before* you pay for it!

Send me your check or money order today—and I promise not to deposit it for 30 days. That should give you time enough to look it over and decide whether to keep it or return it. If you do return it, I'll send back your *uncashed* check or money order.

At worst, you'll be out a few cents for postage. Seems like a pretty small risk for a book that I honestly believe could save you thousands of dollars in legal fees.

Why not fill out and mail the coupon now? Post-date your check if you want to. I won't cash it for 30 days anyway.

© F P Publishers, Inc 1977

Advocate Publishers, Dept. 337-C
Atherton Office Complex
1020 Atherton Drive, Suite C-101
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

Prove it to me! Show me how I can hire a $100,000-a-year-lawyer for 10 dollars. I've enclosed my check or money order—but don't deposit it for 30 days. If I return your book within that time, send my payment back—uncashed. I understand my order will be processed the day it's received.

I enclose $10. Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ ZIP_____

SORRY - NO COD's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MURDEROUS MIND: Insanity vs. the Law

by Richard Gambino

THE CELEBRATED "Son of Sam" murder case has exposed yet again an appalling weakness in our criminal legal system: its inability to deal sensibly with the problem of insanity. Son of Sam is, of course, the man who terrorized New York City by killing a long string of victims with his .44-caliber pistol. David Berkowitz, the man arrested and charged with the crime, has been declared mentally incompetent by two psychiatrists, but he will probably stand trial anyway.

Whatever disposition is made of Berkowitz's case, the point is that any treatment of him possible under our legal system will be egregious, for our laws simply cannot cope with the kind of individual he represents. The law of criminal insanity is such a Pandora's box that its defenders seem perfect examples of "conservatives" who love existing evils. At the same time, the law's critics appear as "liberals" who would replace existing evils with others.

The conservative dinosaur in question is something known as the M'Naghten rule. It is the standard by which insanity is determined, and it is written into virtually every legal jurisdiction in the United States. New York State's version of this standard is typical. It says that in order for an accused person

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Psychiatry is a healing art. Its function is to understand and cure, not to define moral or legal responsibility or to accomplish justice."

to be found "not guilty by reason of insanity," one of two conditions had to exist "at the time of the alleged criminal act": Either the accused "did not know the nature and quality of the act he was doing" or he "did not know that the act was wrong." The concept of "knowing" has been interpreted so narrowly in legal precedent that only drooling idiots and raving madmen could be said to be legally insane. Under the law, a countless number of pathetic mentally disordered individuals have been found guilty and put into prison with hardened criminals. Frequently, the law has also resulted in society's broiling the brains of psychotic people in the electric chair. At times this form of execution has satisfied our desire for vengeance, but the record hardly gives us pride in being human. For example, there is the case of Frederick Charles Wood, the last person executed in New York State. Wood went to Sing Sing's electric chair on March 22, 1963. His "sanity" was evident in his enjoyment of the experience. He walked into the grim execution room smiling. "I got a little speech to make," he announced to the witnesses. "Gents," he went on good-naturedly, "this is an educational project. You are about to witness the damaging effect electricity has on Wood. Enjoy yourselves." Then he turned to the electric chair, pulled out a handkerchief, dusted the chair off, and sat down. He continued to joke until the switch was thrown.

Wood, age fifty-two, confessed to murdering five people in his lifetime. The first murder occurred when he was fifteen, a crime that went unsolved at the time. He had a crush on a young girl and because he "couldn't have her," he explained some 35 years later, he sent her a box of cream puffs—laced with arsenic. At age twenty-one, he bludgeoned and stabbed 140 times a woman who was a total stranger because, he said, he had gotten venereal disease from another woman. This case too went unsolved. Seventeen years later, Wood fed liquor to a friend in a drinking spree, then stuffed the drunken man's head into a gas oven and bashed in his skull for good measure. The man, Wood explained, had made a disparaging remark about Wood's girl friend. Wood was sentenced to 20-years-to-life imprisonment for second-degree murder (and later boasted that it was really first-degree). He was paroled after 17 years of good behavior. Less than a month after leaving prison, he killed two men in Queens: one, whom he had just met, because the man had made a pass at him, and the other, a stranger, simply because he was sleeping in the house where the murder took place. Ghoulishly, Wood mutilated the two bodies and left two notes at the scene. One read: "And God bless the Parole Board. They're real intelligent people." The other said: "Now, aren't these two murders a dirty shame. I'm so-o sorry."

Wood was a conspicuous example of the failure of both our legal and our psychiatric systems to deal with mentally disordered criminals. He had been arrested 22 times and had spent a total of 32 years in New York's prisons and mental hospitals—having first heard "the voice of God" when he was four. During and after his last trial, he was in a cheerful mood, expressing relief that his life would end. He said on the stand that he was sane and that he wanted to die. One week before his execution, he wrote, "I really want to ride the lightning." Throughout his life, psychiatrists repeatedly disagreed on whether he was insane under the M'Naghten rule; and Wood boasted that he was so used to their testing routines that he had been "fooling the psychiatrists all along" and "could do it anytime"—a claim that was endorsed by a Kings County psychiatrist in 1961. At his last trial, the jury rejected Wood's lawyer's plea of insanity, despite the fact that the many diagnoses made of him in state hospitals since 1927 consistently found him "psychotic" and "psychopathic."

Wood was a figure who provoked anger and hatred among the public and presumably among jury members as well. An example of the opposite reaction of a jury is found in a case tried during the years of the Great Depression. On a beautiful summer day in August 1935, a woman took her two-year-old son for a walk down a secluded lane, came to a brook, and held the child's head underwater for a half hour. Then she dressed the body in a clean suit and carried it to a police station in Newburgh, New York. "Here he is," she said to the startled desk cop. "You killed him?" "Yes, I drowned him." "What did you do that for?" "I couldn't take care of him any longer, and I thought he would be better off dead." Investigation revealed that the woman's husband had died of tuberculosis some months before, that she could not find work, that she was broke, and that she and her two children had just been evicted from their apartment. At her first-degree murder trial, an earnest jury agonized over its verdict, returning to the court during its deliberations to question the judge about finding some way out of its dilemma. Her plea was "not guilty by reason of insanity," yet her own words showed the jury she "knew" what she was doing when she drowned the boy and "knew" it was wrong. Finally the jury came in with a verdict of guilty and a recommendation of mercy. The recommendation, incidentally, was pointless: New York State law at the time *mandated* the death penalty for first-degree murder. In a parallel case in the state of Maine, a grand jury refused to indict a woman with a record of attempted suicides in 1954 when a team of psychiatrists opined that the woman was insane under the M'Naghten rule. The charge against her was the drowning of three of her children in a bathtub. She was committed to a state mental hospital and released in 1959. In 1966, the woman drowned three more of her children and attempted suicide, leaving a note saying: "God told me to do it. They are in heaven safe from evil."

If the M'Naghten rule is a procrustean bed, attempts to replace it seem no better, or worse. The "New Hampshire rule," one of the oldest and the most radical of the reforms, has been law in that state for over a hundred years. In essence, the rule is a rejection of all standards used to determine sanity and leaves it up to a jury to find "as a question of fact" whether a defendant is sane or insane. The problem is that juries are given no guidance at all, leaving different jurors free to vote guilty or not on different notions of sanity. Of course, it also leaves a jury free to condemn any defendant on the

Richard Gambino is a professor of educational philosophy at Queens College and the author of Vendetta: The Largest Lynching in American History *(Doubleday, 1977).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The M'Naghten rule is out of step with concepts of the integrated human psyche. Psychopathic defendants know what they are doing in the narrow cognitive sense of 'reason.'"

basis not of sanity but of outrage, as with a Frederick Wood, or to condemn with a recommendation of pity, as with someone like the woman in Newburgh. The rule of law is replaced by the personal feelings of jurors or by the bias of judges, who are free to guide jurors in whatever way they choose.

SHOULD WE, then, scrap the M'Naghten rule and replace it with some other standard of sanity? For a while there was great hope among reformers when a federal court in Washington, D.C., came up with another sanity test in 1954. This test forms the basis of the Durham rule, so named after a defendant, which states that "an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect"—a definition so broad that virtually everyone coming to trial could be considered legally insane, since no one is totally free from at least some form of neurosis. (On September 15, 1977, the President's Commission on Mental Health issued a report estimating that 20 million to 40 million Americans have diagnosable mental disturbances and that 25 percent of the nation's population suffer from severe emotional stress.) In addition, psychiatrists have disagreed about specific defendants, just as they have under the M'Naghten test. And the vagueness of the Durham rule has led to more practical problems than that of M'Naghten. Terms like "mental disease" and "mental defect" are impossible to define meaningfully. In 1961, the American Law Institute recommended a new test, which was a merger of the M'Naghten and Durham rules. Unfortunately, it has served little purpose except to compound the difficulties of both standards.

Psychiatry is a healing art. Its function is to understand and cure, not to define moral or legal responsibility or to accomplish justice. In fact, the profession of psychiatry does not use or recognize the terms "sanity" and "insanity." They are strictly legal terms. On the other hand, the law does not recognize psychiatric terms or comments as tests of criminal insanity. As a result, confrontations between opposing lawyers and psychiatrists at criminal trials have the quality of a conversation between Alice and the Mad Hatter in Wonderland. And psychiatry is a good deal less than a precise discipline, least of all in its diagnostic methods, which have often proved embarrassing to members of the profession, who like to pretend it is an exact science. For example, a study conducted at Stanford University in 1972 caused much blushing among shrinks. Eight researchers feigned hearing "voices" and gained admission to 12 different psychiatric hospitals. None of the eight falsified their real life history, except for the voices, nor did any of them have a history of pathological behavior. Yet in 11 of the 12 instances, the researchers were diagnosed as "schizophrenic," while in the twelfth, the diagnosis was "manic depressive." Although other patients regarded the researchers as normal, no member of the hospitals' staffs did. Then, in a follow-up experiment, the staff of a psychiatric hospital were told that one or more fake patients would be sent to them. Although none were actually sent, 41 of 193 patients admitted for treatment in the following period of time were thought to be fakes, in each case by at least one member of the hospital's staff.

One of the open scandals of psychiatry is the standard courtroom "battle of psychiatrists." In virtually every court case in which insanity is the defense plea, different psychiatrists examining the same defendant arrive at opposite conclusions regarding his "sanity" as defined by the M'Naghten rule and often his mental condition as categorized by psychiatric concepts as well.

The M'Naghten rule is 135 years old. In 1843, a man named Daniel M'Naghten, who suffered from unfounded delusions of persecution, sought to end his pain by taking a shot at a man he thought was the prime minister of England. In fact, the victim was the prime minister's male secretary, and M'Naghten's bullet killed him. Englishmen were outraged, not least of all Queen Victoria. She sent her husband, Prince Albert, to M'Naghten's trial as an observer. The queen was angry because M'Naghten's crime was but the latest in a series of four attempted assassinations of government people. The previous assault had occurred three years before, when a man named Oxford took a shot at the queen herself. He and the two earlier assailants had been found by the courts to be legally insane. When, despite the prince's dour presence, M'Naghten also was found not guilty by reason of insanity, Victoria showed her royal pique by sending a letter to the House of Lords, deploring the verdicts on Oxford and M'Naghten, who were, she wrote, "perfectly conscious and aware of what they did." She insisted that "judges be bound to interpret the law in this and no other sense." The Lords summoned England's top 15 judges (that country has no Supreme Court), who under pressure came up with the M'Naghten rule. It is based on pre-Freudian psychology. The human mind at the time was thought to be divided into the "faculties" of reason, emotion, and will. Moreover, and this was the critical point, it was believed a person's reason could control his emotions and behavior if only he exercised enough willpower. The M'Naghten rule, therefore, seeks only to know whether an accused person's reason was functioning when he committed a crime. If yes, then he is judged sane and is guilty, for he could have and should have willed himself not to commit the crime. The M'Naghten rule was an advance over previous legal practice in which young children, madmen, and even animals were executed. (The most recent recorded example of the last was the execution of a dog in Switzerland in 1906 for the animal's "participation" in a robbery and a murder.) The M'Naghten rule was hailed in 1843 as enlightened—and it was, when compared with the tests that fixed other reforms of "strict liability." For example, there was an eighteenth-century test that held a person insane only if he had no more reason than an animal or sane if he could count to 20, or beget a child, or had the reason of a child of fourteen. (These last three stipulations had their beginnings in the sixteenth century.)

Yet today, the "enlightened" M'Naghten rule is hopelessly out of step with in-depth concepts of the integrated human psyche. Psychopathic and even most psychotic defendants know what they are doing in the narrow cognitive sense of "reason." But, unable to function by society's rules for rea-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If anything good could be born of the Son of Sam case, it might be an urge to reexamine a state of affairs so inadequate that it demeans law, psychiatry, and morality."

sons we don't understand, psychopaths invent often highly rationalized systems of their own and frequently attribute them to something or someone higher—"the voice of God" or reportedly in David Berkowitz's case, a godlike "Sam." The Kings County Hospital report said that Berkowitz was incompetent to stand trial because he was "emotionally dead" and therefore met the legal test of incompetence—a variation on the M'Naghten rule, which holds that a person who cannot understand the nature of the charges against him or aid in his own defense is incompetent. The report was successfully refuted by psychiatrists brought in by the prosecutors.

"Shopping around" for psychiatrists whose opinion favors one side or the other in a criminal insanity claim is standard practice among DAs and defense lawyers. Once the psychiatrists have canceled each other out, the judge then has to decide for himself whether or not the defendant is competent to stand trial. If Berkowitz had been ruled incompetent, he would have been committed to a hospital for the criminally insane, as is required by law. (Such was the fate of the accused "Boston strangler" a few years back—he never stood trial.) Berkowitz may be found guilty, not guilty, or not guilty by reason of insanity. Most likely he will remain in limbo without justice being served, as often happens. Indefinite confinement to a hospital for the criminally insane awaits him if he is found not guilty by reason of insanity at his trial. He could then be released as a free man any time a panel of psychiatrists certified him as sane. On the other hand, the state hospitals for the criminally insane, in reality prisons with euphemistic names, are not required to review the status of their "patients." The case of Stephen Dennison says a lot about this mode of putting justice on the shelf. At the age of sixteen, Dennison was arrested for stealing five dollars' worth of candy. He was ruled incompetent to stand trial and sent to a hospital for the criminally insane, *where he remained for 34 years*. Finally when his brother got him released on a writ of habeas corpus, Dennison sued the state of New York, in 1966. He was awarded $250,000 by a judge who commented, "No sum of money would be adequate to compensate the claimant for the injuries he suffered and the scars which he obviously bears."

But Berkowitz has been found competent, and his trial will no doubt be the usual sensational battle between defense and prosecution psychiatrists, each group mocked and badgered by the opposing lawyer. The most likely result in the jurors' minds, whether an upstate jury, as the defense has in effect requested, or a New York City jury, will be disgust both with the law and with psychiatric medicine. The jurors will then feel free to vote their own passions about the defendant or, rather, feel that they have no choice but to do so.

Fact is, neither our moral and legal wisdom nor our psychiatric knowledge is adequate to the dilemmas presented by a mentally disordered violent criminal. Despite our vanity as "problem solvers," in this area, as in many others, there truly are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies. But the reality of violent crimes forces us to deal with numerous sons of Sam despite our being ill-equipped to do so. The result is usually frustrating and tragic. It is an old maxim that justice without understanding and mercy is cruelty, while understanding and mercy without justice corrode respect for the law. Because of the limitations on our attempts to cope with mentally disordered offenders, we inevitably get neither justice nor understanding but end up with cruelty or with cynicism about the law—and often with both. It is as certain as it is sad that this too will be the case with Son of Sam.

Just as predictably, most newspaper coverage and public discussion of the case will remain merely sensationalistic, while the best of the press will confine itself to "just the facts" à la TV's Detective Friday. After the disposition of Berkowitz, either as a normal man serving a specified sentence in a regular prison (he would be a "feeb"—prison jargon for a hated inmate—among ordinary prisoners, with a spectacularly short life expectancy) or as an insane man indefinitely confined to a so-called hospital or, least likely, as a man set free as sane but not guilty, interest in the case will sputter out. The entire question of criminal sanity will be shelved again, until the next Son of Sam scares people and enriches the tabloids. It happened after Wood's case and after every other case that has aroused public passions in the past several generations. (In New York State, the sensational insanity cases have occurred on an average of every 15 years or so and have served as peaks completely overshadowing innumerable less theatrical cases between them.)

After 135 years, even a Queen Victoria might agree that the insanity question should be opened to careful deliberation. A golden opportunity for reassessment was missed in 1973. President Nixon recommended that the insanity defense in federal law be narrowed only to the criterion of whether a defendant acted with criminal intent. (It is one of the longest standing axioms of criminal law that there is no crime where there is no criminal intent.) Nixon also proposed a post-trial judicial hearing after an acquittal on the ground of insanity to determine whether the defendant should be sent to a hospital. Nixon's own avowed intent was to make it more difficult for accused people to successfully plead not guilty by reason of insanity and to keep them locked up should they succeed. As such, his proposal was perceived as an outright "abolition" of the insanity defense, a proposed reversal of one of the basic foundations of criminal law itself. It was regarded as an affront by conservatives as well as by liberals and was quickly buried. In a generally liberal report, the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws, headed by California's former governor Edmund G. Brown, recommended the American Law Institute's 1961 amalgam of the M'Naghten and Durham rules. Paradoxically, the Senate Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Procedures, chaired by the late arch-conservative senator John L. McClellan, also opted for the institute's standard in a tough new law and order federal criminal code. Result: status quo.

If anything good could be born of the horrible Son of Sam case, it might be an urge to reexamine a state of affairs so clearly inadequate that it demeans law, psychiatry, and morality. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHASING THE PACIFIC DREAM

After Cook, the Deluge

by Horace Sutton

Cook on a 13-cent stamp—"Tahiti was only a dot"

TWO YEARS after the colonies broke away from Great Britain and declared themselves to be the United States of America, a British explorer, Captain James Cook, a forty-nine-year-old Yorkshireman, discovered the Hawaiian Islands. Ultimately, in the curlicued turns that history takes, that archipelago with its greening valleys and its mountainous spews of volcanic rock would become the fiftieth state of that very fledgling Republic.

On January 20, this year, the United States honored the discoverer by issuing two postage stamps. Honolulu's famed Bishop Museum, the highly respected atelier of Pacific artifacts, unveiled an exhibit marking the discovery. Many of the pieces on display were lent by British museums, where they have reposed since Cook's ships brought them home 200 years ago.

The discovery of Hawaii proved to be Cook's last, for in a raucous and unnecessary scene in which the captain sought the return of a pilfered launch, he was killed by the natives. But by then he had tracked deep into the Pacific, into the glory lands of the South Seas, and as far as the frosted wastes of Antarctica.

The penetration into the ice was to be followed, in time, by Nantucket sealers and whalers. The explorations in Polynesia, a collective culture that Cook called "the most extensive nation upon the earth," were eventually followed by those who sought the romance of an idyllic corner of the world far from the hard necessities of trade and commerce that were the rigors of life in the unfriendly climates of the gray cities.

In many ways the Pacific dream, which endures to this day, began with Cook. It was he and his voyagers who brought back the first real romantic tales of the South Pacific. In *The Fatal Impact*, the Australian writer Alan Moorehead invites the reader to consider Tahiti as it was in 1769:

> It was only a small dot in the vast ocean, a tiny parcel of land ... but its central mountains rising 7,000 feet could be seen from sixty miles away at sea. The slopes of the mountains were covered with a thick tropical forest, and on the flat shores below, the Tahitians moved among groves of coconuts and breadfruit trees.... Although it lay in the tropics ... just north of Capricorn, its hot, damp climate was not oppressive, there was fresh water in abundance in the mountain torrents, and flowers and fruit grew everywhere. Like Capri in the Mediterranean, Tahiti had a quality of lushness combined with sudden unexpected grandeur that set it quite apart, and it would not have been unreasonable to have described it as the most beautiful island in the world.

Cook's explorations in those distant latitudes set off a fashionable vogue for Pacific bric-a-brac. His exploits inspired plays, poetry, dances, theatrical spectacles, and books. Coleridge drew from Cook in "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." A new style of travel writing was inspired by Cook's own journals. The wave of romanticism caught up Byron, stirred Louis XVI to dispatch La Pérouse in Cook's wake, and was to lure Melville and eventually to ensnare Gauguin.

It was left to James Michener to set off a new wave of romanticism with his postwar *Tales of the South Pacific* [see page 16], an engaging work that was swung into musical and lyrical permanence by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Resolution *and* Endeavour *anchored off Hawaii—"Cook's explorations set off a fashionable vogue."*

By the time the jets arrived, in 1958, the Pacific was no longer an exploration; it had become in less than 200 years a destination for pleasure travelers. Not only could they whistle off to Hawaii, Tahiti, and Samoa but they could plunge onward to the distant Orient, which, in Cook's time, as Moorehead observes, had been "almost a closed book."

Although excursions into the Pacific and to the Orient have been feasible, they have remained an expensive ticket affordable to only a few. There are no charters to places like Japan and Australia as there are to such onetime unreachable ports as the Canary Islands, off Africa, or to the Holy Land, once a preserve to be explored only by the crusaders and Lawrence of Arabia.

This winter, Pan American Airways, weary of counting empty seats and heartened by advanced booking fares it had installed on its routes to London, moved to open the Pacific by lowering the cost of a ticket by 50 percent. Under this so-called budget fare, a passenger is required to tell the airline three weeks in advance what week he would like to travel. One week before departure the airline notifies the passenger of the precise day and the flight on which the journey may be made.

Travelers using the budget fare will thus be flying on regularly scheduled Pan Am flights and be entitled to regular coach-class amenities. If there is any hardship, it is that the traveler must hustle to make ground arrangements within the one-week grace period before he leaves. Pan Am is moving to arrange packages that will at least provide for the first few days on the ground.

The flights, which are ideal for those whose time schedules are flexible—schoolteachers, students, retired persons—are available in Pan Am's case from New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Honolulu. The fares are already being sold to Hong Kong, Singapore, Bangkok, Manila, Pago Pago, Fiji, and Guam. Tentative agreements have been made with New Zealand and Australia to start the fares by April 1. The French are still holding out on Tahiti, and Japan is saying no to lower fares to Tokyo.

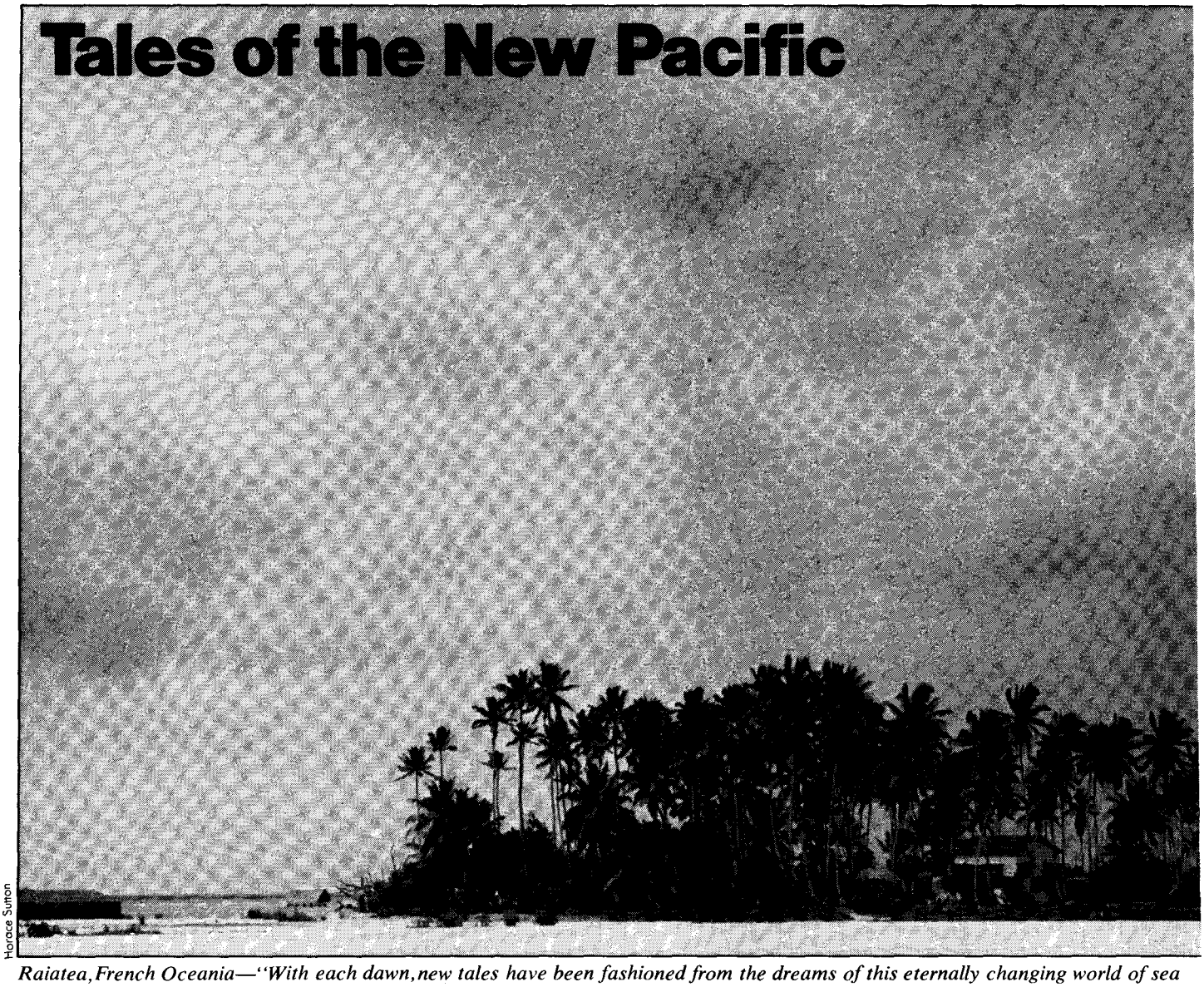
Pan Am's low-fare, prebooking scheme has already been matched by Northwest and by Air New Zealand, and a comparable arrangement has been installed by Philippine Airlines. Qantas and UTA are moving to meet the competition in the South Pacific.

Moreover, there is word from the irrepressible Freddie Laker. Having breached the walls to get his low-fare service flying between London and New York, he is formulating battle plans for an assault on Australia. Here he intends to fly London to Sydney and return at anywhere from $662 to $1,046, depending upon the season. (The current one-way fare London-Sydney is $997) The linkup to London would cost another $135 from New York and $150 from Los Angeles, a Laker service starting in September. Laker's DC-10s will fly from London to Sydney on an eastward pattern via Bahrein and Calcutta.

The vast Pacific sea, strewn with storied islands and with whole continents, is certain to become a new world for the winged explorer. Pan Am's estimate for its airline alone is 30,000 new passengers traveling to its ports of call in these climes. What with the cruise ships now making calls in China, it means that those fanciful lands opened by James Cook—as well as some he could only dream about—will be within the reach of many a voyager setting forth to discover the Pacific idyll. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tales of the New Pacific



Horace Sutton

Raiatea, French Oceania—"With each dawn, new tales have been fashioned from the dreams of this eternally changing world of sea

by Frank Riley

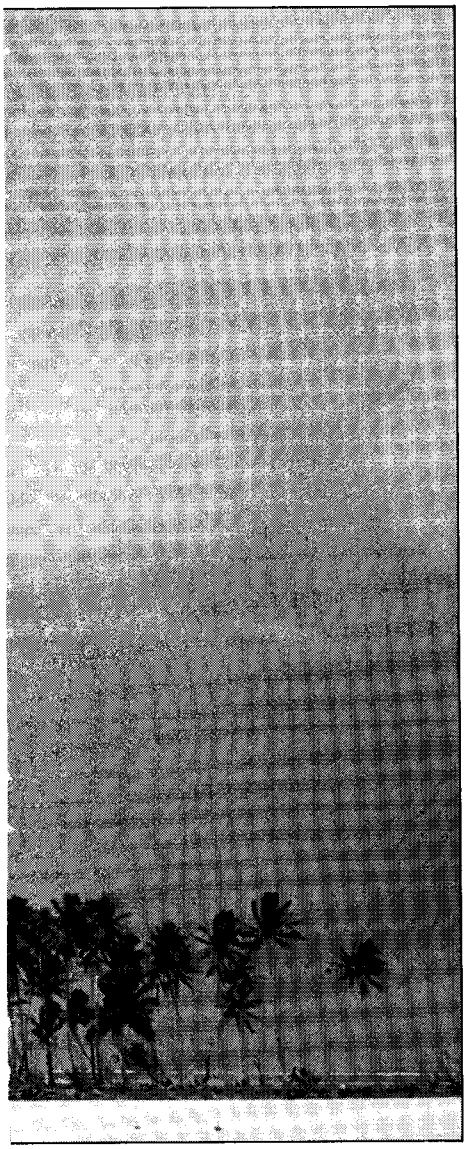
THIRTY YEARS AGO this summer, James Michener won a Pulitzer Prize for his *Tales of the South Pacific*, which had come up over the literary horizon with the freshness of sunrise out of a coral lagoon. In the years since then, the sun has risen more than 10,000 times out of the South Pacific, and with each dawn new tales have been fashioned from the dreams and substance of daily life in this timeless and yet eternally changing world of sea and islands.

For 12 of these years, ever since my first trip to the South Pacific in 1966, I've been collecting tales of the new Pacific as it has emerged from the era chronicled by Michener. Some of the stories have the ingredients of great drama; others are anecdotes that illuminate a bit of the mosaic with the clarity of a lightning flash. For me, they weave into the best of all possible guidebooks to the Pacific islands as they are today, across a vastness of ocean from Micronesia to Polynesia, Hawaii to Kalimantan. More than all the handbooks of tourism, these stories guide one into the heart of an island and its culture.

The story of Rendra, internationally recognized poet and playwright, opens a door into the essence of contemporary Indonesia, where the uneasy military regime is secretly considering a public opinion poll conducted by a U.S. marketing firm to determine why its *pronunciamientos* have been losing credibility with the Indonesian peoples. In Rendra's home city of Yogyakarta, as Jogjakarta is now spelled, the general who is functioning as governor has forbidden the production of plays by Rendra and the public reading of his poems. But in Jakarta, scarcely an hour away by air, Governor Ali Sadikin, a general who came to political power with the military countercoup of 1966, proves there are no absolutes in this still-emerging country. His interest in the arts has permitted the Jakarta Art Center complex to stage Rendra's plays and to host his poetry readings. Meanwhile, back in Yogyakarta, Rendra's dramatic company has found a way to read his poems in the streets. The actors dress as beggars and recite the

Frank Riley, who writes often for Saturday Review, *lives in California, is on the staff of* Los Angeles *magazine, and travels frequently to sun-kissed places in the South Pacific.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and islands.''

poems in their pleas for alms. When the police first showed up to blow the whistle, the actors pointed out that there were no laws in the sultanate of Yogyakarta against the time-honored practice of begging. The police left, and the recital continued, punctuated by the clink of coins in tin cups.

The story of a day my wife and I spent on Bali with Pram, a popular young radio personality, shows that this mystical island can in spite of commercial exploitation still be as it was when Nehru saw it: ''the morning of the world.'' Ours was a long day from dawn to the slow rise of the full moon out of the Indian Ocean, but at least I can tell you how it began.

Pram, who was to take us to a wedding and a cremation, and otherwise into the life of his Bali, phoned at sunrise to say he'd be a bit late. It seemed that his brother had

Take A Rail Holiday Through France And Western Europe With The French National Railroads

See the many faces of France with FRANCE VACANCES—or France and 14 countries in Western Europe with the all 1st-class EURAILPASS. Both good for unlimited rail travel, available from your travel agent or the

French National Railroads

offices in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Coral Gables, New York, San Francisco, Montreal and Vancouver

Look out for flying saucers in Greece!

In many tavernas in Greece they throw saucers and plates when they like the music!

Greek National Tourist Organization
645 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 421-5777
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 782-1084
627 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, CA 90017 (213) 626-6696
Please send free color brochures on Greece.

Name
Address
City/State/Zip
Travel Agent

SR

There's no place on earth like Greece! For color brochures ask your travel agent, or send this today!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY 6½ HOURS TO AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE*

SENEGAL

THE COMPLETE VACATION PARADISE HAS IT ALL!

Elephant in Niokolo-Koba Game Park

Olympic Swimming Pool. Ngor Hotel

Fishermen ply their nets in Cayar

- YEAR ROUND MILD CLIMATE
- GAME PARKS • BEACHES
- DEEP SEA FISHING • CASINO
- LUXURY HOTELS • SPORTS
- GOREE ISLAND GATEWAY TO ROOTS

Yes, in only 6½ hours from New York, you can be on an African Safari or lolling on clean, white beaches in beautiful Senegal, Gateway to Africa.

You fly direct to Dakar, the fabulous continental city on the shores of the blue Atlantic! From there, special excursions take you to the famous Senegal Game Reserves for a complete African Adventure!

For complete details, see your Travel Agent or send coupon below. *from New York by jet.

Senegal Government Tourist Bureau, Dept.S.R.
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send more information on Senegal to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OLYMPIC'S NEW LOW FARES TO GREECE.

Now everybody can Go Greek.

Run barefoot along the sunny Aegean. Drink a little ouzo. Dance to the crazy bouzouki. Sail to seductive isles. Feel the magic of ancient Delphi.

Only Olympic Airways can fly you to all of Greece. Has nonstop 747s year 'round from the U.S. And gives you hundreds of tours to pick from.

For brochures and details on our new low fares, call your travel agent or Olympic—the airline that flies more Americans nonstop to Greece than anybody.

Go Greek, Go Olympic.

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

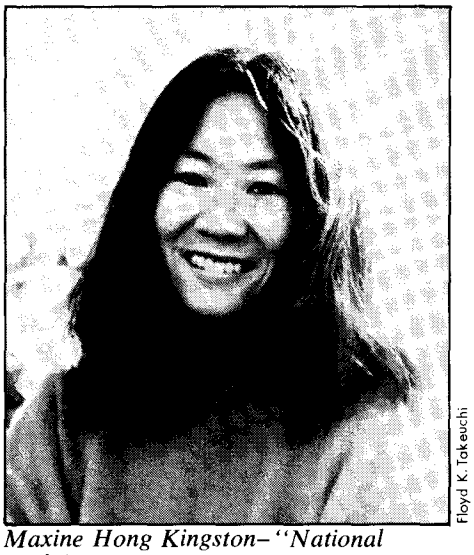
been invaded during the night by a spirit of black magic, always a hazard when the moon is full. Pram had to take him to a practitioner of white magic for immediate treatment.

He showed up in time, however, to get us to his friend's wedding on the other side of Denpasar, a surging city of some 400,000 people and almost as many Hondas. On the way, we stopped to make a quick courtesy call at the Sangeh Forest of Holy Monkeys. Pram wanted the Monkey King, known on Bali to possess a white tail of formidable powers, to use his influence in the spirit world on behalf of his brother. At the wedding, we learned that the university student bride-to-be had, in accordance with tradition, been cozily kidnapped for three days by her prospective bridegroom, a young public relations executive, while their families consummated preparations for the wedding. From this beginning—our day went on to its own series of consummate climaxes until that night, as we watched Balinese girls bathe their lovely bodies and wash their long hair by the light of the second full moon—we knew that Bali was not yet lost to the morning of its world.

Nor is the Hawaii of today and tomorrow lost, despite the charters and other reduced air fares that could trigger another boom in tourism after the present leveling-off period. Soon after our arrival in Honolulu this past year, we crossed trails with Dr. Margaret Solomon, a professor at the University of Hawaii and one of the world's foremost Joyce scholars. She invited us to a happening that evening in the park on the seaward side of the huge Ala Moana Shopping Center and its flanking high-rise condominium towers.

The happening was to honor Maxine Hong Kingston, a young Hawaiian-Chinese teacher whose *Woman Warrior* had just won the National Book Critics Circle Award as the best American nonfiction book of the past year; she had written about all the ancestral and contemporary ghosts that can swirl through the imagination of a Chinese girl growing up in a culture not yet her own. Her national acclaim has mightily helped to amplify a steady resurgence of pride among all the people of Hawaii. As we munched tidbits provided through the courtesy of the local McDonald's hamburger emporium, resolutions honoring Ms. Kingston were read on behalf of the Hawaii state legislature and the Honolulu City Council. As shoppers drifted over from Ala Moana to find out what was happening in this park beside

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Floyd K. Takeuchi

Maxine Hong Kingston–"National acclaim."

the sea, Chinese schoolgirls danced, and poet Jack Unterecker, a University of Hawaii professor whose latest book of poetry is about Ireland, read passages from *Woman Warrior*.

The party for Maxine Hong Kingston delayed our meeting with Herbert Kawainui Kane, the Hawaiian artist, writer, and architect who was the centerpiece of one of the most dramatic epics in all Hawaiian history, one that would have found a place in Michener's *Hawaii* had it happened two decades earlier. You may remember Kane from the superb *National Geographic* film that introduced the "Voyage of the Hokule'a" to mainland TV viewers. After many hardships and much heartbreak, the Hokule'a, a 60-foot double-hulled canoe, did sail across 3,000 miles of open sea from Hawaii to Tahiti and back again, using only the navigational techniques of the first Polynesians, who made such voyages a thousand years ago. The voyages made Hawaiians proud of their history. Their ancestors, as the feat demonstrated, had come to these islands as skilled navigators, the Phoenicians of the Pacific, not hapless refugees drifting on the winds of chance.

One afternoon, as rainbows chased rain clouds across the Palau lagoon in the Eastern Carolines of the Micronesian Trust Territory, Senator Roman Temechul, newly elected to the Congress of Micronesia, first spoke of a quota on tourism to protect these tiny islands from too many Japanese and U.S. travelers during the coming era of reduced air fares. But even as we talked, plans were astir to transform Palau into a major oil port of the Far Pacific, and a time of enormous intrigue was at hand. The Pentagon and the CIA encouraged the fragmentation of the Congress of Micronesia, the better to deal separately with each island cluster, if necessary, to construct a new Pacific perimeter of military bases. There were assassination attempts, and the Congress's headquarters was burned one night on Saipan, near what was once a secret CIA bastion used for training Nationalist Chinese for fantasy invasions of the Chinese mainland. There has also been the abrasiveness of new politics on ancient tribal relationships, which can be terribly traumatized by what would be an ordinary campaign speech in the United States. Saipan and the northern Marianas have now become the first new U.S. territorial acquisitions since the Virgin Islands, and the drama for the rest of Micronesia will intensify at least until the end of the decade, when the Carter administration—in some as yet unclear manner—hopes to end the United States Trust Territory status under which the U.S. has administered these islands since World War II.

On Fiji, already nearing the end of its first decade as an independent nation, the dream of controlling its own quality of life in a time of mass tourism was articulated for us as we sat on the mat floor of a bure in the village of Votua, talking over a bowl of kava with our new Fijian friend, Samisoni Walai. He pointed through the open doorway of the family dwelling to the quadrangle of grass shining like a patch of jade between his bure and the lighter green of the bay, shadowed with coral and drifting white clouds. "For $500," Walai said, "our village could build a bure there for tourists who would like to know Fiji. They could catch fish and cook their own food. In the evening, they would drink kava and listen to our old men remember legends."

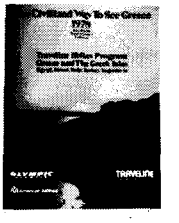
In the village of Lalomalava, on Savai'i, the Big Island of Western Samoa, High Chief Luamanuave also believes his village should control the economic future of tourism. To this end, he has built a thatched roof guest *fale* to accommodate visitors. When Jane Leung Wai, the high chief's daughter, who has set up her own travel agency, brought the first group of 26 American tourists to the guest *fale*, a lady from New York looked around and asked, "Whose room is this?" Jane turned on her wondrous smile and explained serenely, "It is for all of us. We are all going to sleep on the floor together." So the guests did and in the process acquired a sense of Samoa as it was in the nineteenth century, when poet Rupert Brooke wrote, "You lie on a mat in the cool Samoan hut and look

As a service to readers, a variety of vacation ideas are described in the "Vacation Planner" (page 65).

EUROPE BY CAR
45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline's 52-page book is packed with luxurious cruises. Tours of Classical Greece. Sojourns on sunny Isles. Plus elegant escorted tours. With many plans combining Greece with other countries. Lots of free extras. From Traveline, world's largest designer of tours to Greece. Write or call office nearest you.



TRAVELINE
The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline, Inc.
680 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019
(212) 757-0909
5205 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church, VA 22041
(703) 931-4115.
151 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, IN 46204
(317) 632-6067
1800 S. Young Cr., Hollywood, FL 33020
(305) 920-9202
8447 Wilshire, Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 653-5711

Please send free 52-page vacation book at once.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out on the white sand under the high palms and a gentle sea and the black line of the reef a mile out and moonlight over everything, and among it the loveliest people in the world, moving and dancing like gods and goddesses—it is sheer beauty, so pure it is difficult to breathe in it."

Jake King, already a legendary newspaperman of the new South Pacific, came from Alabama to find a wife among the equally lovely people of American Samoa but also found a great deal more in the process of acquiring and trying to survive with the *Samoa News* while reporting more than official puffery. I came upon his office in a sheet metal and clapboard cubicle while on the way to Max Halleck's No. 3 Grocery Store, the building in which Miss Sadie Thompson found a room when she disembarked here with Somerset Maugham and a missionary couple to become immortalized in a short story now called "Rain." Jake was sitting behind his cluttered desk, bare to his ample waist, sweating with the humidity. As we talked the story came out, too long to detail here, of a Watergate in the South Pacific. A self-described Goldwater conservative, Jake had to tell it in detail and then wind through an incredible series of court battles to fight off deportation proceedings initiated by the Nixon-appointed governor.

Survival and close encounters of other kinds faced Jim Boyack when he arrived in Papeete to launch a publication that has helped to shape the future of the new Tahiti. Jim was a student and poet in New York City when he was arrested for wearing black face makeup and standing vigil on Madison Avenue beside a black coffin painted with a white cross to express sorrow at the assassination of Malcolm X. While awaiting trial, he met Vera, an attractive girl from France who had just reached New York and was about to hitchhike to San Francisco. Jim didn't think it was prudent for her to make the trip alone, and eventually they got all the way to Tahiti. Since Vera was a French citizen, it was legal for her to own a Tahitian enterprise. She became publisher of a newspaper that didn't yet exist and named Jim editor. A dozen years have drifted by on the winds of the South Pacific. Now the couple have a home facing the sea, two daughters, and each morning before dawn the *Tahiti Bulletin*, an English-language daily, is delivered to all hotels. Jim writes insightfully about Tahiti for major publications around the world, and his poetry has taken form in the symbiosis of Polynesia, reflecting fragments of these islands in the prism of his own culture: "The sun burns cooly on the trees" of a Tahitian morning, and the sound of wind lacerates the sparkle of the sea in slow motion, like "a still photograph of July 4th over the Hudson, in which the elements begin to move." Soviet poet Evtushenko stopped in Papeete to read Jim's poetry and write a poem of his own to Vera.

Nicolai Michoutouchkine still has some of his vast collection of artifacts occupying the entire lobby of the Maeva Beach Hotel on Tahiti, and it is part of the saga that reaches all the way to Vaté Island in the New Hebrides. Born in France of Russian parents, Nicolai got an economics degree in Paris in 1953, then promptly took off on an artistic pilgrimage through the Middle East to India, where his paintings were exhibited and he was honored by Nehru. When I first met him in the South Pacific in 1966, the French were already calling him *formidable*. He had long been wandering from island to island, living with the people, getting deathly sick on strange foods, all the while assembling what has come to be history's greatest collection of oceanic art and artifacts. Twice, with consummate cool, he commandeered a French warship to pick up some of the things given to him by island chiefs. Nicolai holds them in trust for the island peoples, not for profit, and for the past decade has been a man in search of a museum. The French would like to donate a museum—in Paris. The Russians would be happy to provide one—in Moscow. Latest word is that Nicolai, with Pilioko, his Wallis Island artist friend and onetime protégé, have donated the land for the museum near their studio home on Vaté Island and will try to fund the museum themselves as a contribution to all the peoples of the South Pacific.

"The four whiskeys were still at work when she stood up in front of the ship's orchestra and cut loose with her Samoan dance."

So many stories, so many tales being created each day in this world of the new Pacific: Bob Paul, a lean Australian with sand-colored hair and moustache who has come to be known as the viceroy of the Isle of Tanna, the island of the John Frum Cargo Cult, which is roamed by herds of magnificent wild horses... Mary Pritchard, who has saved tapa artistry from dying out and has been sharing it with the world for 50 years from her studio at Vaitogi... Life in the diamond villages of South Kalimantan, formerly known as Borneo, where miners pan for diamonds the way the forty-niners panned for gold... The pilgrimage trail to the grave of Tusitala, as Robert Louis Stevenson is known with love on Western Samoa, where he remains a part of contemporary life—the teller of tales, the sailor who came home from the sea to sleep for his share of eternity on a mountaintop with the South Pacific at his feet.

I've even found a Samoan story to share, in all humility, with James Michener, whom I've never met but feel that I know very well. Was Aggie Grey the inspiration for his Bloody Mary? He's never denied the story, nor has Aggie Grey. After all, he did once stay at Aggie's place on Apia Bay, a South Pacific hotel as legendary as the Raffles of Singapore.

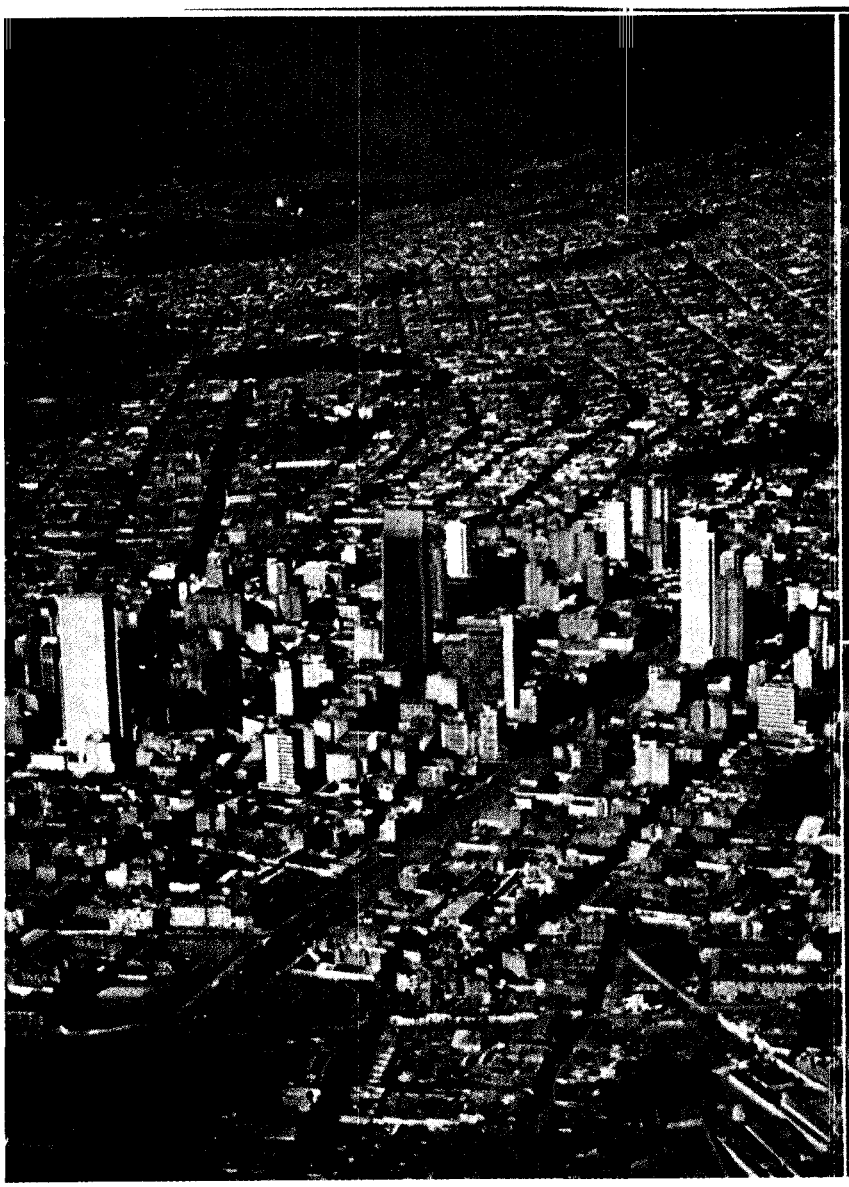
I called on Aggie a couple of years ago and found her, at seventy-seven, still the grand never-old lady of Polynesia. She was recovering from the flu but came out of the bedroom with a red hibiscus over her left ear and asserted, "There's nothing wrong with me that a good man couldn't cure." How has legend come to link her to Bloody Mary? "Well, I suppose it's time to tell it," she sighed, fanning herself with a Samoan fan.

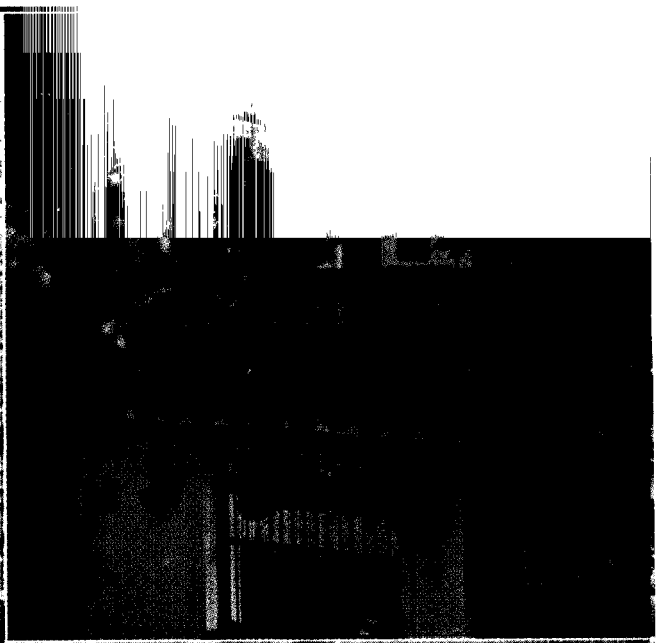
Back in 1958, Aggie was on a cruise ship bound from Honolulu to Vancouver, and there was to be a gala costume party. "I had four whiskeys," she recalled, "just to get in the mood for the party." She made a Samoan dance costume out of available materials, with a red top to go with her strapless bra.

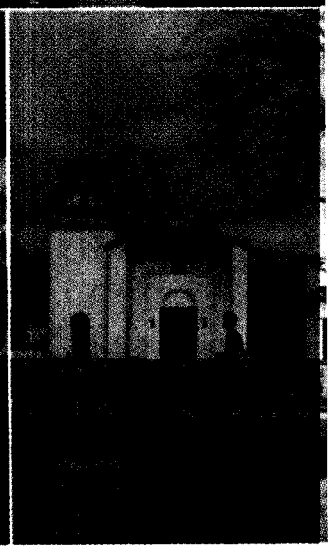
The four whiskeys were still at work when she stood up in front of the ship's orchestra and cut loose with her Samoan dance. All 1,200 passengers were whooping and stomping when she finished. The captain came down from the bridge and made her do it all over again. The gala evening would have ended there, except that a Vancouver reporter was aboard. While the ship was docked in Vancouver, before continuing on to San Francisco, the story of Aggie's dance appeared in print. The reporter described her as the prototype of Bloody Mary, and the legend grew from there. Photographers were waiting in San Francisco to photograph Bloody Mary.

Aggie never affirmed or denied the story—it was good for business. Michener, she believes, maintained a gentlemanly silence. "But that's the way it was," she confessed. "It was those four whiskeys." ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Discover a valley where it's been Spring for 300 years. Come to Medellin, Colombia.

High in the towering Andes lies a land of eternal Spring. Gentle breezes fill the sunny days there. Flowers bloom in colorful profusion, including far more orchids than you ever knew existed.

Right in the middle of all this beauty is Medellin, the City of Flowers. Medellin matches the exuberance of the countryside surrounding it. It's a modern city filled with tempting restaurants, fabulous shopping, deluxe hotels, and exciting nightlife.

Numerous beautiful country clubs dot the landscape, providing you with many golf courses and tennis courts.

But the best thing about Medellin is that it's in Colombia. So, it's one of the greatest travel bargains of all time! Food, accommodations, and even shopping, are so reasonable you will be delighted.

If you'd like to recapture the romance and beauty of Springtime, it's there waiting for you right now. In Medellin, Colombia. Where it's been Spring for 300 years.

Avianca. PO Box 446. Massapequa. NY 11758.
(Or call toll-free 800-221-2200; N.Y., 800-442-5920; N.Y.C., 212-586-6040; or see your travel agent.)

Please send information on Medellin tour.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

SR-3

Zip _____

Avianca

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just down this lane in Gloucestershire

Pan Am takes you back to Britain.

Across those gentle hills, through England's beautiful Cotswolds, you'll come to Bristol. Some of America's first settlers sailed from here in the 17th century. Including William Penn who founded Pennsylvania.

Wander a winding country lane in Northamptonshire. You'll discover gracious Sulgrave Manor, the home of George Washington's ancestors.

Take the high road to Arbigland in Scotland. You'll come across the hometown of John Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy.

Pleasant little walks and drives that can lead you on a journey centuries back into America's past.

And Pan Am can take you there in a matter of hours.

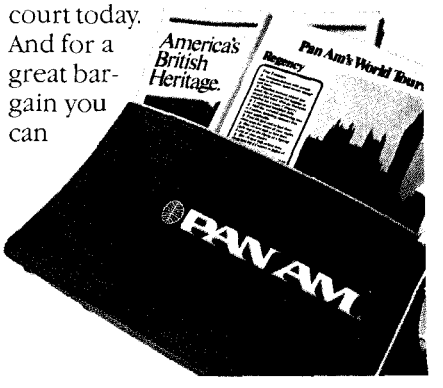
Britain in all its glory

Besides a lot of America's past, there's all of Britain's history and pageantry to see as well.

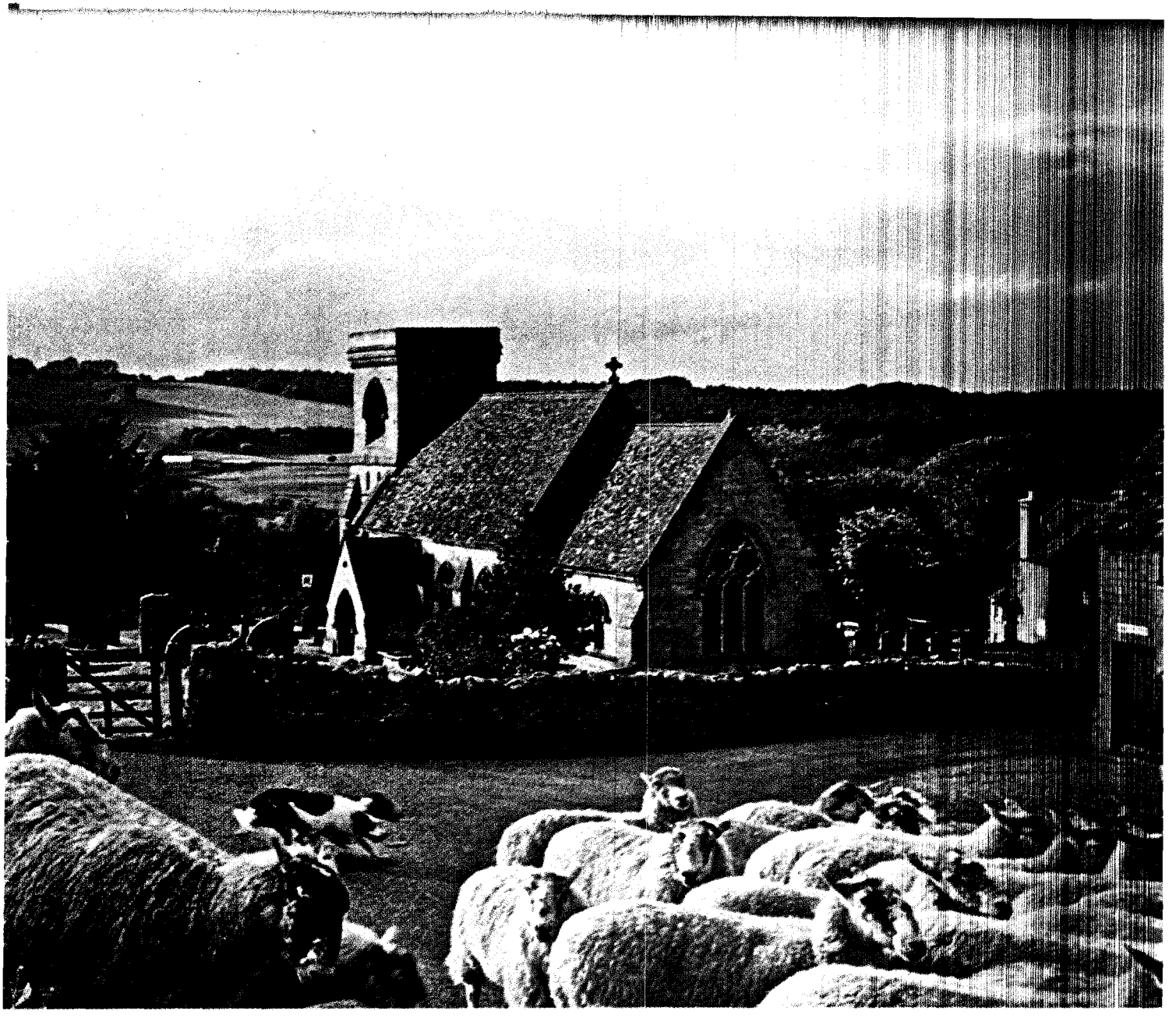
From the little place where Shakespeare was born. To the grand palace where Churchill was born.

From Holyroodhouse where Mary Queen of Scots held court to Buckingham Palace, where Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II holds court today.

And for a great bargain you can



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



you can glimpse a bit of America's past.

buy an "Open-to-View" ticket before you leave the U.S. It costs only $10. And it opens doors and drawbridges to more than 300 castles, palaces and mansions.

Special Pan Am tours

Pan Am has over 50 years of flying experience. And 747 flights to Britain from a choice of American cities.

We also have some very special tour packages.

The "Regency" gives you 15 exciting days to explore London for only $299 (per person, double occupancy) plus air fare.

And the "Camelot" takes you to England, Wales and Scotland. Selected departure dates are available.

Every Pan Am tour includes Continental breakfasts, sightseeing and transfers.

Some tours also include dinners. Some, discounts on rent-a-cars. And, of course, the new low air fares on Pan Am to Britain are another big part of the bargain.

For free information, see your travel agent or just mail the coupon. We'll send you, free, our color brochure, "America's British Heritage," and Pan Am's World, 68-page color tour brochure, PAH 001.

Britain—a big part of every American's past. This year come have a good look at it.

PAN AM®
America's airline to the world.

British Tourist Authority
Box 4100, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please send me your free brochures:
"Pan Am's World Tours" PAH 001
and "America's British Heritage."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

BRITAIN
ENGLAND SCOTLAND WALES

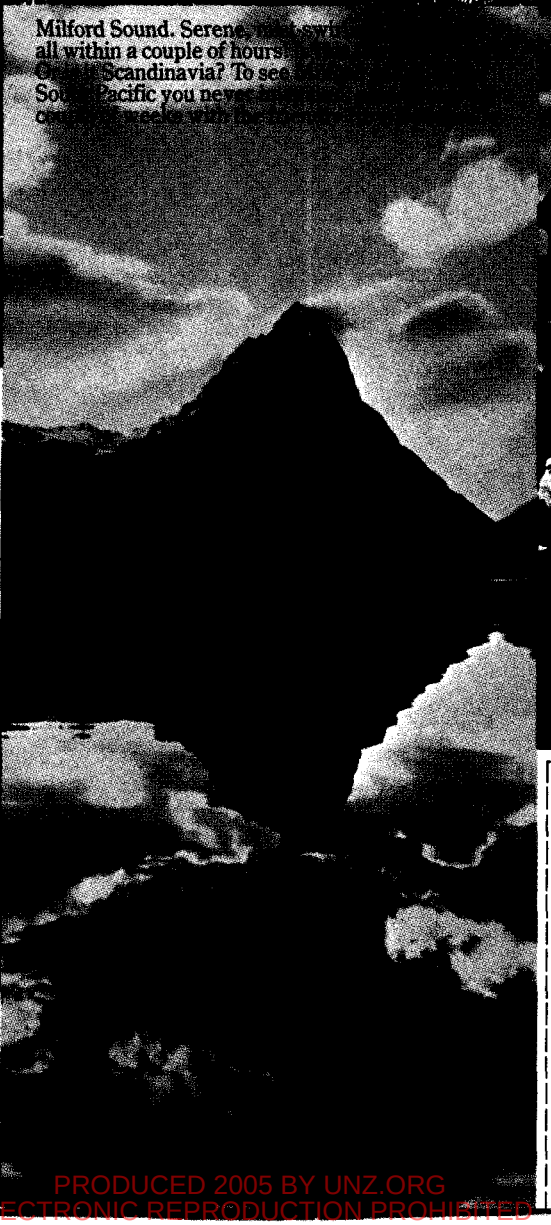
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Close your eyes and imagine an island in the South Pacific.

Is this what you imagined?

Milford Sound. Serene, [illegible] all within a couple of hours [illegible] Scandinavia? To see [illegible] South Pacific you never [illegible] chain [illegible]

If the usual island tourist hustle seems far away here in New Zealand, it is!



NEW ZEALAND

(A South Pacific you never imagined.)

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
One Maritime Plaza, Suite 970, San Francisco, CA 94111
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024

Send me more on a South Pacific I never imagined.

Name _____

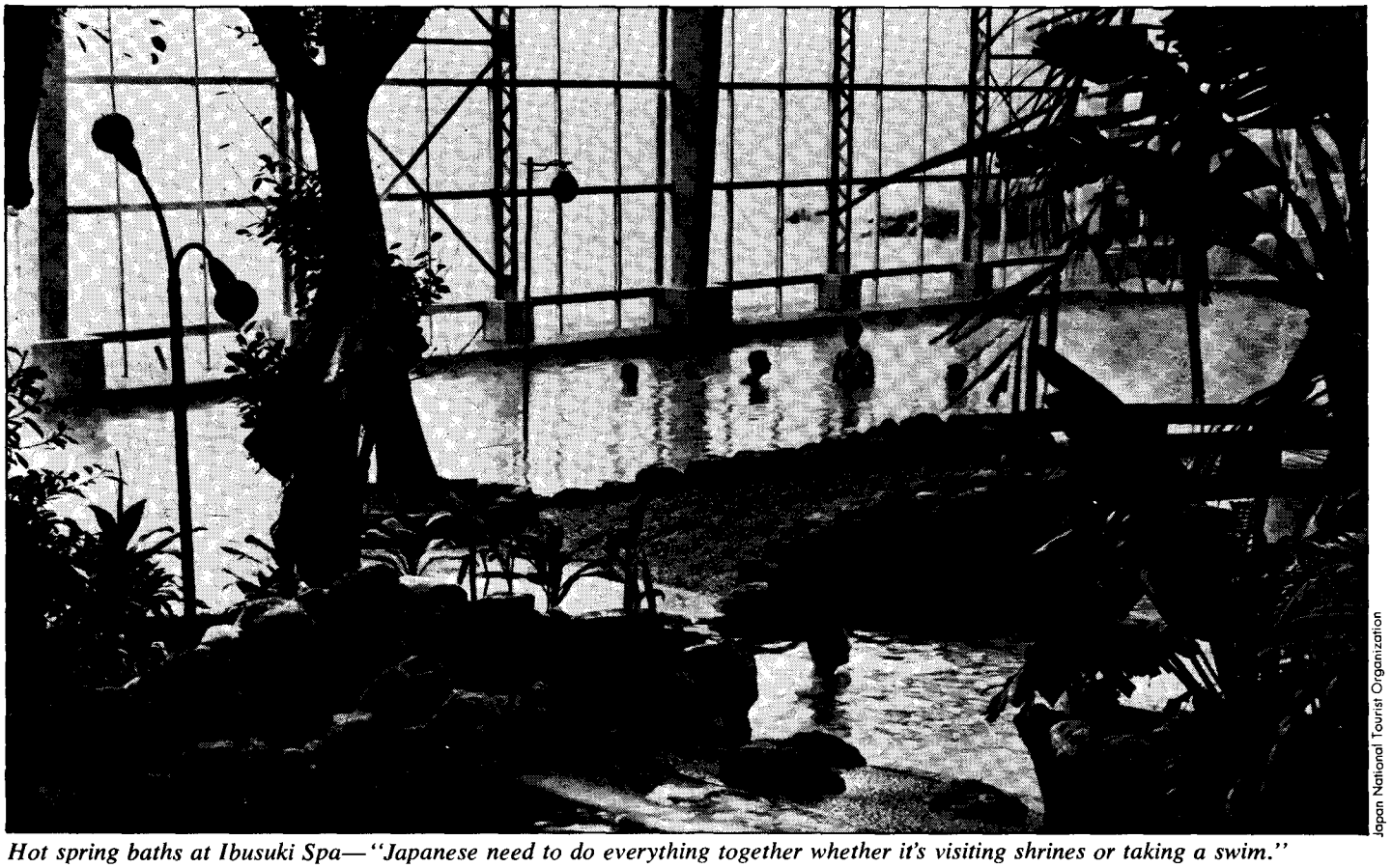
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taking Nippon by Surprise



Japan National Tourist Organization

Hot spring baths at Ibusuki Spa—"Japanese need to do everything together whether it's visiting shrines or taking a swim."

by Rafael Steinberg

VISITORS used to ask me why I stayed so long in Japan. "When I wake up every morning," I replied, "I know that something will happen this day to surprise me. It may delight me or infuriate me, but it sure as hell will be unexpected."

The first surprises one encounters are simple and quaint. When the Japanese gesture "come here," for instance, they hold the hand out with palm *down* and flap their fingers, something like our waving goodbye. Very confusing. If one learns that the Japanese word for rice is *gohan* when it's in a bowl, one must be aware that it becomes *raisu* (the English word "rice") when the same product is served on a plate, as with curry.

On a slightly higher plateau, the Western visitor discovers the Japanese need to do everything in groups, whether it's running away from home, visiting shrines, or taking a swim in the sea. Japanese airlines run special "honeymoon excursion flights" from the cities to the bigger hot spring resorts on days that are auspicious for weddings, and every pair of seats is occupied by a newlywed couple. And at 3:25 every afternoon, all the office workers in every branch of a major Japanese bank stop what they are doing and—in unison all over Japan—go through five minutes of prescribed calisthenics at their desks.

One might think that marriage to a daughter of the country, my rough competence in the language, and more than 3,000 risings of the sun would have run me out of surprises. Not so. On my most recent trip, I dialed a wake-up call on my hotel's automated telephone message system and then fell asleep, consumed by jet lag. At precisely the proper time the phone rang, and when I picked it up the first sound I heard was the tape-recorded twittering of a gardenful of birds. This time they had me even *before* I woke up.

When the transpacific fares come down, I will return to Japan and follow the ritual: Coming home from a journey, every Japanese is supposed to notify his ancestors. The emperor reports to the sun goddess at the Ise Shrine; ordinary Japanese clap their hands and bow their heads before the little altars on the walls of every proper home.

Having no ancestral spirits in Japan, I will be welcome to report to my wife's. But then, soon after my arrival, I think I will check in with my two guardian deities. The most prestigious is the Daibutsu, the Great Buddha of Kamakura, 30 miles south of Tokyo. I am neither mystic nor Buddhist, but this huge, 700-year-old bronze statue of the seated Buddha is my personal case officer in the bureau of the Japanese pantheon that handles foreigners.

When first brought into his presence, I approached the front of the statue and fell under his gaze, which is reproachful but tolerant. "What's the matter? Why do you come to me?" he asks. Later I stepped often into the circle of his gaze, and there was no reproach, only warmth and protection. I agreed with Lafcadio Hearn, who wrote that "the image typifies all that is tender and calm in the Soul of the East."

When I come again, I must pay more

Rafael Steinberg is a former foreign correspondent in Japan.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Someone told her you may put off coming to the Orient for another year.

This year, before you decide to wait until next year, see your travel agent or check over the JAL Happi Holidays below and return the coupon to JAPAN AIR LINES, BOX 618, N.Y. 10011.

☐ **#5001. Affordable Japan. 15 days. $1222.*** Tokyo, Hakone, Nagoya, Osaka, Kyoto and Takamatsu.

☐ **#3002. Orient Courier. 21 days. $1751.*** Tokyo, Hakone, Kyoto, Taipei, Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. Full American breakfasts and dine-around dinners or lunches daily.

☐ **#4006. Orient Panorama. 28 days. $3309.*** Tokyo, Nikko, Kyoto, Seoul, Taipei, Manila, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Jogjakarta, Bali and Hong Kong. Fully escorted with à la carte breakfasts, lunches and dinners daily.

☐ **#1004. Orient Paradise B. 23 days. $1798.*** Tokyo, Kyoto, Beppu, Taipei, Hong Kong, Penang, Singapore and Bangkok. Full American breakfasts and dinner or lunch daily.

☐ **#2005. Oriental Heritage. 35 days. $3754.*** Tokyo, Kyoto, Nara, Takamatsu, Hiroshima, Seoul, Taipei, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Jogjakarta, Bali, Brunei, Manila and Hong Kong. Three à la carte meals daily and fully escorted.

*Prices based on double occupancy and G.I.T. Economy air fare from West Coast, and subject to change. Additional charge for June-Oct. peak season.

☐ Send free, full-color JAL's ORIENT booklet with complete tour listings and ORIENT TOUR BUYING GUIDE.

HAPPI JAL HOLIDAYS

JAPAN AIR LINES

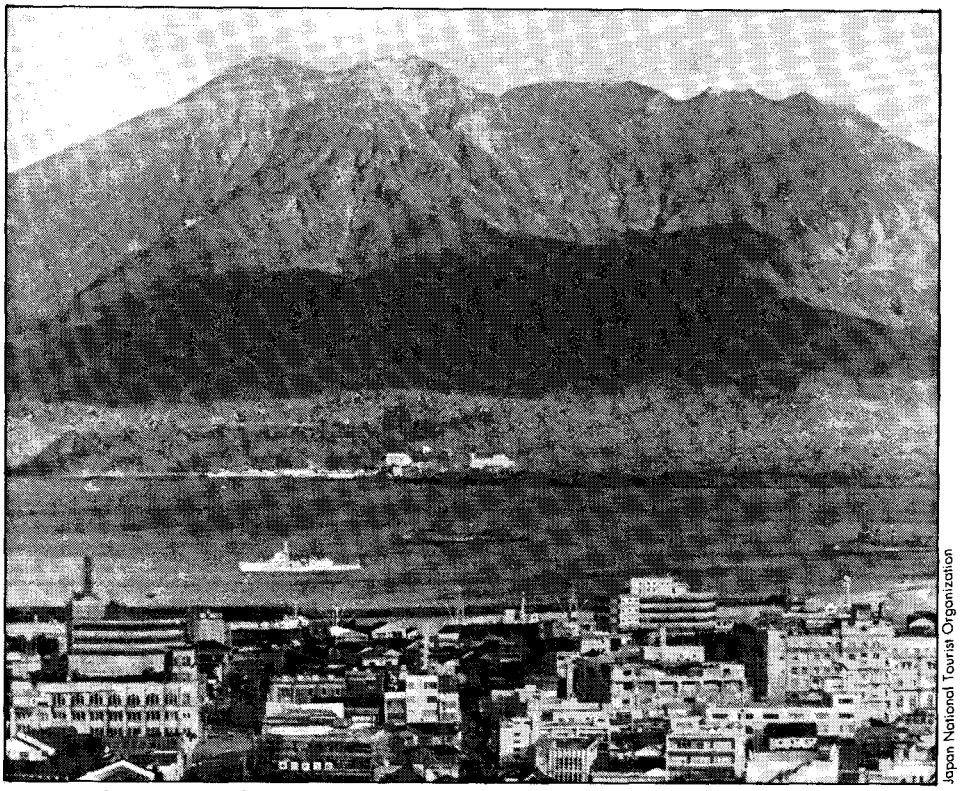
Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____ Tel._____

My Travel Agent_____ SR031878



Japan National Tourist Organization

Active volcano, Kagoshima — "Women are still ashamed to be seen in bathing suits."

attention to the seaside town of Kamakura itself, which was the military capital of feudal Japan when the Great Buddha was cast. Shrines and museums and Zen temples tucked away on side streets contain relics of the bloody civil wars of the thirteenth century; signposts mark the real life sites of intrigues, assassinations, betrayals, and mass suicides well known to the audiences of Kabuki plays. But I will avoid the place in the summer, when Kamakura and its beaches are jammed with the youth of the Tokyo area—Fort Lauderdale and the Hamptons rolled in one.

From Kamakura it is only a few miles along the rim of Sagami Bay to Enoshima, where my second guardian resides. Enoshima is a tiny, rocky island a few hundred yards off the beach, and it was the setting for *The Honorable Picnic*, by Thomas Raucat, the best novel about modern Japan ever written by a foreigner.

On the far side of Enoshima, a series of wooden footbridges lead to a huge grotto facing out to sea. The surf pounds the rocks, and at high tide the spray makes the going slippery. At the mouth of the grotto a solemn crone sells candles to light the way to the shrine of Benten, goddess of the arts and of luck. Benten is jealous of lovers, the legends say, because she is incapable of sexual passion. On my first visit to the area, my companion, who was not yet my wife, stubbornly refused to set foot on the island with me. Benten, she said, would be angry and would destroy our love. So one enters alone, gropes in candlelight deep into the cave, and peers at the carved stone image of the pudgy muse. Banish carnal thoughts, ask for success in work, in art—in writing, perhaps—and she may reward you. I don't believe in her completely, but I take no chances. Enoshima is as good a place as any to ponder the tension between art and love.

At Kagoshima, in the far south of Japan, the townsfolk talk about Takamori Saigo, who 100 years ago led the last samurai rebellion against the modernization of Japan. Kagoshima sits under an active volcano and is called the Naples of Japan. It is a backward area, about 20 years behind the rest of the country in its changing social customs. Married women, for instance, are still ashamed to be seen in bathing suits; on hot summer days they stand under parasols along the seawall while their children and their husbands splash happily in the bay. And they would never dream of entering a doorway before a man.

In Tokyo, I hasten to Jirocho, a tiny counter restaurant specializing in a dangerous delicacy that I cannot get in New York. This is *fugu*, the poisonous globefish. Unless the toxic liver and ovaries of the fish are entirely removed with the first deft stroke of the *fugu* chef's knife, the poison will spread in an instant

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throughout the entire creature, and a few bites of it will be fatal. Scores of Japanese die of *fugu* poisoning every year, invariably because they tried to clean the fish themselves. The way to eat *fugu* and live, therefore, is to stick to an official *fugu* restaurant where a license on the wall attests to the chef's ability to recognize and extract the poisonous organs.

Fugu is served *sashimi* style, uncooked, in thin, transparent slices that you pick up one by one with your chopsticks, dip into a special sauce, and place on your trembling tongue. The light, tangy flavor is unforgettable. And that slight numbness of the lips and tongue? Some say it is caused by traces of the poison; cynics attribute it to the sauce. Customers may worry, as they swallow the first slice, whether they are about to get the ultimate surprise, but the master of Jirocho swears he has never poisoned a customer. On the contrary, he assures us, *fugu* is a potent aphrodisiac.

No trip to Japan would be complete without a visit to an *onsen*, a Japanese hot spring resort. There are 1,800 spas in Japan, all over the volcanic country, and several thousand *ryokan* (Japanese-style inns) that exist primarily or exclusively for the *onsen* trade. Nowhere else in the world do so many people get so much positive pleasure from immersing themselves in hot water several times a day.

In the West we bathe to take the dirt off our bodies, and we do it privately, with a sense of duty. But in Japan the hot bath combines the religious notion of ritual purification with the curative powers of certain waters and with the simple comfort of a long soak in a hot tub—especially in winter in an unheated Japanese house.

North of Tokyo, at Nasu Spa, in the garden of a lovely old many-gabled hotel, is an outdoor hot spring pool cut into the rock. It is about two feet deep, so one can sit upright in it, submerged to the neck. The hot waters gush down from the hillside to keep the pool full. Under the stars at night or at sunset, in summer or in winter (even in freezing temperatures, with snow on the ground), families, couples, men, women—and groups—approach in the buff, holding little towels before them. They squat down on the rim to wash themselves first, then gingerly sink into the steaming, clean water—and the collective sighs of comfort seem to rustle the pines. I was shy the first time I stepped into that pool, but when I came out, it felt like one of the most natural activities in the world. Only later did I realize that *that* was my surprise for the day. ◉

COME SEE THE REAL ITALY

Where even hospitality is an art.

Famous cities, beaches, mountains, lakes, folklore—Italy has it all.

You'll find incredible art treasures, of course. And history at every turn. But today's Italy offers so much more to satisfy even the most demanding visitor.

There are art festivals. Opera and folk music. Fashions, handicrafts and sports for every season. Large cities and untouched medieval towns. Spas and tourist villages. Modern hotels and quaint inns. All set in spectacular scenery among mountains and lakes and beaches, and offering you a delightful variety of climates from the Alps to Sicily.

Making your visit more memorable are Italy's superb wines and foods. An ultramodern system of superhighways, and an extensive network of railroads, air, land and sea transportation will make your sightseeing easier. You can even buy a museum card for a nominal charge which entitles you to visit some 800 national museums, art galleries and archaeological sites.

Most memorable of all though, is the warm welcome you get from Italy's friendly people—people who have made hospitality an art. Why wait? Visit Italy, the inexhaustible treasure.

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) 245-4822
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 644-0990
360 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108 (415) 392-6206

ENIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Down and Out in Dharamsala

by James Traub

I'M BUMPING DOWNHILL from upper to lower Dharamsala, India, in an ancient packing crate of a bus, speaking with one of the local citizens, a freckle-faced girl with a backpack and an unmistakable New York nasal. Her neighbors, purple-clad, snub-nosed Tibetans, seem rather unlikely dinner guests for this youthful émigré; but she is detailing for me the wayward course that brought her to her new, wholly transcendental identity. Having left home just before the Sixties shut down, she wandered across the planet in search of a place holier than Greenwich Village and finally found it in Dharamsala, where the exiled Dalai Lama, whom pilgrims from the West seem to regard as the ultimate avatar of John Denver, set up shop. Here she settled down to a life that the spiritual vanguard of her day would swoon over: With her husband, the son of the former Canadian ambassador to Canada ("or something like that") and author of—what else?—unpublished verse, she putters around a crude hut, with neither heat nor running water, above the village filled with Tibetan émigrés. She studies. For the past 18 months, it's been Buddhist meditation, immersion in ancient texts, getting into Old Tibetan, mastering of exercises. Well then, I ask, how does the Buddhist discipline differ from the Hindu one? Got her there; she doesn't know about the Hindus. How about the Buddhists, then? Here, too, after

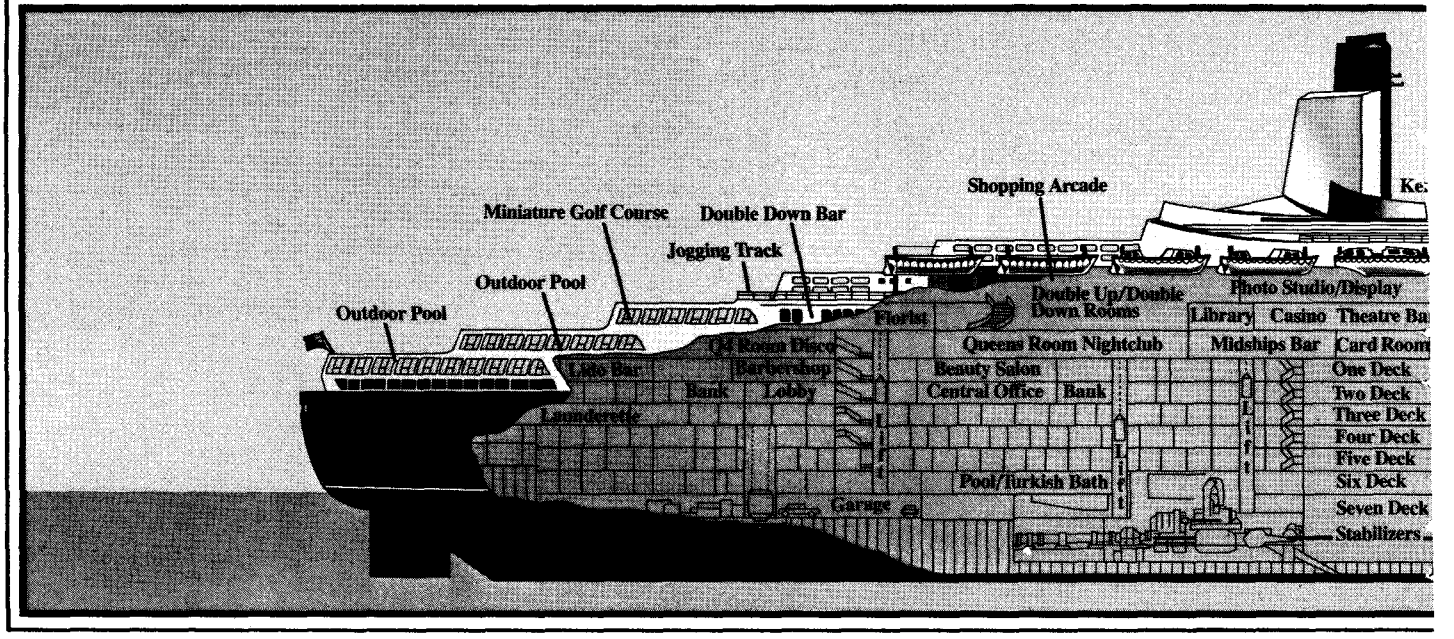
India Tourist Office

"India is really not funky."

Six million people go to Europe every year. 48,000 do it well.

If you have an appetite for luxury and elegance, pleasure and excitement, do what 48,000 people do every year. Sail Queen Elizabeth 2 to or from Europe.

You'll live all that you see here. And more. In 1978, the Queen is hosting a magnificent Festival of Life program, featuring over 500 authors, movie stars and public figures, plus thousands of activities on board for her 30 transatlantic crossings.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a brief opening number about looking into yourself, it appears that well, she's just started, and y'know, it's really complicated.

Conversation veers and swerves along with the bus until I ask her about her pre-enlightenment days. Her most recent memory is of a recurring scene, apparently scripted by Feydeau, in which mother's boyfriend meets daughter's boyfriend in the bathroom but mistakes him for an ill-concealed competitor (the child being only a high schooler at the time) until the daughter rescues her man and things return to normal, more or less. While she blandly relates this history, uncertain whether to be amused, because it's all so trivial now, or nonchalant, because it was all so ordinary then, I try to imagine how this incredible eccentricity could comport with the simplicity of a tiny village. But she reassures me that she and her husband are just folks around there: "I guess we're just two funky Indians," she opines.

A person can enjoy a lot of conversations as enlightening as this one in India. In fact, almost everyone talks this way, leading the longtime traveler to believe that the Sixties have somehow recurred in his absence. Indians can't be blamed for assuming that all Americans under thirty are hippies. In India they are, except for the importers. Why have the Sixties-in-exile taken up headquarters in old Cathay? Outside of the low price of hashish, the main reason appears to be that Indians are concerned less with cultivating their bank accounts than with filling their ledgers for the next life. This is probably true, though my Indian friends usually construe this spiritual preoccupation as an affront and promise that things are getting better. But try telling that to an American devotee of Hermann Hesse. He didn't come to meet modest, everyday-type Indians. He made a beeline for the nearest God-man, he rapped with monks and Sufi mystics—tough to find, alas—he came in search of the fantastic and the alien, everything that makes clean-cut Christianity look silly and insubstantial. His India is, as my friend said, funky.

So funkiness generally passed as divinity, and a top-drawer spiritual trinket or gesture commanded grave respect. An Instant Indian who I met in Ladakh, the trendy mecca near the Chinese border, so aureoled himself in mystery as to refuse to divulge his real name. I guessed that it must have been something painfully mundane, like Harry or Ernest. He had been rechristened Sechi Dananda, which in Hindi means "God's truth," and you can bet that wowed the faithful. Sechi wore a saffron-colored robe, recited long Sanskrit prayers, waxed metaphysical, and boasted two years at the feet of the most famous God-man in India. But while he had mastered his breathing, he had neglected his personality. He was loud and vulgar, tendentious and vilifying, and a pretty crafty capitalist to boot. His spiritualism was only one door down from mere exoticism, and in his own way, he understood India as little as the Nine Days Wonders, who streak in at Bombay and out at Delhi without pausing for breath.

INDIA IS really not funky. This doesn't mean that you should bring only black-and-white film; India offers as much to the tourist as all of Europe does. But when you've stayed long enough and ridden out enough 17-hour train rambles across the vast,

Continued on page 32

James Traub is an assistant editor for MBA Communications, a group of professional magazines, and a former college teacher in India.

The cost? As little as $730. This year, when you buy a one-way ticket on the Queen to or from Europe, the price includes a British Airways ticket the other way—to or from your hometown. Prices from $730 to $1,140 in tourist class, from $1,245 to $2,275 in first class.* For details, see your travel agent, call Cunard at (212) 983-2510, or return the coupon.

*Prices are per person, double occupancy

British Registry

CUNARD, P.O. Box 999
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

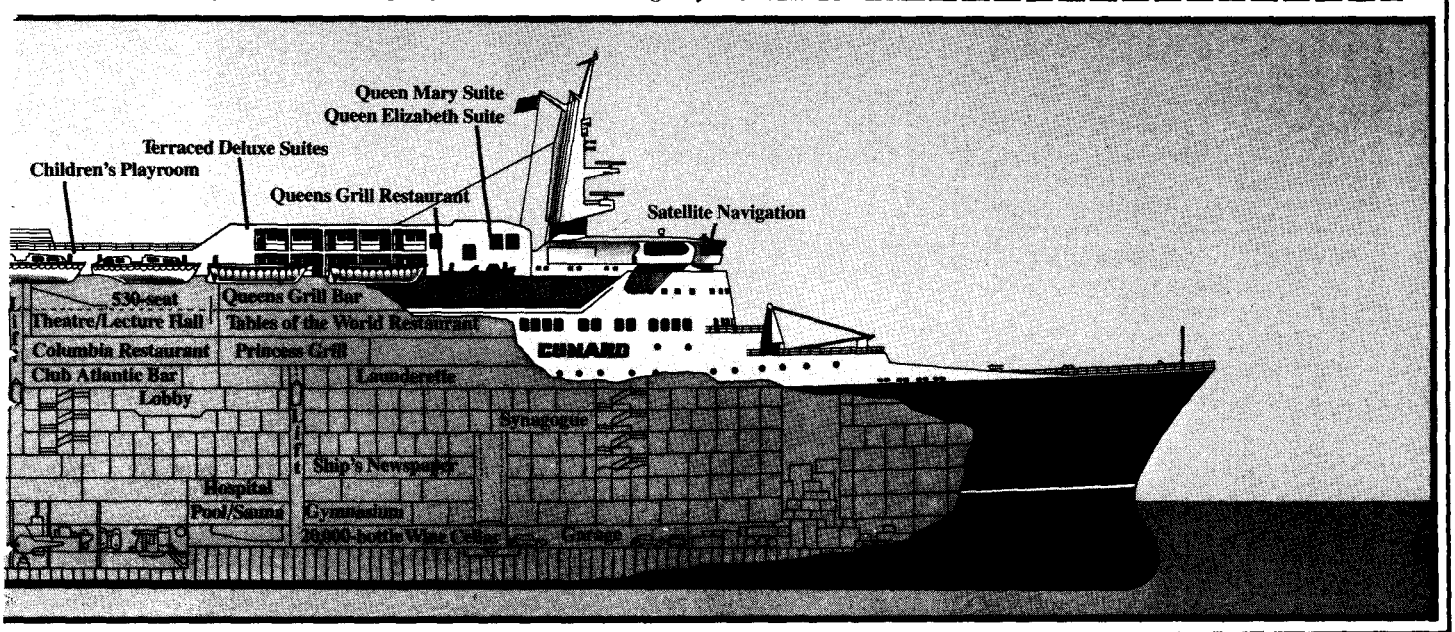
CUNARD
Queen Elizabeth 2

Please send more facts on the QE2 Experience and Europe.
☐ QE2 Transatlantic air/sea booklet
☐ QE2 European tours booklet

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
My travel agent is_____

For once in your life, live.

E480788Q60



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUESTERS WORLD OF NATURE TOURS

"Nature tour" has a special meaning when you travel with Questers. We are the *only* professional travel company specializing exclusively in nature tours.

Our approach in planning Worldwide Nature Tours is to provide you with the broadest possible opportunity of experiencing for yourself the natural history and culture of each area we explore. With the leadership of an accompanying naturalist, we search out the plants and animals, birds, and flowers...rain forests, mountains, and tundra...seashore, lakes, and swamps of the regions we visit. We also study the architecture, archaeology, museum collections, temples, and customs of the people.

The current Directory of Worldwide Nature Tours describes 32 tours varying in length from 4 to 36 days and going to virtually every part of the world. Included are Mexico, Peru, Hawaii, Alaska, Ladakh, Sri Lanka, Galapagos, Patagonia, Iceland, Scotland, and Switzerland. Tour parties are small, the pace leisurely, and itineraries unusual.

Call or write Questers or see your Travel Agent *today* for your free copy of the Directory of Worldwide Nature Tours.

Questers Tours AND TRAVEL, INC.

Dept S-378, 257 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10010 • (212) 673-3120

The largest and most spacious cruiseship sailing to the Bahamas from Miami.

SS EMERALD SEAS

3 NIGHT CRUISE TO NASSAU
On Season $170 to $320
Off Season $155 to $305

4 NIGHT CRUISE TO NASSAU/FREEPORT
On Season $210 to $390
Off Season $190 to $370

Casino Aboard

Sailing 3:45 PM every Friday and Monday.
Rates based on per person, double occupancy and availability plus port tax/services.

LAND/SEA TOURS available

We honor American Express, Master Charge, BankAmericard and Diners Club.

See your Travel Agent or
EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES INC.
General Sales Agents and Operators
P.O. Box 010882 • Miami, Fla. 33101 • (305) 373-7501

Nuggets of India: Jottings of a Recent Invader

by Barbara Coates

Agra. Don't fight it. Take a dozen pictures of the Taj. Even if everybody's seen it; even if it's crowded with people—which it always is. See it at dawn; see it when the colors ripen in the late afternoon; and see it by moonlight, if you can. Then take another day, pretend you're in another town, and go see the rest of Agra.

Belur and Halebid. Temple towns in the sugarcane and yellow *ragi* (wheat) fields of the south. About 10 miles apart. Each has an ancient Hoysala temple, built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with intricate carvings of Hindu legends, chubby elephants, and voluptuous women. The skies over Halebid are cribbed from English country paintings.

Bharatpur. Flat-bottomed boats slog through marsh water so thick with green plants and water lilies, you'd swear you could walk on them. Then you see a water buffalo munching contentedly, submerged up to its shoulders. Huge storks sit in the trees on little islands in the Keoladeo Ghana Bird Sanctuary here. Moorhens, purple coots, dabchicks too. And nearby, you can follow what looks like the track of a one-wheeled jeep to holes dug by porcupines in which pythons live. Carefully.

Bombay. A crowded, humid, smoky city on the western shore, where a newcomer to India can order a typical Indian breakfast of *masala dosa* and get a crepe the size of a rolled-up tabloid newspaper stuffed with red-pepper-hot potato salad, and a side dish of vegetable soup.

Jaipur. Consult the stars. On an auspicious day for weddings, the streets of Jaipur become a Mardi Gras of bridegrooms. Each fellow about to be wed travels from his house to his bride's with as big and sumptuous a parade as he can muster. Caparisoned elephants, camels, and trumpeters in costume precede the bridegroom down the street. And he, wearing a silken coat and golden turban, sits on a jeweled saddle and rides a white horse. Parades converge from all directions and mix right in with regular traffic.

Kovalam. What you'd expect from Hawaii. The warm, salty Arabian Sea washes over a curve of quiet beach in front of a white modern hotel terraced into a hill of palm trees. Native fishermen pull in huge coconut-fiber nets filled with silver tuna they'll roast for you on the beach. The lobsters here are one-armed crayfish.

Kunnigal. No hotel here. Just a sampling of south Indian village life. Little open-air shops, a courtyard vegetable market, whitewashed stucco houses with clay tile and thatched roofs, dirt floors, and no windows. The people smile and look at you with curiosity and are pleased to have their pictures taken.

Madurai. City of bicycle rickshaws. Hail one on a warm night in November when the moon shines over the Vaigai bridge. There's a huge temple in Madurai with 11 garishly painted gopuras (somewhat conical towers that act as gateways). This temple was built to honor Meenakshi, a three-breasted Pandyan princess whose extra appendage vanished the minute she set eyes on her one true love. Inside the temple is a pillared portico surrounding the sacred tank of the Golden Lotus. According to legend, the tank was used to judge literary works. Manuscripts of worth would float on its surface, while those lacking merit would sink. The Thirumalai Naick Mahal, a palace also in Madurai, is being authentically restored, its colored designs repainted with vegetable

A former journalist on the staff of The Patent Trader, *Barbara Coates now travels and prepares background reports for a travel agency. She has recently returned from a three-week trip through India.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dyes and its 30-foot columns whitewashed with egg whites. Five-dozen eggs per column.

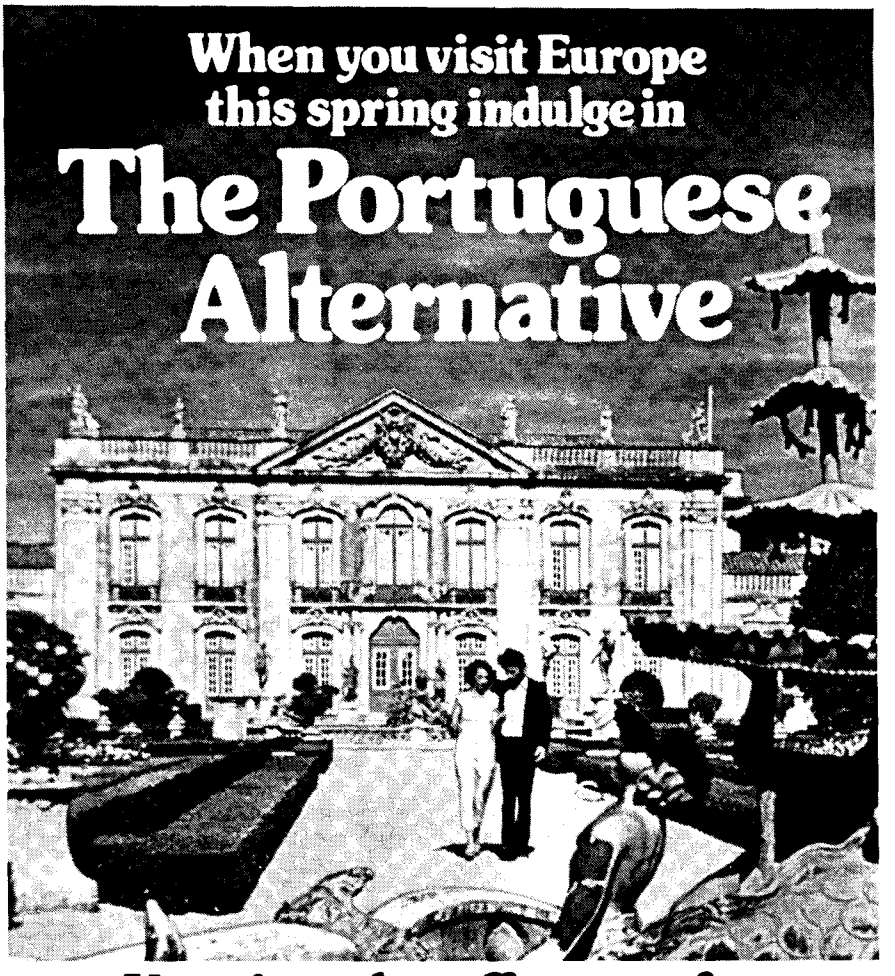
Mahabalipuram. Or Mamallapuram, which they say is easier to pronounce. A south India shore area not unlike the ocean flats of North Carolina, Mahabalipuram has remarkable seventh-century Pallava carvings of elephants and a shore temple on a solitary spit of beach sprayed by surf from the Bay of Bengal. It also has Mahishasuramardihini Cave. It has no alternative, easier-to-pronounce spelling.

Sravanabelagola. A town at the foot of a cliff-top Jain temple, where a 58-foot stylized nude statue of Lord Gomateswara stands looking across a rocky, scrub-tufted landscape. Take off your shoes and walk up the 500 smooth stone steps to the temple. Or you can ride up on a chair hoisted by four men who carry it on their shoulders. Going up that way is less strenuous, but it's scary coming down—a white-knuckle terror.

Ootacamund (Ooty). A hill station of the British Raj, 7,000 feet above the summer-sweltering plains. If you arrive at the Savoy on a rainy, chilly night in winter, you'll find a fire in the fireplace in your room and a hot-water bottle in your bed. Above a manicured hillside botanic garden here, where the views of terraced tea fields are spectacular, the primitive Todas live—an isolated, matriarchal tribe where women are permitted several husbands but have precious little else.

Udaipur. In the arid hills of Rajesthan, the *maharana* of Udaipur built a dam and trapped the monsoon rains to form Lake Pichola. His city palace sits on the lake's bank; the summer palace (now a hotel), in the middle of the lake. On a distant hill is the monsoon palace to which the *maharana* would retire to watch the monsoons roll in across the desert. The Lake Palace Hotel is one of the world's most romantic places.

Delhi. Start your visit to India here for the least traumatic culture shock. A broad-avenue city like Washington, but with bicycles, oxcarts, and women in saris. Take a guide who knows his Mogul history with you to the Red Fort and then stop and shop at Chandni Chowk. ◉



Vacations that offer more fun while you sun, sightsee, shop and save.

7-day Inclusive Tours start at $390*

First time or fifth time in Europe, it's time you thought about the Portuguese Alternative. On TAP's lower-priced-than-ever tours, you can even include Spain or Morocco. Air fare to Lisbon alone is only $290†. But only the price has been cut—not the beauty, the luxury or fun. That's why, when you plan your first, fifth or any trip to Europe, there's no alternative for the Portuguese Alternative.

You can plan on tradition-rich museums. Or reasonably priced luxury hotels. You can visit storybook palaces, gambling casinos and the sun-sparkled Algarve coast where smart Europeans come to play. Imagine discovering bargains galore in lovely, leisurely Lisbon. All among the friendliest people you'll probably ever meet.

TAP's air fares and tour prices will convince you to include Portugal in your European plans. See your Travel Agent, or contact us and discover how easy and inexpensive it is to indulge in the Portuguese Alternative.

SR 3-18-78

TAP Tour Department
P.O. Box 941, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
Telephone: (212) 421-8500
Or call toll-free 800-555-1212

Please send me your 1978 four-color brochure on Portugal, Spain and Northern Africa.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

TAP
THE AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL
Tour with TAP
We're as big as an airline should be.

*Based on GIT air fare, per person, double occupancy. Valid from 7 to 21 days. Minimum group of 5 required. Advance purchase 7 days. Price valid through March 31, 1978.

†Based on midweek Apex fare of 14 to 60 days. 21 days advance purchase.

Effective Feb. 13, 1978. Subject to gov't. approval.

Plus $3 departure tax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient.

One of them is a hotel.

Most hotels have room service. Ours is a butler-on-call on every floor. Most hotels have a lobby where tour groups meet to go sightseeing. Our lobby is one of the sights sightseers come to see. A few hotels even have a little history. The Manila Hotel has played host to royalty, celebrities, military legends and 65 years that have changed the world (but not our traditions of excellence, and gracious Old World service).

While you check out all the famous sights of the Orient, why not check-in at one?

The Manila Hotel.

For reservations, please consult your travel agent.

Manila Hotel

Philippines

SPRING TRAVEL SECTION

from page 29

empty plains, flat and dead to the horizon, you begin to feel, like E. M. Forster, that India swallows up everything that is colorful or even significant inside her. India is transcendentally dull. Of course, there's something supernatural in all that emptiness. God without beauty, Forster decides.

The people, as a rule, are also rather short on funkiness and no fun at parties. But if the pilgrim wishes to uncover the secret of their spiritualism, he has to divert his gaze from the Himalayan caves, from the edges of India, to its center.

Luckily enough, I lived in the center, both literally and metaphorically, so I feel that I have a leg up on cultural insight. A year teaching college English in Aurangabad, once a great, now toppling, central Indian city, half-collapsing and half-rebuilding, introduced me to a distinctly unspectacular cast of people. My friends were generally subject to the most virulent forms of pettiness and folly and fear. (The spiritual pearl, it seems, is wrapped inside the usual gritty oyster.) My fellow faculty members often displayed, for example, a stupendous capacity for self-deception and suspicion—conspiracies grew from nothing, like goose barnacles, and held just as tenaciously to their object, at least in the imagination of the victim. On the other hand, they brought the concentration of a chess player to their political machining. Everyone chose up sides, slandered each other, tampered with the files, reported outrageous misdoings to the higher authorities, and so on. At backbiting they were amateur champions. What began as "Mr. Hussian is, of course, a most respected person and admired by all" was sure to end, if the wind were right, with "And now I must put up with every kind of humiliation—both myself and the entire of my family—from this evil man. Completely evil, I tell you."

But beneath the sometimes unprepossessing surface is what the Soul Children should be searching for—true peace and true belief. A fellow lecturer in English, a handsome, broad-featured fellow with a great belly, to which, in moments of glee, he would press my hand, supported a family of 12 on $80 a month, which even in India means something akin to squalor. And yet among his dusty, crumbling books, in the bare, chipping room that was most of his house, he spoke of his difficulties without self-pity and of his hopes without delusion, accepting what must be accepted with a dignity and an equanimity far deeper than mere resignation. Nor have I ever found—nor do I ex-

Continued on page 38

BARBADOS

Stay at 1—Enjoy all 3

On St. James beach, 3 small, select resorts—very British-in-the-islands sort of casual luxury everywhere. Air-conditioned rooms, or suites with private verandahs. 7 miles from Bridgetown's shops. Enjoy 3 pools, 3 snug beaches, 3 exchange dining rooms, Managers' cocktail parties, buffets, barbecues, patio dancing and entertainment.

COLONY CLUB

DISCOVERY BAY INN

TAMARIND COVE

Represented by
David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc., New York
PHONE (212) 371-1323

Or Call Your Travel Agent

CARINTHIAN SUMMER 1978

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

June 29—August 29

takes place at the Church of Ossiach and in the Congress Hall of Villach (on the Venice—Salzburg route).

Contact in the USA
Mrs. Rosemarie Fliegel,
545 Fifth Avenue, Suite 207,
New York, N.Y. 10017,
tel. (212) 697-0656

Concerts-Operas
Literature-Workshops

Kärnten Austria

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover the Caribbean with the ships that discovered the Caribbean.

The tall ships. Sleek sailing vessels out of another age. Ships which were the prized personal schooners of the millionaires Onassis, Vanderbilt and the Duke of Westminster.

Now, you can sail them through the mystical Caribbean. To well-known islands as Nassau, Antigua and St. Maarten. And places the 12 story oceanliners never touch.

To magic islands with names like Saba, Carriacou, Anegoda. Bligh's breadfruit isle. Stevenson's Treasure Island. They are all here waiting to be discovered again. With unforgettable beaches, forgotten forts, hushed volcanoes, picturesque towns and our island friends.

Join us in your barefeet, bikinis, or shorts. Start off with your morning eye opening Bloody Mary or a hot steaming cup of coffee, and brace yourself for a day unlike any on earth. This is the sea.

A special place of rainbows, iridescent sunsets, living reefs, rainbow fish and pink and white sand beaches.

Now comes the night at sea. The silence broken by the throb of steel drums, merangue, calypso, reggae, all under an exotic Caribbean moon.

This is a Windjammer adventure like no other on earth. Join our voyage for 6 or 14 glorious, uncomplicated days aboard the tall ships. You can share for only $290. Send the coupon for your free 'Great Adventure' booklet.

And get ready to put a lot of living in your life.

Windjammer 'Barefoot' Cruises

P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139 305/672-2213

Cap'n Mike, Windjammer 'Barefoot' Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. **063**, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.
I'm ready. Send my free full color 'Great Adventure' booklet.

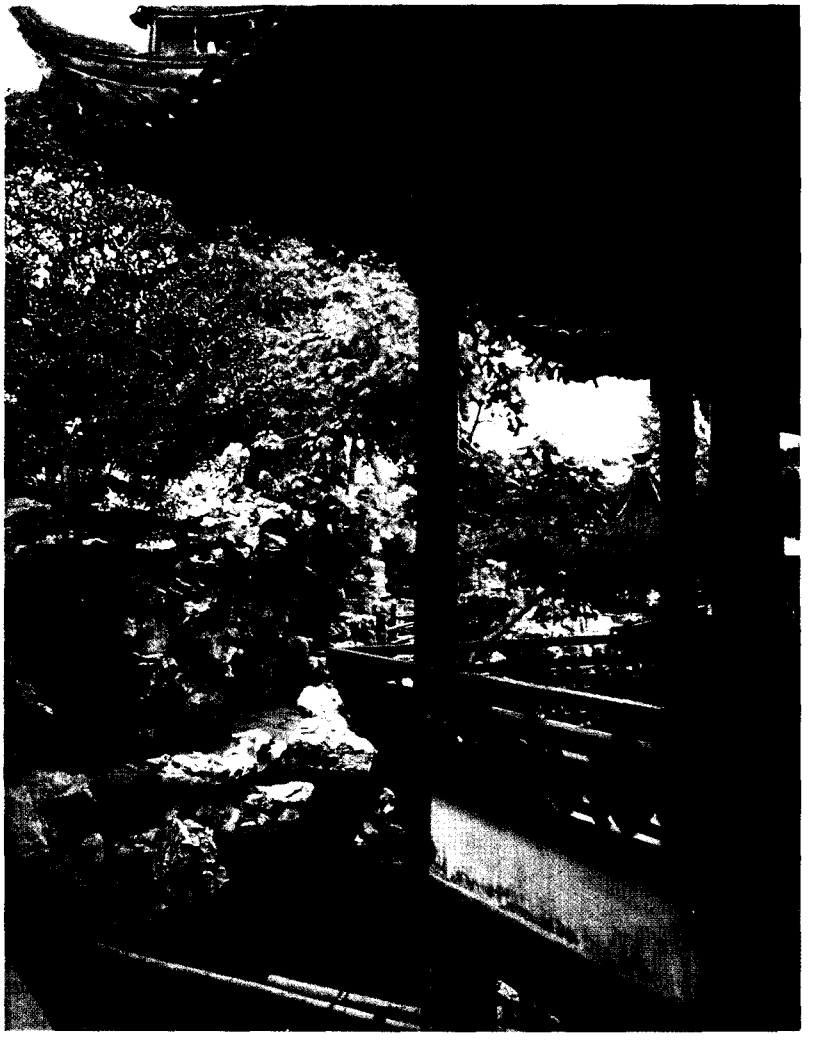
Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHINA PASSAGE



Photographs by Alberto Incrocci

Liu house and garden, Shanghai

A member of the younger generation

Cyclists on The Long Peace Road, Peking

WHEN THE *S. S. France* arranged with representatives of the People's Republic of China to accept some of its passengers for a short tour of Canton in 1974, it marked the first organized commercial travel to mainland China in over 40 years.

Since then, a number of ships of other lines have been able to offer their passengers similar explorations of Cathay. Each year, the Chinese allow foreign visitors to dip a toe a little farther.

Originally, the liners were required to drop anchor in Hong Kong harbor and dispatch passengers by rail to the border between Hong Kong's New Territories and the People's Republic. But lately, ships have been allowed to sail up the Pearl River en route to Canton. Others are now pulling up to the quays at Shanghai. Small groups of passengers have been permitted to fly onward to Peking and to Kweilin, considered one of the most beautiful places in the vast land.

Thus far, the Chinese have preferred to deal with tourists coming by ship because passenger lists are relatively easy to control, and travelers can be moved in manageable groups.

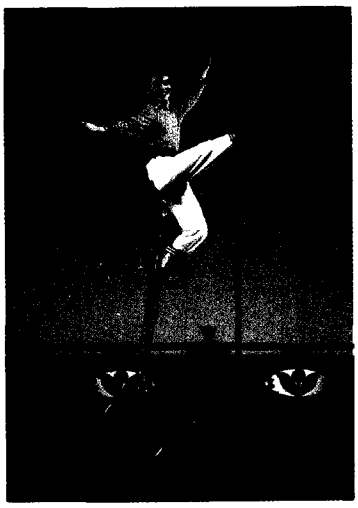
These are the ships with shore excursions approved by Chinese authorities for 1978–1979 (all are subject to ultimate reconfirmation by Peking):

1. Royal Viking's 70-day Circle Pacific Cruise, in 1979, which departs from L.A. on February 7 and from San Francisco on February 8, will be depositing its passengers in the port of Shanghai on March 28. Voyagers can then choose between two optional shore excursions: either three days in Shanghai or two days in Shanghai and one in Soochow. The first package can be purchased for an additional $135 and the second, for $170—all-inclusive. And according to one well-informed source, when they say all-inclusive, they mean all-inclusive. You can get sick, be hospitalized, and have your laundry done and your hair cut at no extra cost. Rates for the full 70 days start at $8,820 per person for a double.

2. Holland America is offering China in a variety of combinations in 1978 and 1979.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven Star Lake, outside Canton, has been described as one of the most beautiful spots in China



Acrobatic show, Port Arthur

Radiant young dancer of Peking

The *Prinsendam*, the first Western cruise ship to dock in Shanghai, will be sailing there again on a month-long transpacific cruise this fall. The autumn sojourn leaves from Vancouver on September 19 and stops in Shanghai for three days on its way to Singapore. Shore excursions will be available. Rates from $2,995. On the agenda for the *Rotterdam*'s 1979 world cruise is a rerun of this past winter's China visit, which began at Hong Kong and offered side trips to Canton, Peking (the flight covers 1,100 miles), and Kweilin, 45 minutes by air from Canton.

3. Cunard's *QE II*, now in the midst of its third journey to China, expects to return to those shores in 1979 for its 80-day world cruise. For $8,500 per person in double accommodations, you can leave from New York on January 18 or from Port Everglades on January 20 and join Cunard's easterly circumnavigation, which will deposit you in Hong Kong about March 6. As in this year's Great Pacific and Orient Cruise, passengers will be given the option of visiting Canton, Peking, and Kweilin in addition to new destinations as yet undetermined and subject to approval.

4. Norwegian America Line made its debut in China this year. If the notices are favorable (and we're sure they will be), the *Sagafjord* will return next year on The Great World Cruise of 1979. You can book passage for 84 nights from Port Everglades, leaving January 20, starting at $7,320. From L.A., it's a 70-night stint starting at $6,670. Arriving in Shanghai on February 22, the *Sagafjord*'s passengers will travel by coach, plane, and train to Canton and Kweilin. Full details and prices for shore excursions will be available shortly.

5. Flagship's *M. S. Kungsholm* joined her fellow cruisers this year on her first visit to the Chinese port of Whampoa. Passengers were offered a comprehensive three-day tour of Canton as well as an eight-day combination package of Canton and Kweilin. A similar itinerary is being planned for their 1979 world cruise, with Shanghai as the port of call. Fares for next year's cruise are unavailable at this time. —SUSAN OCHSHORN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2023 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEAST REMARKABLE THING ABOUT THE NEW RABBIT DIESEL IS 53 MPG H'WAY, 40 MPG CITY.

You've read it right, friends.

According to the EPA estimates the new Rabbit Diesel gets the highest mileage of any car in America. (Of course, mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and your car's condition.)

But if by chance you're looking for more, read on. Because the most astonishing news about our economy car isn't the economy. It's the car.

Remarkable thing #1: eye-opening performance.

Are you the kind of person who gets a thrill out of zipping from 0 to 50 in a mere 11.5 seconds? Well, thanks to an efficient use of aerodynamics and weight, you'll be ecstatic in a Rabbit. In fact, it's already set 31 world records for Diesels.

You'll also be thrilled to know the 1978 Rabbit comes with such things as an "independent stabilizer rear axle" which manages to combine the stable tracking of a rigid rear axle with the smoothness of an independent suspension.

"Negative steering roll radius" which helps maintain directional stability even in the event of a front-tire blowout.

"Front-wheel drive" for better tracking, especially in high winds and rotten weather.

Front disc brakes. Radial tires. Rack-and-pinion steering. Breathless cornering.

Do we still sound like an economy car? If so, you're ready for remarkable thing # 2:

More room for people than 40 other cars.

A Volkswagen Rabbit looks smaller than other cars, right?

But inside, our engineers cleverly devoted 87% of the interior to functional room.

Open the trunk and (believe it or not!) there's more luggage space than a Cadillac Seville.

Fold down the rear seat and (amazingly!) there's almost as much luggage space as some station wagons.

Then open the door. Your eyes don't deceive you. There's more people space than Chevy Monza, Datsun 510, Pinto Wagon and 37 other cars you could buy.

But wait. While you have the door open, notice remarkable thing # 3; a stroke of sheer genius:

The seat belts actually put themselves on.

No fumbling about on the floor trying to find them.

No mumbling about what a pain normal seat belts are.

It's like magic.

Just close the door and they're on.

This type of passive restraint system will be mandatory in 1984. And only a Model "L" Rabbit has it now.

Another stroke of genius: a cooling fan with brains.

When it's freezing out and a fan isn't needed, our cooling fan knows enough to shut itself off. (That saves you noise and energy.)

When it's boiling out, our cooling fan has the good sense to keep running even after the car is shut off. (Because that's an important time to protect your engine against overheating.) Then it automatically stops when the engine is cooled off.

Last but least, a word about money.

Happily, all Rabbits are frugal when it comes to money.

The problem is, which Rabbit should you buy?

A gas-powered Rabbit — which is a wonderful car to begin with.

Or a Rabbit Diesel — which costs about $200 more than our "C" and "L" gas models.

What do you get for $200?

For one thing, diesel fuel costs about 10¢ a gallon less than gasoline.*

For another, a diesel engine never needs a major tune-up. Because there are no spark-plugs, points, condensers, or carburetors to tune.

All this, and great mileage, too.

A tough choice, to be sure.

But then, a Rabbit is the only car in its class that gives you a choice at all.

What could be more remarkable than that?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

*EPA Gas Mileage Guide © VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ed Waldman Collection

Tantric art may accompany yoga and meditation.

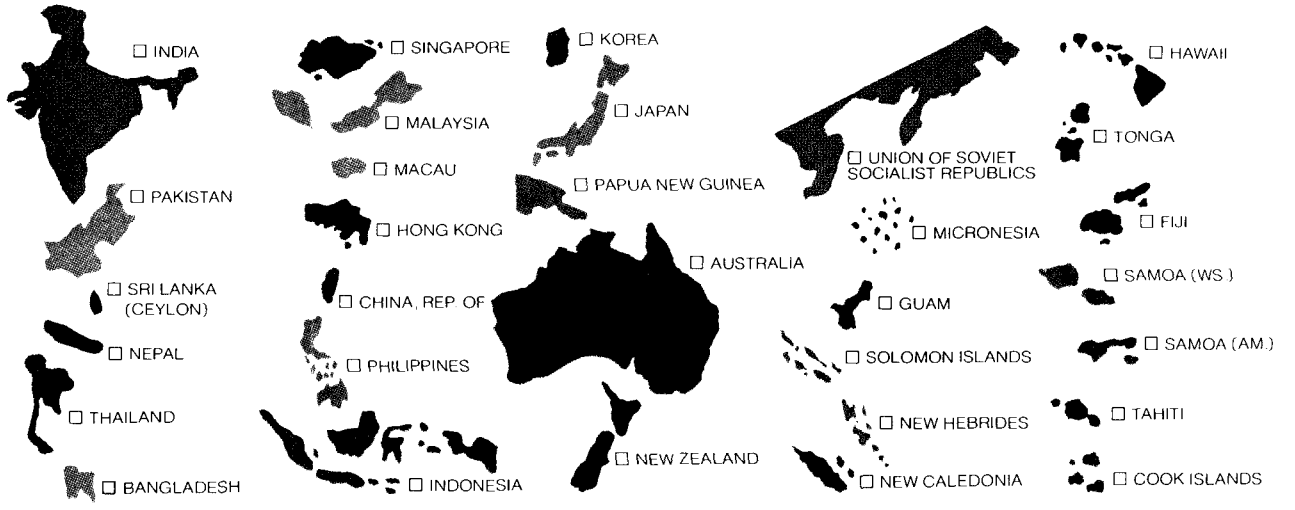
pect to find—a sincerity so pure as I found among my friends in Aurangabad. Sometimes it was downright embarrassing—an especially passionate friend insisted on punctuating our conversation every five minutes with declarations of love and respect and adulation. "Oh, Jim," he would say, shaking his head over some half-witted observation of mine, "what a wise man you are." Perhaps he didn't always think so, but fidelity to fact meant little next to fidelity to his affections.

Americans are a pretty sincere bunch, too, especially since Jimmy Carter elevated this virtue to new heights; but sincerity for us means candor. Indians are not handy with facts or with the plain truth; what they adhere to is a more fundamental set of truths that stipulate their relationship with God, with family, with friends and strangers, and with community. And it is this immovable certitude of moral and religious truths that, I am inclined to think, lends to Indians their inner peace amidst all the apparent disorder. But moral distinction doesn't go over especially well with the out-of-town spiritual contingent. Its members prefer doctrines and disciplines;

Continued on page 41

HERE'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO TAKE A VACATION IN THE PACIFIC:

The Pacific. All in all, you've got 31 different countries to choose from, but it's easy to find the perfect one. Because they all are. So just check the countries you're most interested in. And we'll send you all the information you need.



Name_____ Address_____ City_____

State/Zip_____ Have you ever been to the Pacific before_____?

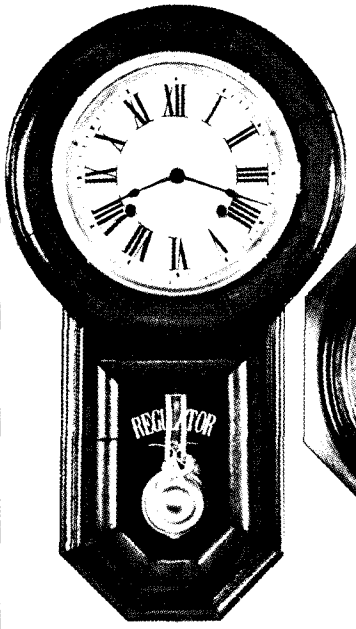
PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 228 GRANT AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108

SAR 3188

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

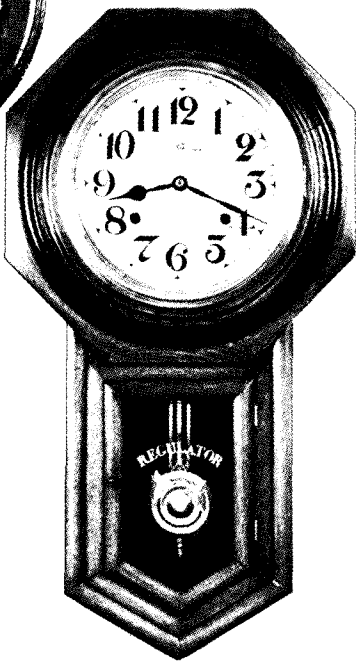
Four of America's Last Great Antique Buys!

Genuine Circa 1900 Antiques. When they're gone, they're gone forever.



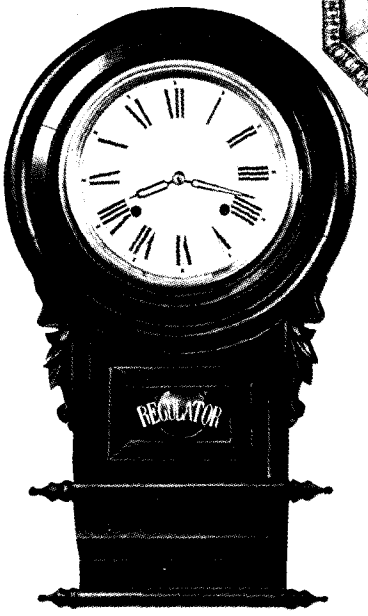
The Round-Top Schoolhouse Clock (Style 14)

$110.00



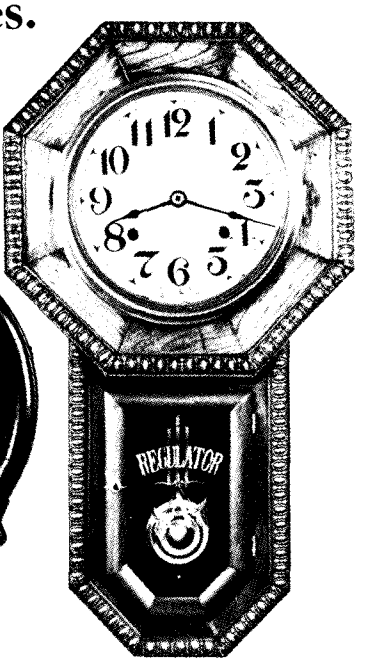
The Ring Octagon Schoolhouse Clock (Style 13)

$115.00



The Classic Double Scroll Clock (Style 15)

$115.00



The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock (Style 12)

$125.00

We urge you to take heed. These are truly the last of the Great Old Clocks. At our low price, you may never see these values again. Authentic circa 1900 antique schoolroom clocks, like the kind that once ticked happily away in the front parlours, general stores and one-room schools of America's childhood. Lovingly restored and in 100% running order. Each is unique—yours will be numbered, registered to your family or whomever you designate and accompanied by a handsome Certificate of Age and Ownership (suitable for framing). Order now, to avoid disappointment. When these clocks are gone, they're gone forever.

- Clocks, we believe, will appreciate many times in value in the years to come.
- Certificate of age, authenticity and ownership.
- Fully re-conditioned 8-day keywind movement, brass pendulum, key. Counts each hour in deep, melodic tones.
- Finely polished and carefully restored hardwood case, approx. 22″ H, 13″ W, 4½″ D.
- Sturdily cartoned and shipped to you UPS insured.

FOR FASTER SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS
call (914) 248-7031 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (E.S.T.)
Visit our Showroom, just 1 hour from N.Y.C.

Pony Express System
2986 Navajo St., Dept. SR-420, Yorktown, N.Y. 10598

Gentlemen: Please send me the following clock(s) (state qty.):
_____ The Round-Top Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 14)* @$110.00
_____ The Ring Octagon Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 13)* @ $115.00
_____ The Classic Double Scroll Regulator *(Style 15)* @ $115.00
_____ The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 12)* @ $125.00
(add $6.00 for each insured delivery.)

If these clocks are to be Gift orders, please attach a separate sheet of paper stating the name the clock is to be registered to, and name and address for shipment. We will enclose a gift card at your request. On multiple orders, be sure to specify who gets which clock.

My check is enclosed for $ _____ (N.Y. State residents add 5% tax.)
I prefer to charge my (check one)
☐ American Express ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge
Account No. _____ Expiration Date

Signature _____

Mr./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Conversation Pieces!

Now You Can Own a Piece of History

THIS IS THE AUTHENTIC ORIGINAL PAY TELEPHONE — COMPLETE WITH GRAFFITI, UNRETOUCHED AND IN *GUARANTEED* WORKING ORDER

UNBELIEVABLY PRICED AT

Only $59.50

WHILE SUPPLY LASTS!

These are the grand old coinbox models — retired from telephone company service. Enjoy them as you remember them ... Original finish — NOT repainted, enhanced with the minor mars and scars of passing years. (Sorry, but we're not responsible for any graffiti!)

Components renewed or replaced where necessary. Fully tested and guaranteed to arrive in perfect working order. No coin needed to operate (... but don't tell your guests or kids!) Just plug into any standard jack and bank the coins unsuspectingly deposited toward your phone bills. Sturdy locked collection box has huge capacity for nickels, dimes and quarters.

AN INVESTMENT as well as a novel decorative touch for recreation room, office, home bar, kitchen, patio, etc. Identical phones are selling elsewhere at up to 3 times our low direct-to-you price. Bound to appreciate in value. Buf quantity available is LIMITED, so we urge you to ORDER TODAY.

READY TO PLUG-IN and USE

Fully compatible with all U.S. phone companies' equipment.
WE GUARANTEE you must be delighted or return within 30 days for full refund of purchase price.

ALSO AVAILABLE in BEIGE or GREEN at $69.50

De Luxe CHROME MODEL

Limited Supply .....Only $99.50

FOR FASTEST DELIVERY:
Phone TOLL-FREE and CHARGE IT to your CREDIT CARD!

LONG ISLAND PHONE COMPANY, 121 Lakeville Road, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040 Dept. PM-013

Please rush me:

___ **PAY TELEPHONE(S) [Black] at $59.50**
___ ☐ **Beige** ☐ **Green PHONE(S) at $69.50**
___ **DE LUXE CHROME PHONE(S) at $99.50**

Shipping, Handling: $7.50 per instrument

TOLL-FREE for CHARGE ORDERS:
(800) 645-6276*
Orders Accepted 24 Hours — 7 Days
**In NEW YORK STATE (516) 352-7000 (Not a Toll-Free Number)*

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ **ZIP** _____

Signature _____

☐ **CHECK/MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED**
Charge to:
☐ **MASTER CHARGE (Bank No. ___ ___ ___ ___)**
☐ **VISA** ☐ **AMER. EXP.** ☐ **DINERS CLUB**
Card No. _____
Expiration Date _____

(N.Y. State ONLY: Include 4% State tax plus any local tax)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

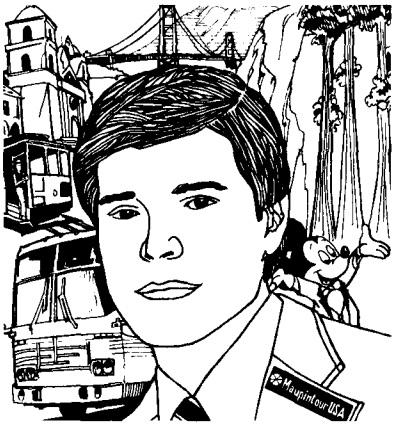
from page 38

prayer mats, beads, and incense; chants and ditties and opium; all things obscure and exotic and at least slightly baffling. The Buddhist tenet that spiritual development does not begin until the moral nature is perfected apparently does not circulate well among the smart set. In their almost touching earnestness, they want a program of studies that they can map out and execute. But for Indians, it's just doing what comes naturally.

Nobody really wants what Indians have, which is utter fixity. It's not much fun, especially when you're accustomed to zipping around the world whenever you feel a need for a new identity. Indians are born into their identities—Hindu or Moslem, Marathi or Gujarati, farmer or carter. Home is a place that you never leave: The family is never far and always ready to rush to your side at the slightest mishap. A day after one of the lecturers had been overtaken by one of our periodic scandals, I found his house swarming with relations acting in capacity of receptionist, bouncer, housekeeper, and, above all, prop. And nobody ever escapes this gravitational pull, though everyone talks about it. Aurangabad's only bona fide young scholar of English letters hopes to trade in his Ph.D. for a job at one of the decrepit local colleges or, at best, the local university. He could do better, but he won't try. Activity in any radical form seems illusory. A national election came whirling through town, but like the tornado in *The Wizard of Oz*, everything floated back to where it had been before. Even the climate, which provides the sole dependable source of change, adheres so strictly to its pattern that there seems to be no weather at all. During the monsoon season it rains every day, but never at any other time. Every day of the summer the sun beats down to the tune of 105° or so; and the climate during the remainder of the year features a tediously faithful curve of waxing and waning heat.

Nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to buy real estate there. Some, however, like the flower child of Dharamsala, seem ready to hang on forever. You wonder about the future of the hundreds or thousands of Americans parked semipermanently in Goa or Katmandu or any of the other fashionable watering holes. Their peripatetic, haphazard existence itself seems to deny the truth they seek. But that doesn't stop them from believing that the Eight-Fold Path is unrolling before their feet. And even if it's not, where else can one buy hashish for $7 an ounce? ◉

Maupintour's
California



THE GOLDEN STATE, exclusively! 16 days devoted to California's wonders. San Francisco, Golden Gate, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Disneyland. Wine country, redwoods, gold fields, Big Sur. Tahoe, Carmel, Hearst Castle. Incomparable Yosemite and unknown, beautiful Lassen Volcanic Park. Great cities, magnificent scenery, history.

TOP HOTELS, resorts, 35 meals, fine dining, events. Deluxe motorcoach. Escorted, limited size. Extra treats: 2 nights in Carmel-by-the-Sea, special 3 nights at elegant *Beverly Wilshire!*

COME WITH US to California! Ask your Travel Agent for *Maupintour's California* brochure or mail coupon.

Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St. Lawrence, Ks. 66044. 800/255-4266.

quality touring since 1951 Maupintour

name

address

city

state/zip

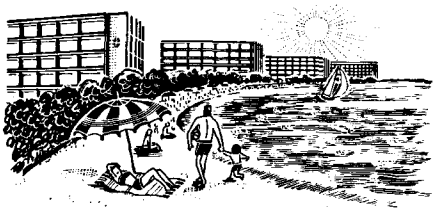
my travel agent *srv-cal*

Ask about these Maupintour escorted holidays:
☐ Africa ☐ Alps ☐ British Isles ☐ Colorado
☐ Alaska ☐ Canadian Rockies ☐ California
☐ Asia ☐ Tunisia/Malta ☐ Egypt ☐ Europe
☐ France ☐ Germany ☐ Hawaii ☐ India ☐ Iran
☐ Italy ☐ Turkey ☐ Morocco ☐ North Africa
☐ Orient ☐ Portugal ☐ Scandinavia ☐ Spain
☐ S. America ☐ S. Pacific ☐ USSR/E. Europe
☐ Middle East ☐ Greece/Aegean ☐ Balkans

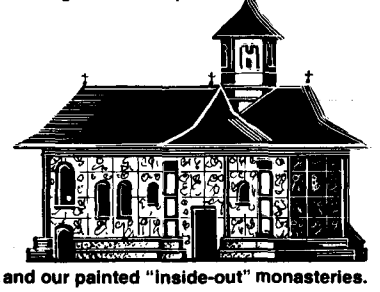
ROMANIA 1978
Everything everybody loves is the same.
Even the prices.

They love our beautiful Bucharest

...our magnificent Carpathian Mountains



...our sun-kissed Black Sea shore



...and our painted "inside-out" monasteries.

Most of all, the world's tourists love our low prices...whether they come for fun, for sightseeing, for our health spas, or the revitalizing geriatric treatments of Dr. Ana Aslan. So for 1978, we're keeping Romania unspoiled, our warm welcome undiluted. And while costs soar everywhere else, we're keeping our low prices unchanged. Send for a FREE brochure.

ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
573 Third Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016 Dept. SR-1
Please send FREE tour brochure and guidebook to Romania.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Writer's Conscience

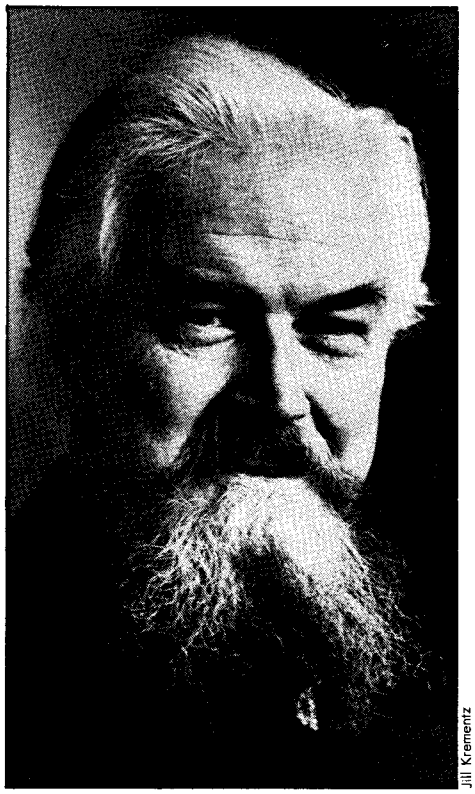
by Robertson Davies

THE WRITER'S CALLING has been greatly romanticized—more so, I believe, than that of any other artistic creator. Painters, sculptors, and composers are regarded with a degree of awe by the public in general, but writers possess a special sort of magic. In part it is the magic of what seems to be a familiar and an attainable, yet somehow unrealized, element in the lives of many people who are not artists of any kind. Anybody can see that he is not going to paint like Picasso or write music like Benjamin Britten; but he is not so sure that he is not going to write like somebody whose writing he admires. He can put down words on a page, he has some idea of grammar, and he is constantly meeting with experiences, or observing people, that seem to him to be the stuff of writing.

The world is full of people who think they could write or who have, at some time, written. But they do not stay with it. Why?

Is it because the real writer, the serious writer, who is a writer all his life, is a special kind of person? Yes, it is. And what kind of person is he? I do not pretend to be able to answer that question fully, for there are many kinds of writers. But they all have a characteristic—indeed a distinguishing trait in their psychological makeup—that makes them recognizable, and I call it the writer's conscience. I use that phrase to describe the continuing struggle that goes on in the psyche of every writer of any importance. And by that expression "of any importance," I exclude the journalistic word-spinners, the ghostwriters, the concocters of literary confectionery, although some of these are remarkable technicians. I am talking about the writer who tries—perhaps not all the time but certainly during the greater part of his career—to write the best he can about the themes that concern him most.

The writer's conscience is not a moral judgment and has nothing to do with the themes that writers choose. Perhaps I can make myself clear by instancing two books—Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*. One is an agonized exploration of the psychology of a criminal intellectual; the other is a charming joke about youth and love. One is clumsily written, with long passages of overheated and perversely sensitive emotion; the other is elegantly and exquisitely written, in a fashion so subtle that it yields up its secrets only after several careful readings. Both are great books, and I think it is foolish to say that one is greater than the other, as if one were marking an examination and giving Dostoevsky higher marks because he tried harder. He didn't try harder. He just wrote the best book he could in the circumstances in which he found himself. So did Max Beerbohm. Both books appeal strongly to large numbers of readers who encounter them at a particularly appropriate moment in their life. And I believe that it is because both writers wrote under the domination of conscience, and it is the subsequent revelation that gives the books their particular weight and value.



Jill Krementz

Robertson Davies

Now—what is this conscience I have been talking about? It is the writer's inner struggle toward self-knowledge and self-recognition, which he makes manifest through his art. Writers, and artists generally, are notoriously resistant to psychoanalysis because they are continuously psychoanalyzing themselves in their own way, which is through their work. It is the only way to peace of mind, to integration open to them. This self-analysis is a lifetime process, and in the work of a writer of great abilities who has been so fortunate as to live long, it presents an awesome achievement. Consider the case of Thomas Mann. From *Little Herr Friedemann* which he published when he was twenty-three, and *Buddenbrooks*, which appeared when he was twenty-five, the succession of his books reveals to us, beneath the themes, the fables, and the philosophical explorations, the development of an extraordinary spirit. *The Magic Mountain* (1927); the great *Joseph* tetralogy, which was 16 years in the writing; *Lotte in Weimar* (1939); *Doctor Faustus* (1948); and that extraordinary book that appeared when the writer was eighty, *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man* (1955)—these are a few mountain peaks in a career of an artist's self-exploration. And what is revealed? A deep preoccupation with themes of death and disease, of sin and remorse and redemption, of myth and the irrationalities of life, of the wellsprings of the creative spirit. And finally, in *Felix Krull*, we see the triumphant return to and exploration of one of Mann's lifelong preoccupations, which was the link between the artistic and the criminal instincts, embodied in what I regard as quite the subtlest and most hair-raisingly erotic novel I have ever read. A concern, as you see, with some of the deep and continuing problems of human life.

Here we have what the great literary artist does: He explores his own spirit and bodies forth what he finds in a form of art.

One of Canada's most distinguished men of letters, Robertson Davies is the author of numerous books, including the trilogy Fifth Business, The Manticore, *and* World of Wonders.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The struggle is not easy, and its results are sometimes disastrous. Henrik Ibsen knew all about it. He was one of those heroes who remain chained to their task until finally it breaks them; for the last years of his life he toiled painstakingly every day over a copybook, trying to force his hand to learn for the second time the skill of making readable writing. Did you know that Ibsen was a poet? Here is a translation of one of his verses, full of meaning and of warning for writers:

To live—is a battle with troll-folk
In the crypts of heart and head;
To write—*is a man's self-judgment*
As Doom shall judge the dead.

"*A man's self-judgment*"—that is the conscience of the writer. Whatever he writes, and whatever the summing-up of that mysterious inner court may be, if it is carried through truthfully and manfully, we shall sense in it that quality that makes literature one of the greatest of the arts and well worth the sacrifice and the frequent misery of a writer's life.

"A man's self-judgment" will go with him anywhere, if he is really a writer. But if he is really a writer, his task may be not to seek experience, but to survive the experience that crowds in upon him from every quarter. As Aldous Huxley has written, "Experience is not a matter of having actually swum the Hellespont, or danced with the dervishes, or slept in a doss house. It is a matter of sensibility and intuition, of seeing and hearing the significant things, of paying attention at the right moments, of understanding and coordinating. Experience is not what happens to a man; it is what a man does with what happens to him."

Let us continue the theme of a writer's artistic experience considered in terms of psychoanalysis. To do so, I want to talk from the standpoint of C. G. Jung rather than from that of Sigmund Freud, since Jung's depth psychology is much more aesthetic and humanistic in its general tendency and is not so procrustean as Freud's in its effect on artistic experience. The light it throws on matters of literature and on the temperament of the writer is revealing.

Jung is insistent on a particular type of development in the mind of anyone who meets the problems of life successfully; it is the change, the alteration of viewpoint, that transformation of aims and ambitions, that overtakes everybody somewhere in the middle of life. In women this change is physiological as well as mental, and consequently it has always been a matter of common observation. But in men the

Don't decide where to vacation till you've studied this book.

Rush this coupon to Air Canada for our free 80-page book on vacation tours that will give you a clear idea of where you want to go this year: Canada!

When this year's tours were finalized, the U.S. dollar was worth more in Canada than anytime since the 1930s.

Result: more vacation for your money.

And what a choice of vacations we're offering.

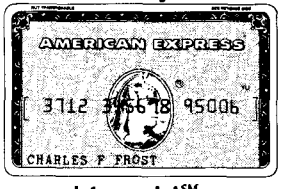
Everything from freewheeling fly/drive tours where you decide what to do next on the spur of the moment, to escorted tours where you can put your mind on "automatic pilot" and simply enjoy, enjoy, enjoy.

From sophisticated city tours to one-of-a-kind trips to the wild Yukon Territory...to beyond the Arctic Circle.

And you can travel in everything from "cloud-ride" motorcoaches to "everything's inside" motorhomes.

But before you can go anywhere, you have to make up your mind.

To do that, mail the coupon now and we'll get our 1978 Yes, Canada! brochure out to you right away. After you read it and choose your tour you'll say "Yes, Canada!"



And when you come to Canada, you can pay for your vacation and even extend payments, with the American Express Card® "Sign & Travel®" Plan. If you don't have the Card, pick up an application wherever it is welcomed.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it!℠

Air Canada Vacation Department, P.O. Box P, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305
I want more vacation for my money. Please rush me my free copy of Yes, Canada!

Name_____ Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
My travel agent is _____

AIR CANADA

SR 3-18

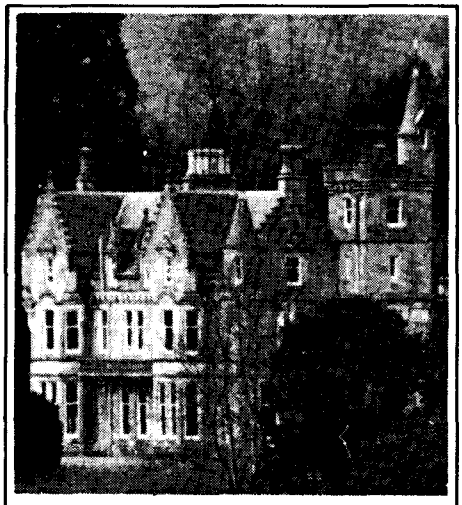
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE BEACHES

(The Original Cottage Colony)

IS BERMUDA

See Your Travel Agent or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-2444



AT CASTLE AIGAS FIELD CENTRE in the highlands of Scotland we aim to give you all that you'd expect on a wildlife holiday—excellent guides, plenty of evening slide lectures, a good reference library and of course many birds; capercaillie, golden eagle, Slavonian grebe, crested tit, dipper and merlin are just a few. These rare birds (and mammals too) can be seen during long spring and summer days out in the stunning scenery of loch, mountain and moor. As well as all this, we include a touch of luxury—you can eat in style in the baronial hall of our small castle. Much of our food is home grown, and we have carefully selected wines to accompany imaginative dinners. Brand-new heated wooden cabins have been put up in the grounds to ensure modern and comfortable accommodation. Everyone is welcomed here from young to old, from the complete beginner to the expert. (When there are no courses running, the same facilities are available on a dinner, bed and breakfast basis.) For colour brochure with full details send one dollar to Castle Aigas Field Centre, Beauly, Inverness-shire, Scotland IV4 7AD. Tel: 0463 71 2443.

change is an intellectual and a spiritual one of profound consequence, and this is something observable in the careers of virtually all committed writers.

Example is probably better than explanation at this point. The career of the late Aldous Huxley will be familiar to many of you. During the early part of his career his work was remarkable for its strongly satirical edge; for the brilliance of its wit; for its concern with matters of morality—and especially morality as it relates to sex, which seemed to many people revolutionary and perhaps dangerous and destructive. He is rather out of fashion at present, but when the usual slump in reputation that follows a writer's death is over—it takes anywhere from 10 to 15 years—I think his novels will be prized for their stringent charm. I well remember the surprise and excitement that was caused by the appearance of *Eyeless in Gaza*, in 1936; it seemed to be a work by a new man, for its tone was inquiring, mystical, and tormented beyond anything we had found in him before. Of course the fashionable people chattered about his probable conversion to Roman Catholicism, and those who had chiefly valued the bitterness of the early books thought that he had "gone off" terribly, and they lamented him as one lost. But the change in direction had been heralded for anybody with eyes to see it in his earlier book *Point Counter Point*, which was a tortured and questing book; the bitterness in it was born of revulsion rather than of glee at the follies of mankind. And what was significant about *Eyeless in Gaza* was that it was written when Huxley was forty-two and ripe for a change. If there had been no change, we should soon have tired of the old Huxley wearing the young Huxley's intellectual clothes. And from that time until the end of his life, his exploration of mystical religion and his discussions of morality were at the root of everything he wrote.

Much of the same sort of foolish hubbub broke out when Evelyn Waugh wrote *Brideshead Revisited*, in 1945. Has our favorite jester gone serious on us, cried the people who admired his earlier books only because they were funny and not because they were wise. But Waugh was forty-two, and his point of view had changed.

What is the nature of this change? It is part of intellectual and particularly of spiritual growth. As Jung explains it, in the early part of life—roughly for the first half of it—man's chief aims are personal and social. He must grow up, he must find his work, he must find out what kind of sex life he is going to lead, he must achieve some place in the world and attempt to get security within it or else decide that security is not important to him. But when he has achieved these ends or come to some sor of understanding with this part of exis tence, his attention is turned to matters tha are broader in scope and sometimes dis turbing to contemplate. His physica strength is waning rather than growing; h has found out what sex is, and though i may be very important to him, it can d little to surprise him; he realizes that some day he is really going to die and that th way he approaches death is of importanc to him; he finds that without God (usin that name to comprehend all the great an inexplicable things and the redemptive o destructive powers that lie outside huma command and understanding) his life lack a factor that it greatly needs; he finds that in Jung's phrase, he is not the master of hi fate except in a very modest degree an that he is in fact the object of a supraordi nate subject. And he seeks wisdom rathe than power—though the circumstances o his early life may continue to thrust powe into his hands.

Now the paradox of this change is that i does not make him an old man. What wil make him an old man is a frightened cling ing to the values of the first half of life. Th values that are proper and all-absorbin during the first half of life will not sustain man during the second half. If he has th courage and wisdom to advance coura geously into the new realm of values an emotions, he will age physically, of course but his intellectual and spiritual growth wil continue and will give satisfaction to him self and to all those associated with him And such courage and wisdom are by n means rare. They may show themselve among many people who have neve thought along these lines at all but wh have a knack for living life wisely; and they also are to be found among those who re gard self-awareness as one of the primary duties of a good life. Paradoxically, such people are on better terms with youth than are the shriveled Peter Pans who dare no be their age.

How does this affect the writer, who is our chief concern here? It is important t him to manage this change in outlook with skill and humility, for a failure to do so can be his ruin. He may be one of those whose special gifts fit them for the kind of writing a man does before middle life. This has been the case with many poets, who appear to have lost everything but technical skill after the appearance of a number of fine—perhaps great—early works. One wonders what Byron would have been like after forty-five. One regrets that Keats did not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going overseas? Free travel guide to foreign electricity.

Will your hair dryer work overseas? What about your razor, or other portable appliances? Our information-filled booklet has all the answers.

It explains the differences between U.S. and foreign electricity. How to choose the voltage converters and wall adapters you need, so you can use your appliances anywhere in the world. Plus a guide to voltages in 182 countries.

For a free copy, visit your local hardware, electronics, department, or luggage store. Or write:

FRANZUS COMPANY
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, DEPT. SR-38
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $4.00 (U.S.) of $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668BX ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

Luxury Cruise to the Past

The Buccaneer, a luxury cruise liner, offers a comfortable, entertaining way to visit prehistoric times. The Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean near Ecuador are renowned to naturalists, photographers and travelers from all over the world. Charles Darwin was enchanted with the friendly penguins, tame birds, huge turtles and exotic animals. Now you can visit these unique isolated islands by day and spend your nights aboard the air-conditioned first class M/V Buccaneer, with all of the amenities of a resort hotel.

For a four-color brochure and information on fly/cruise trips to the Galapagos, ask your local travel agent or call the Galapagos Tourist Corp. in New York at (212) 582-7373, or mail this coupon.

Galapagos Tourist Corp. Dept.-S
888 Seventh Ave., New York 10019

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

live to give us the mature works of one of the greatest geniuses of youth. On the other hand, we recall that Cervantes, whose works written during his early life were capable but not the sort of thing that it would occur to anybody to translate, astonished the world with *Don Quixote* when he was fifty-eight and wrote the second part of it 10 years later. We think of Goethe, who wrote the first part of *Faust* when he was fifty-six and completed the mighty second part of that play between his seventy-fifth and eighty-second year. I have already spoken of Thomas Mann, whose genius survived triumphantly until his death at the age of eighty, and I do not suppose it is necessary to point out that all the finest work of George Bernard Shaw belongs to the second half of his life.

HOW DOES the man with the writer's conscience, or temperament, set about his work? There are as many ways as there are writers, but there are a few well-worn paths, and of these I speak with certainty only about the path I have chosen for myself. I do not write in my spare time, I write all the time; whatever I may be doing, the literary aspect of my mind is fully at work. It is not only the hours at the desk or the typewriter but also the hours spent in other kinds of work and in many kinds of diversion when I am busily observing, shaping, rejecting, and undergoing a wide variety of feelings that are the essential material of writing. Notice that I said feelings—not thoughts, but feelings. One of the burdensome parts of the writer's temperament as I understand it is that one feels quite strongly about all sorts of things that other people seem to be able to gloss over, and this can be wearisome and depleting. This is the famous "artistic sensitivity" that one sometimes hears people boasting about—very often people who show no other awareness of it. It is not a form of weakness. A writer is very rarely a wincing, delicate kind of person; in my experience, a writer is often rather a tough creature, though given to hypochondria and sudden collapses of the spirit. I rely on a routine of daily work and the necessities of a busy life to keep me from succumbing too completely to the demands of a particular kind of temperament. My kind of writer—I can speak for no other—needs other work and a routine to keep him sane.

Let me return once again to the emphasis I laid on feeling, rather than thinking, in the writer's temperament. All sorts of people expect writers to be intellectuals. Sometimes they are, but it is not necessary to

ICELANDIC TO EUROPE

ROUNDTRIP FROM NEW YORK.

$275

See your travel agent.
Write Dept. SR3-18
Icelandic Airlines, P.O. Box 105,
West Hempstead, N.Y. 11552.
Call 800-555-1212 (WATS Information)
for toll-free number in your area.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

$295

ROUNDTRIP FROM CHICAGO.

This is lower than any other airlines' comparable APEX fare.

Icelandic Airlines, pioneer of low fares to Europe, brings you the lowest 14 to 45 day APEX fare any day of the week, from New York with a CONFIRMED seat to Luxembourg, in the heart of Europe.

You simply reserve and pay for your ticket at least 45 days prior to departure. Add a surcharge of $15 each way for travel on weekends.

These Basic Season fares are good through May 31, 1978.

Beginning June 1, 1978, Icelandic will be introducing an amazingly low summer APEX fare to Luxembourg. $345 roundtrip from New York and $375 from Chicago.

You'll enjoy Icelandic because even at these low prices, we don't skimp on in-flight service.

For full details, conditions, and our other low fares, see your travel agent, mail the coupon, or call today. Fares subject to change and government approval.

Icelandic

Lowest jet fares to the heart of Europe of any scheduled airline.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERFECT BOOKMARK

Hidden spring mechanism ingeniously holds each page back as you read. Gift boxed. Only $3.50 each, postpaid. Send check or money order to Pentalic Corp., 132 W. 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. Also sold at better book and gift stores.

SPACE-TIME TRANSIENTS and UNUSUAL EVENTS
by Michael A. Persinger and Gyslaine F. Lafrenière

Two scientists and a computer survey, organize, and discuss the mysterious, the startling, the bizarre, and the unexplained. AT YOUR BOOKSELLER
$9.95 hardcover
$5.95 paper

nh Nelson-Hall
325 W Jackson, Chicago 60606

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS, ETC.
Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, Chas. Ives, Wagner, Virginia Woolf, Dickinson, Thoreau, Hemingway, Nabokov, Tolstoy, George Sand, Tolkien, Nietzsche, Plato, Kafka, Dickens, Wittgenstein, W. Reich, Freud, Jung, Darwin, Frank L. Wright, Escoffier, Rembrandt, Earhart, Tutankhamun. photo or engraving and name on:
T-SHIRTS: white $6.50 ea., 4 $22. red or blue: $8 ea., 4 $28. SWEATSHIRTS (gray): $12 ea., 2 $21. cotton: sizes sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) xlg(46-48) allow for shrinkage. TOTES (nat. canvas): $9.50 ea., 2 $18. COOK'S APRON (white): $8 ea., 2 $14. prices ppd. CANADIAN customers add $1.00 per piece.
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS, INC. BOX 220W CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 02138

BEETHOVEN

KING KAROL'S NEW EVERYDAY
LOW PRICE POLICY!
ON EVERYTHING . . . ALL LABELS!
SUPER-FAST MAIL ORDER SERVICE

MFG. SUGG. LIST	RECORDS	OUR PRICE
~~3.98~~		2.79
~~4.98~~		3.79
~~5.98~~		4.19
~~6.98~~		4.49
~~7.98~~		5.69
	TAPES	
~~6.98~~		4.99
~~7.98~~		5.99
~~8.98~~		6.99

Mail Orders to—Dept. SR
KING KAROL RECORDS
P.O. Box 629,
Times Sq. Station,
New York 10036
Add 60¢ for 1st item & 35¢ for each additional item.
New York State Residents add applicable sales tax.
Send $1 for complete catalog

their work. Aldous Huxley was an intellectual, but he was not so good a novelist as E. M. Forster, who is not and does not like to be considered an intellectual. The writer is necessarily a person of feeling and intuition who need not be a powerful original thinker. Shakespeare, Dickens, Dostoevsky—we do not think of them as intellectuals; Tolstoy's thinking was vastly inferior to his fiction; Keats was a finer poet than Arnold, though no one would deny Arnold the title of intellectual. I do not say that writers are childlike creatures of untutored genius; often they are very intelligent people, but the best part of their intelligence is of the feeling and intuitive order. Sometimes they are impatient and even rude with people who insist on treating them as intellectuals. It is not pleasant to be treated like a clock by some clever but essentially unsympathetic person who wants to take you apart to see what makes you tick. But the modern passion for this sort of thing has led to the establishment on many campuses of an individual called the Writer in Residence, who is there, in part at any rate, for intellectuals to pester, take apart, and reassemble, under the impression that they are learning something about writing.

As I draw to a conclusion, I want to elaborate on my comparison of the life of a writer as it relates to long self-analysis. I earlier suggested that the process was painful, and indeed it frequently is so. But it is something else—something that Freud never mentioned, because of his preoccupation with neurosis, but that Jung suggests: It is sometimes joyous, victorious, and beautiful. It is not fashionable nowadays to say that one's life has moments of piercing beauty or that it brings hours that are not merely recompense but are ample and bounteous reward for all the anxieties and dark moments. But I am not a fashionable person, and I am saying that now.

The degree of self-examination that is involved in being a writer and the stringency of the writer's conscience, which holds you to a path that is often distasteful, necessarily take you on some strange journeys, not only into the realm of the personal unconscious but into the level below that. It is assumed by many people who have read Freud and Jung that these descents must always be alarming experiences because Freud and Jung were so much occupied with people who were very seriously disordered. But the writer is not necessarily disordered, and great rewards await him in this realm if he approaches it with decen reverence. He will have serious struggles but sometimes his struggles are like thos of Jacob when he wrestled with the angel a Penuel and cried in his extremity, "I wil not let thee go, unless thou bless me." An he received the blessing and bore it all hi life. That realm of the unconscious that i the dwelling place of so many demons an monsters is also the home of the Muses the abode of the angels. In his traffic witl that realm in which dream, and myth, an fairy tale become mingled with the mos ordinary circumstances of life, the write does not lack for rewards—and very grea rewards. Self-examination is stern an often painful, as Ibsen tells us in the verse quoted above, but it is not all bitterness.

I have tried to give you some insight int what it is that distinguishes the writer b temperament, the writer who cannot hel being a writer, from someone who ma write very well but who writes for a dif ferent purpose—to instruct, to explain, t criticize—and for whom therefore writin is a necessary technique rather than an all absorbing art. If I have discouraged any one, I am sorry, but honesty comes befor even courtesy in such matters as this. An if I have made anybody look searchingl into himself to determine whether or not h has the kind of artistic conscience I hav described, I shall think myself greatl rewarded. ◉

This article is adapted from *One Half of Robertson Davies*, to be published by The Viking Press later this month. © 1977 by Robertson Davies.

Seeing Red

The Great Fear: The Anti-Communist Purge Under Truman and Eisenhower
by David Caute
Simon & Schuster, 671 pp., $14.95

The Romance of American Communism
by Vivian Gornick
Basic Books, 265 pp., $10

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

IN HIS CLASSIC PROFILE of an Elizabethan village, Professor Lawrence Stern of Princeton described the town as "a place filled with malice and hatred, its only unifying bond being the occasional episode of mass hysteria, which temporarily bound together the majority in order to harry and persecute the local witch." With but minor changes, this description could apply to David Caute's portrayal of the United States from the end of World War II to 1960, a time when the country was caught

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up in the frenzy of the domestic cold war.

During this period, no less than 135 congressional investigations into communism were authorized, with at least 50 others carried on by states, counties, and municipalities, and perhaps a similar number conducted in private industry. The targets of these inquiries were some 12,000 members of the Communist party (J. Edgar Hoover's estimate in 1950), of whom at least one sixth were FBI agents. The spirit of these investigations was pithily stated by Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, who told one witness: "The rights you have are the rights given you by this committee. We will determine what rights you have and what rights you have not got before the committee."

Although *The Great Fear* pays its disrespects to the anti-Communist investigations, it integrates its account of them into a comprehensive history of the age of which they were so conspicuous a part. What nags Caute, a British social historian, is the pervasiveness of the witch-hunt. He asks how the richest and most powerful country in the world went off its democratic rocker for 15 years; how the fright wig of communism not only scared the unsophisticated lower middle class but also sent the intelligentsia scurrying for cover; how the print and electronic media caved in; and how the judiciary quivered and quavered.

In Caute's view, U.S. politicians feared at the end of World War II that their Pax Americana was threatened by an intractable Soviet Union, and they reacted by dealing roughly with elements at home "who foolishly or wickedly adopted the Soviet point of view." At the same time, European empires were collapsing, generating a fear that the colonial world would be "subverted" by Peking or Moscow. "The world threatened to close in and grab America's pie," Caute says.

Also at home, according to Caute, the anxiety of the new middle class over possible encroachments by the poor and the underprivileged generated its shift to the political Right. There was a fusion of fears. Summing up the process, Caute says:

> The war itself, the loss of life; the coming of air power, shrinking the world; the atomic bomb, an agent of massive destruction; then Korea—the return of the ghost at high noon. Though science, technology, and centralization lent wings to material progress, these alien, remote powers and mysteries also frightened people into a state of largely incoherent resentment, generating a need for scapegoats—spies, treacherous

3RD BIG PRINTING

CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT: "Hilarious"
LIZ SMITH: "A gem"
CHARLES ADDAMS: "Absolutely wonderful!"
GEORGE PLIMPTON: "A comic masterpiece"
'ADAM SMITH': "John Train has done the nation a service."

REMARKABLE NAMES OF REAL PEOPLE

compiled and annotated by John Train.
Introduction by S.J. Perelman.

Illustrated by Pierre Le-Tan. $4.95, now at your bookstore, or send check to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.

Over 25,000 sold

"OUTRAGEOUS" —*N.Y. Times Book Review*

"Buy, beg, borrow, or steal a copy at once. Otherwise, a pox a pun you." —WILLARD R. ESPY, author of *An Almanac of Words at Play*

CROSBIE'S DICTIONARY OF PUNS

Illustrated. Paper $6.95, cloth $12.95, now at your bookstore, or send check to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

H·A·R·M·O·N·Y B·O·O·K·S

Start Your New LISTENING EXPERIENCE Today!

AUDIO-TEXT CASSETTES

OVER 10,000 SOUND PROGRAMS! • NEW RELEASES MONTHLY!

● **BOOKS** ● **PLAYS** • Discussions • Concerts • Lectures • Jazz Sessions • Historical Actuality • Comedy • Dramatizations • Nostalgia • Language Instruction • Performances and Interviews Featuring Significant and Popular Personalities of the Twentieth Century • Select from Psychology • Music • Science • Arts • Theater • Literature • Current Events • Much More!

Used by 20,000 Libraries World-Wide!

● **PLUS Discounts On Major Label Music Cassettes**

Send for **FREE Introductory kit:**
Starter Catalog • Cassette Collector's Review • Music Specials . . . and more!

FREE INTRODUCTORY KIT
Starter Catalog
Collector's Review
Music Specials

AUDIO-TEXT
8110 Webb Avenue
North Hollywood,
CA. 91605

AUDIO-TEXT 8110 Webb Avenue, North Hollywood, Ca. 91605

RUSH My Free Introductory Kit: Starter Catalog • Cassette Collector's Review • and Music Specials. I understand that I am under no obligation to buy.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

SR02

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC. DANCE. DRAMA. VISUAL ARTS. CREATIVE WRITING.

Interlochen Arts Academy (IAA) is one of America's foremost college-preparatory fine arts boarding schools. Grades 9 through 12. Write Dept. *SR*, IAA, Interlochen, MI. 49643 (616) 276-9221.

IAA admits students of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin.

Interlochen

SUSAN SONTAG
On Photography
Winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award for Criticism

Fourth Printing
$7.95, now at your bookstore
FARRAR • STRAUS • GIROUX

PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET

Contains a fountain pen, five Italic nibs, and instruction manual all for only $6.00... At art material & pen shops, college book stores...or send check to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Add 50 cents for handling.

scientists, pederastic State Department officials with an allegiance elsewhere. A great scream rose from the bowels of a frightened people: Communism!

The fantastic story of that fright, which Caute unfolds in all its surreal complexity—and with compelling authority and authenticity—should be read with anguish and shame at the infamies a people are capable of when aroused by mindless rage. There were some heroes who stubbornly dug in their heels and refused to be traumatized; but there were, alas, far more villains. Conspicuous among them were the so-called "cold war liberals," men and women of intellectual pretention who turned their coats. The age of fear was also the age of the informer, the fink, and the penny whistle patriot. Caute conscientiously names most of them on the principle, I think, that catharsis is good for the soul.

Immaculately documented, *The Great Fear* is positively hypnotic as a history of the cold war on the home front. It is written in a bracing style and with just the proper amount of British sarcasm.

Vivian Gornick's *The Romance of American Communism* is, by contrast, a very personal book. A child of Communist parents and a whilom member of the Labor Youth League, Gornick became disenchanted with communism in 1956, after reading Khrushchev's report detailing Stalin's crimes against socialist legality, and she now seeks to explore the nature of the emotional bond that drew her and others to the American Communist party.

Her method was to interview about a hundred former party members, who appear very thinly disguised in her book. The common threads that bind them are these: They were mostly self-created visionaries in search of a more equitable social order; they embraced the Communist party with a lover's passion; and they invested the party (to them, it was always spelled with a capital *P*) with thaumaturgical properties. The party was all until Stalin betrayed them.

Reporting their Communist experiences to Gornick, these former members offer a double view, one that is rapturous and critical. Typical is this recollection:

"My years as a Communist were born out of my need to experience myself, and they ended out of the same need. I could return to the theater with new strength, new knowledge, new independence, and work within it better than ever. I could not be myself, and still be a Communist.

"But, oh, how moving all that is to me! How integral to the discovery of the self that Marxism's passion had been. And, yes, for many, many other people I have known."

Gornick's own memories are similar. "What I remember most deeply about the Communists is their passion," she writes. "It was passion that converted them, passion that held them, passion that lifted them up and then twisted them down. Each and every one of them experienced a kind of inner radiance: some intensity of illumination that tore at the soul."

Although Gornick's book is obviously impressionistic (and perhaps overdrawn), it is a sincere attempt to find out what made some American radicals tick. Strong as their emotional bond to Communist ideals may have been, it hardly qualified them to be considered mortal dangers to the Republic. Reading Gornick reinforces Caute's thesis that the fear of American communism was a manufactured neurosis constructed of fancies, that became for some awful years a psychotic dogma. ◉

Alden Whitman is a free-lance reviewer of books of history and biography. He is a card-carrying member of the Organization of American Historians.

Books in Brief

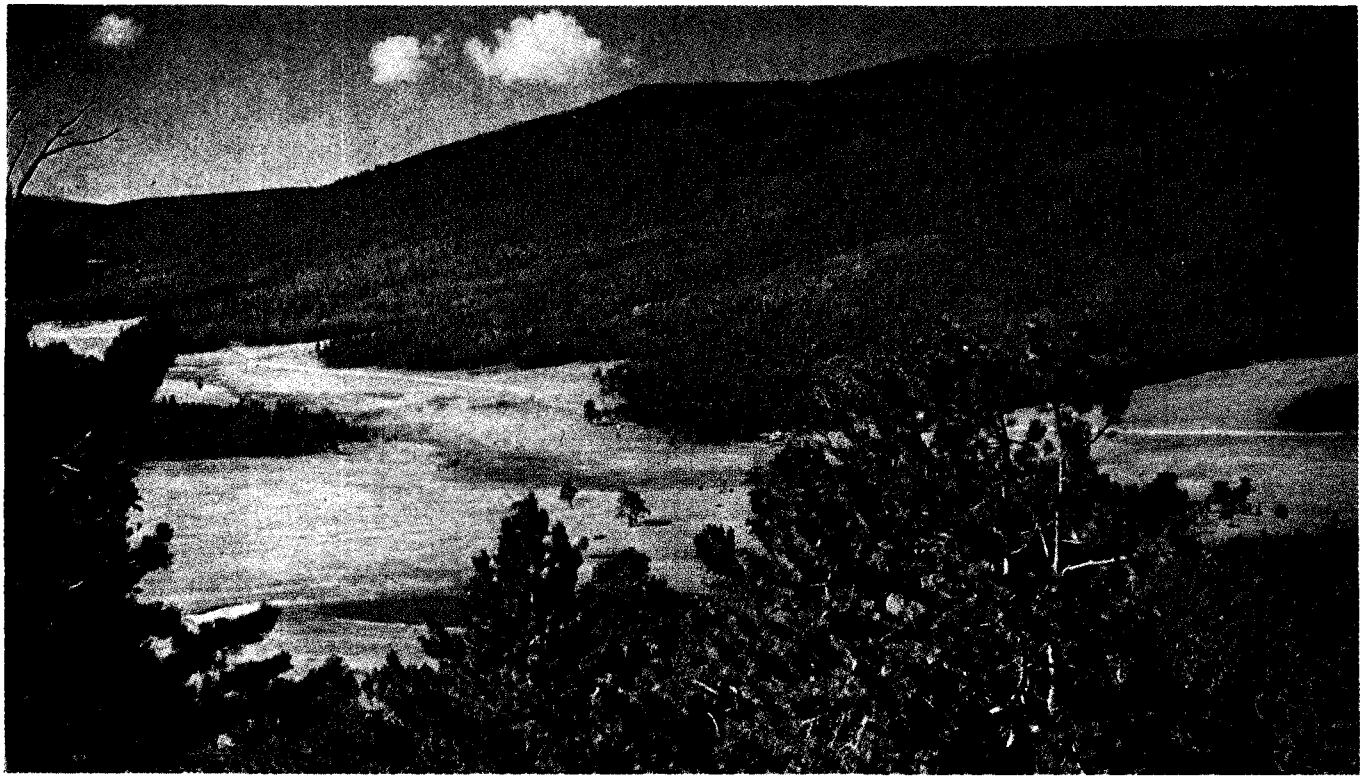
Himself: The Life and Times of Richard J. Daley
by Eugene Kennedy
Viking, 320 pp., $10.95

Unfurling the creased life of Richard Daley is like chipping away at the canvas of "Plato Contemplating the Bust of Aristotle" only to discover a rudimentary finger painting hidden beneath. The austere facade conceals the laminated portrait of a semiliterate dolt/heedless Machiavellian party to political kickbacks/abator of public referendum/revered demagogue. Herein lies the incongruity of the man who inexorably manipulated with brute force for over two decades the constituents of America's second largest city and whom both Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy called "one of the great political minds and human beings of this century." Truth, however, indicts even the most reliable of sources.

Eugene Kennedy's account of the Daley regime unobtrusively exposes the myth of its executive sanctity as a blatant case of political shrewishness. Metaphorically described as an Irish-Catholic "chieftain" throughout, Daley emerges as a despo

Continued on page 53

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Own your own piece of the Rockies!

Five years ago the publishers of Forbes Magazine began offering for sale a portion of their 260-square-mile Trinchera Ranch in five acre minimum sections called Sangre de Cristo Ranches. More than 95% of that land has been purchased to date. Sangre's success exceeds all expectations.

Fifteen miles northeast of that area, deep in the heart of Forbes Trinchera country, is a spectacular alpine valley of unsurpassing beauty. This hidden mountain valley was once the hunting ground of Indians and later conquered by Conquistadores. It remains today almost as it was when man first saw it.

We've named it Forbes Park.

And now Forbes Inc., through its subsidiary Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc., is inviting people who have a special appreciation for the beauty of nature and who want more out of life, to acquire a homesite in this unspoiled mountain valley.

Obtain the HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property.

Cash prices range from $3,500 to $12,000. Easy credit terms are available.

Forbes Park is a completely private area surrounded by the San Isabel National Forest and the rangelands of the Trinchera Ranch. It is accessible year-round through a main gate restricting entrance to owners and their guests. Hunting is not permitted here, but many sports including fishing, cross-country skiing, boating, swimming, horseback riding, tennis and mountain climbing will be available in the recreational areas of the vast common acreage.

Starting immediately, you may purchase one or more acres for a mountain homesite where you will share with your neighbors the exclusive use of over 5,000 acres of common lands, including ponds, streams, woods, meadows and other recreational areas set aside for the enjoyment of Forbes Park land owners for all time.

For complete information, including pictures, maps, and full details on our liberal money-back and exchange privileges, without obligation, please fill in the coupon or card and mail to: Forbes Park, Box 303, Fort Garland, Colorado 81133.

Not an offer or solicitation in those states where the property is not registered

AD15618(a) MI-77-361 OAD-77 000337A

3978

FORBES PARK

Development of
Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc.
Box 303, Fort Garland, Colorado 81133

Obtain the New Jersey Public Report and Broker's Release from the developer or New Jersey broker and read it before signing anything.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Telephone _____

Preferences: ☐ **$3,500** ☐ **$5,000** ☐ **Higher**

A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or that the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc. NYA77-432

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An exciting new way to read!

What's better than Speed Reading...

- ☐ **Have you ever wished you could read and learn faster?**
- ☐ **Do you have too much to read and too little time?**
- ☐ **Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read?**
- ☐ **Do you frequently have to go back and re-read what you've just read?**
- ☐ **Do you have trouble concentrating?**
- ☐ **Do you quickly forget much of what you read?**

If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, here is the help you've been looking for. Speed Learning is a program that teaches you how to learn the 7 advanced reading skills necessary for you to read faster with greater comprehension, increased retention or memory and increased enjoyment.

FACT: The average American reads at a 6th grade level with college graduates reading at only an 8th grade level. Schools stop teaching reading skills in the 4th grade. The critical reading skills involving comprehension, retention or memory and efficiency are just never taught. To keep up today, we all need proper training in advanced reading-learning skills . . . the training Speed Learning gives you in this modern, tested, easy-to use program.

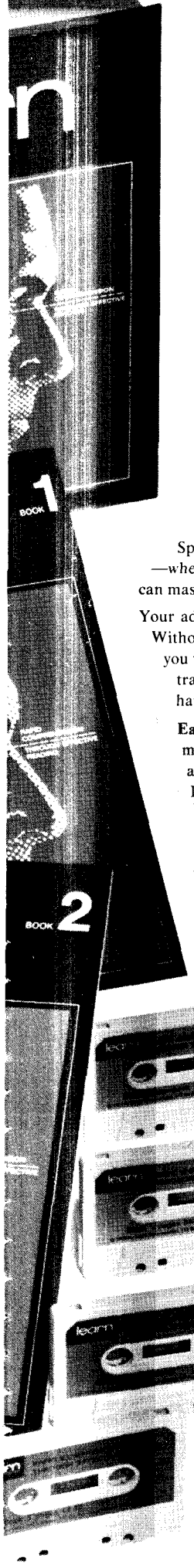
Speed Learning vs. Speed Reading. Most people have found speed reading courses lacking. Their high speed reading rates fade like a spring snowman and within a few weeks they are back to reading the same old slow, inefficient way. Educators have found that reading is only 5% eye movement, which is the approach used in speed reading. 95% of your reading is perception or thinking. Speed Learning teaches you the full 100%. . .the thinking part for increased comprehension and retention or memory plus the rate development for increased efficiency. Your reading will approach 100% efficiency.

Not just "speed reading"—but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning. The new Speed Learning Program shows you step-by-proven-step how to increase your reading skills and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 75,000 people who completed the Speed Learning Program was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast they could think.

What makes Speed Learning so unusual? The new Speed Learning Program does not offer you a re-hash of the usual eye-exercise, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective. In just a few spare moments a day of easy reading and interesting

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...Speed Learning.



listening, this course teaches you an entirely new way to read and think—a radical departure from anything you have ever seen or heard about.

Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material at least twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read. . .finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy then ever before.

What's better than speed reading? Speed Learning! Until recently, Speed Learning was only available to schools and universities. Now more than 75,000 men and women in over 4,000 schools, colleges, universities and corporations, have found an exciting, easy way to speed learning. Professional educational journals call it "Project Learn". . .corporations and universities call it "power reading." We call it "Speed Learning."

Speed Learning can be taken by everyone—whether you're 15 or 70 —*whether at home, in the office, on an airplane, or on vacation.* You can master all the skills of reading and become a speed learner.

Your advanced reading skills will open new worlds of pleasure for you. Without question, the new Speed Learning Program can not only teach you to read faster and more easily in the shortest possible time—it will train you to remember more and think more clearly than you may have realized was possible.

Earn College Credits/Professional Accreditation. Speed Learning may be taken for 3 college credits. Complete details and enrollment application included with each program. With this option, Speed Learning becomes eligible for coverage under most corporate tuition-assistance plans.

Speed Learning is also offered by many professional associations for continuing education, including the American Medical Association (15 credit hours-Category I), the Foundation for Accounting Education (20 CPE credit hours)...and is endorsed by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, American Management Associations, and others.

This new listen-and-learn method develops skills easily and lets you learn at your own pace. This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you—no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The Speed Learning Program is *scientifically planned to get you started quickly* and easily. . .

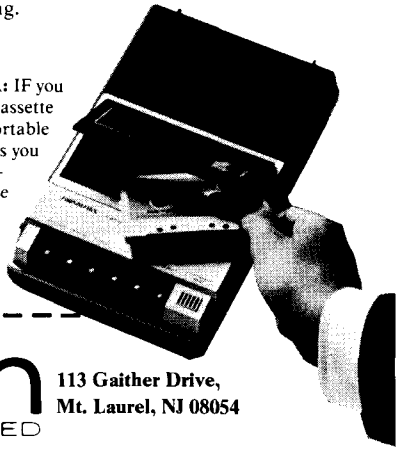
RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, author and research director of this program, is a Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware. He is Director of the Reading Study Center at the University. Dr. Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

and to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs you, encourages you, explaining material as you progress.

The practice materials are taken from newspapers, magazines, books and journals to make learning interesting and exciting. Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Now you can master the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home. . .in spare time. . .at a reasonable cost.

Speed Learning is exciting because it is easy to learn, logical, practical and the benefits last a lifetime. Within 2 weeks, you will be truly impressed with how much you have learned about reading and how completely different your reading is. You will start enjoying your increased reading skills and speed right from the start. Over 75,000 people in all walks of life from corporations, professions, government, schools and universities have taken this course with the average improved efficiency of 108%.

Examine the complete Speed Learning Program FREE for 10 days. You must be delighted with what you see or you pay nothing. Examine this remarkable program as our guest for 10 days. If, at the end of that time you are not convinced that you would like to master Speed Learning, simply return the program and owe nothing.



OPTIONAL EXTRA: IF you don't already own a cassette player, this deluxe Portable Cassette Recorder lets you listen and record anywhere, either on house current or battery.

FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION*

Learn about reading. . .listen to the tapes and see how easy it is to learn a whole new way to read better and faster.

- ☐ Yes, please ship me the Speed Learning Program at $79.95 plus $3.00 for handling and insured delivery.
- ☐ In addition to the Speed Learning Program, please also ship me the deluxe cassette recorder at $49.95 which includes handling and insured delivery.

Education materials are tax-deductible if used for business purposes.

Please check method of payment below:

☐ Check or money order enclosed for items checked above.

☐ Charge my credit card under their regular terms.

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express Interbank No. _____
☐ Diner's Club

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

*Subject to credit approval

New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax.

learn INCORPORATED

113 Gaither Drive, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054

***I understand that if after 10 days free examination I am not delighted in every way, I may return the materials and obtain a full refund or cancellation of credit card charges with no questions asked.**

Name _____

Address _____

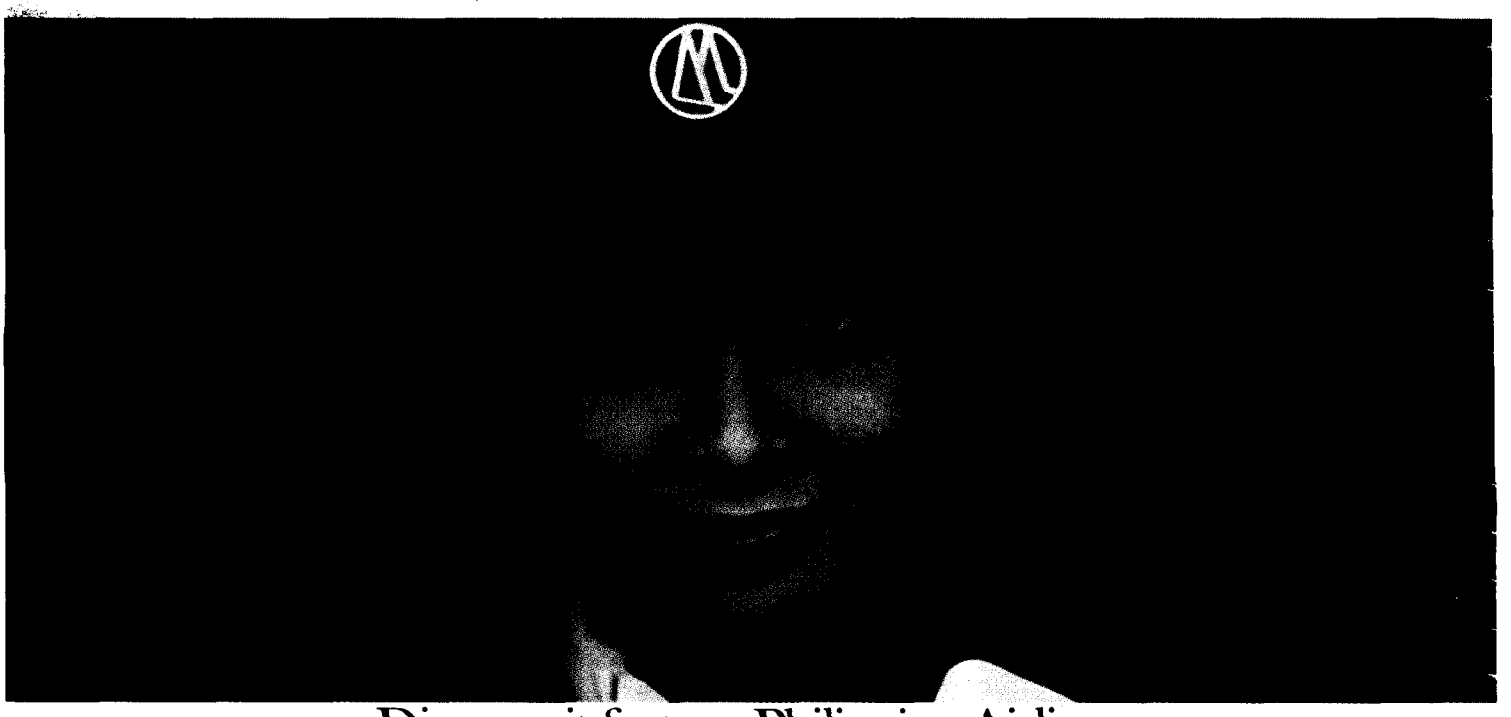
City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Signature _____

SR-7

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The special smile of the Philippines.



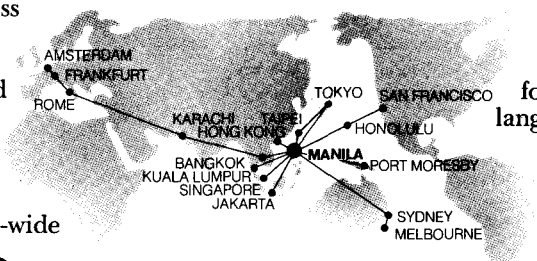
Discover it first on Philippine Airlines.

The special kind of hospitality you'll discover on Philippine Airlines is the product of 1,000 years of Philippine tradition, not just 6 weeks of an airline training course.

It's an easy, natural friendliness you'll discover everywhere in the Philippines. In the flashing smile of a Davao pearl diver, the big grin and big cigar of a Manila shoplady.

And in the special warmth of our hostesses.

There's no nicer way to begin your Orient tour than with the extra-wide DC-10's and extra-wide smiles of Philippine Airlines.



The rest of the exotic, far-off Orient is close by: From Manila we jet regularly to Hong Kong and Taipei (only 90 minutes away), Singapore and Bangkok (only 90 minutes more).

In a part of the world that can seem so foreign we offer an airline that speaks your language, people with a special fondness for Americans and a country that's still the best Orient travel bargain.

Philippine Airlines. Where a pretty smile will really take you places.

Philippine Airlines

Welcome aboard the Philippines.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welcome aboard our Orient tours.

Make the first great stop on your Orient tour the last great bargain in the Orient.
The Philippines. On Philippine Airlines.
For the most convenient gateway to all the Orient. And for tour values that are the best in all the Orient.

ASIAN HOLIDAY. 17 DAYS.	$1299
Manila, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Macao. Escorted tour. Air charter: San Francisco/Manila. Deluxe hotels, transfers, sightseeing, airfares within Orient.	
CHRYSANTHEMUM. 21 DAYS.	$1749
Manila, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Kyoto, Tokyo. Deluxe Orient capitals tour. Two meals daily, dinner parties, entertainment, 110 mph "bullet train" in Japan, full sightseeing.	
FLY & CRUISE "D" 22 DAYS.	$1890
Singapore, Bali, Indonesia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Philippines.10 day Indonesian cruise, M/S Rasa Sayang* Deluxe hotels with harbor or ocean view rooms. Welcome cocktail party.	
ORCHID CRUISE. 23 DAYS.	$2020
Manila, Singapore, Bali, Surabaya, Jakarta, Bangkok, Hong Kong. A 10-day deluxe Indonesian cruise on the M/S Rasa Sayang* in "A" deck cabins. Deluxe hotels. Sightseeing, native dinners/entertainment.	
UNUSUAL ASIA. 29 DAYS.	$2394
Philippines, Borneo, Malaysia, Thailand, Burma, Indonesia, Bali, Hong Kong. 71 meals. Special tours to jungle village, batu caves, beach resort at Pattaya, bridge on the river Kwai.	

Prices based on per person double occupancy and G.I.T. economy air fares from San Francisco — slightly higher June-Oct. Prices subject to change.
*Registered in Singapore.

Philippine Airlines, Tour Mgr./Americas,
212 Stockton St., San Francisco, CA 94108.

Please send me details on checked Orient tours:

☐ Asian Holiday ☐ Chrysanthemum
☐ Orchid Cruise ☐ Unusual Asia
☐ Fly & Cruise "D"

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

My travel agent is_____

Philippine Airlines

Welcome aboard the best Orient tours.

from page 48

whose "shoot to kill" dictum—issued to the Chicago police to maintain order following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.—is an indication of his unbalanced brand of justice.

Kennedy's style is swift, thoroughly entertaining, and startlingly unbiased. In an effort to study the legislator as human dynamo, he has unassumingly captured the legacy of Daley's well-oiled, if not downright greasy, political machine.

—ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

Heathcliff
by Jeffrey Caine
Knopf, 256 pp., $7.95

"How has he been living? How has he got rich?" asks the skeptical housekeeper, Nelly Dean, when, after a three-year absence, Heathcliff returns to Wuthering Heights mysteriously prosperous and with an air of at least "half-civilized ferocity." According to this amusing fantasia on Brontëan hints, Heathcliff was certainly up to no good. It seems that after running away to London—vowing revenge on Earnshaws and Lintons alike—he became the protégé of Alex Durrant, master criminal, and soon became his master's equal in wily skulduggery. But when he begins an affair with Durrant's brilliant, amorous—and dangerous—wife, Elizabeth, he pits himself against his benefactor in a battle of wits and pistols that ranges over London, from the glittering mansions of the aristocracy to the wretched garrets of the criminal underworld. Events reach a skillfully managed climax when word comes that Heathcliff's beloved Cathy has married his rival, Edgar, and Heathcliff dashes off to resume his part in *Wuthering Heights*.

This is a witty, elegant, fast-paced story that, oddly enough, you will enjoy in direct proportion to the dimness of your memory of Emily Brontë's novel. I made the mistake of rereading *Wuthering Heights* right after finishing *Heathcliff*, and the contrast made Jeffrey Caine look rather silly. Victorian novels don't leave much room for the kind of brilliant second guesses that enabled, say, John Gardner's *Grendel* to bear the weight of *Beowulf*. Their blanks and ellipses are far too carefully placed. In this case, the mystery of Heathcliff's years away adds to his demonic aura: We don't *want* to know where his money came from. Caine is a clever narrator and an artful stylist, and he goes about his task with a dash and good humor that deserve a more promising subject. —KATHA POLLITT

THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL HEALTH LETTER

79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

☐ Enclosed is $12.00 for a year's subscription ($14 Canada & Mexico; $17 Foreign).

Name_____

Address_____

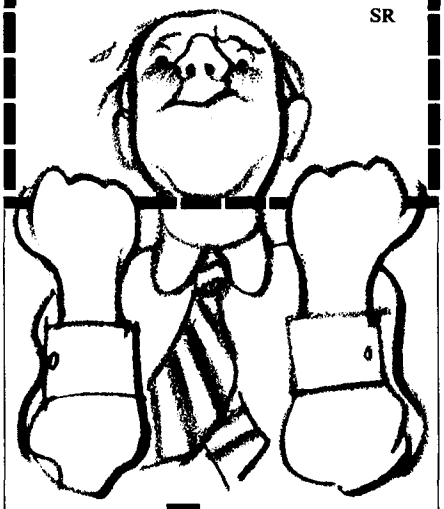
City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ Send me bulk rates for my company/organization.

If I am not completely satisfied with my first issue, I understand my money will be completely refunded.

SR



For better health, better health information.

Improve your health information and, maybe, your health by subscribing to the only health letter written for the public by the faculty of a leading medical school.

The Harvard Medical School Health Letter gives you the facts about today's health news. Not scare headlines or promises of miracle cures.

Every month, you'll receive a six-page report covering topics like: heart attack prevention, the new pneumonia vaccine, exercise, megavitamin therapy, the estrogen controversy, cancer, smoking, and more. It's the kind of accurate, straight-forward information you need to lead a healthier life.

Subscribe today.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fine Print

The Three

by Doris Grumbach

IT CAN HARDLY BE coincidental that one publisher is responsible for three books this year on "human deviants."

In this column [October 1,1977] I mentioned Judith Rossner's *Attachments*, a strangely uninteresting novel about the marital lives of Siamese twins. Now, several months after the appearance of that book, Simon & Schuster has provided us with Irving and Amy Wallace's biography of the best-known "freaks" of the nineteenth century, the Siamese twins Chang and Eng. It is called simply *The Two* ($9.95). And Leslie Fiedler's *Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self* ($12.95) has also just been issued by the same house.

There is no need to dwell very long on *The Two*. Like all publications bearing that magical Wallace name, *The Two* is a predictable winner—a readable, workmanlike account of the twins whom Barnum displayed all over the world and who died a terrible death within hours of each other, although only one of them was sick. Every detail of this biography is fascinating, not the least of which is the fact that Chang and Eng alternated taking control of their joint body for a week at a time in order to spare their wives the experience of simultaneous conjugal relations, a sensible procedure adopted some years later in Mark Twain's *Those Extraordinary Twins*.

But *Freaks*: What a compendium! It is almost an encyclopedia. Fiedler admits that research assistants helped him gather this mountain of anecdote, fact, rumor, hearsay, literary allusion, and superstition, and I can well believe it. Producing the book was a task beyond one man's industry. *Freaks* looks at everything, in every direction: into the mythic past, which supplies us with the monsters and dwarfs and giants of our childhood psychic terrors; into history; and into literature. It examines sideshows and carnivals and dwells for some time on that prime mover of "curiosities," P. T. Barnum.

Fiedler divides "physiologically deviant humans" into classes and devotes a chapter, sometimes two, to each: dwarfs, giants, fat ladies, thin men, sex freaks, feral children, hermaphrodites, and geeks. Geeks? you ask. They are carnival performers who bite off the heads of live chickens and eat them.

As you can see, one of the advantages of reading Fiedler's compilation is the opportunity to acquire some pretty exotic language. The study of freaks is called teratology—freaks themselves are terata. As you read through the book (and it is hard to imagine anyone not following Fiedler's trail through the horror-laden chapters), you will pick up such words as achondroplastics (dwarfs), ateliotics (incomplete persons), and epignathic parasites (parts of human beings growing out of whole bodies).

The text of *Freaks* is accompanied by extraordinary illustrations from posters, books (such as *A Short History of Human Prodigies and Monstrous Births* and Paré's *Monstres et prodiges*), comic strips, great art, and publicity photographs. Still, though the narrative and the illustrations are provocative, I found myself wondering as I read: What is it all *for*? What's the point?

The answer is suggested by the book's subtitle: *Myths and Images of the Secret Self*. Fiedler explores "the supernatural terror," the awe, and the natural sympathy that the sight of human monstrosities inspires in us. We look at them in carnivals, and we are reassured that our secret fears of our own freakishness are unfounded: "'*We* are the Freaks,' the human oddities are supposed to reassure us from their lofty perches. 'Not you. Not *you*!'"

Fiedler confesses to the same vertigo we experience in the presence of freaks: "In joined twins the confusion of self and other, substance and shadow, ego and other, is more terrifyingly confounded than it is when the child first perceives face-to-face in the mirror an image moving as he moves, though clearly in another world." These observations on the psychology of freaks and freakishness are among the most valuable comments in this volume, and we concur with Fiedler when he says, "The distinction between audience and exhibit, we and them, normal and Freak, is revealed as an illusion ... defended, but untenable in the end."

Leslie Fiedler has always been an iconoclastic critic, writing about subjects no one else has even considered. In this new work he interests the reader consistently and falters noticeably only once: He leaves out of his literary survey the novelist Harry Crews, who has written two superb novels about freaks. *The Gypsy's Curse* is about a man born deaf and dumb and with tadpole legs, who moves through the world on his hands. *The Car*, an unforgettable small masterpiece of a story, is about another kind of geek, a man who loves cars so much he decides to eat one, piece by piece, in public. Readers will think, doubtless, of other omissions, but that will in no way diminish Fiedler's (and his researchers') achievement. In every way it's an absorbing book.

Addendum: Fiedler devotes half a paragraph to the most famous modern case of children raised by wolves, Kamala and Amala of Midnapore, India. He writes, "There is ... little hard evidence indicating that *any* such children were actually brought up by wolves."

But Charles Maclean has written a persuasive account of the finding, nurturing, and early deaths of *The Wolf Children*. (Allen Lane has published it in England, and Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish it here in mid-May.) Maclean is inclined to believe the Reverend Singh's diary (thought by Fiedler and others to be full of "implausible yarns"), the only first person account of Kamala and Amala. He uses Singh and other sources, particularly Dr. Arnold Gesell's book *Wolf-Child and Human Child*. Maclean's scrupulous research and his evident sympathy for his subject are convincing. If the facts were fabricated, as Fiedler declares, it was a good enough job to take in a historian-novelist of Maclean's caliber and, incidentally, me. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 103

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 68.*

SOPSLN TA MUCDR;
RDUN PUOO CMSR-
UJL NAYI SWT SNR-
AWUND RDI MINR.
—RPSUW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

by William Cole

A Gentle Sadness

One of the five nominees for the recently presented National Book Critics Circle Award for poetry was Gerald Stern's *Lucky Life* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95 cloth, $4.50 paper). Stern, whom I take to be in his early fifties, lives in a small Pennsylvania town and has no less than three teaching posts. His poems are rich, and an air of gentle sadness pervades them. Here's his oddly titled "Stepping Out of Poetry," which certainly brings out the nostalgia in me:

> What would you give for one of the old
> yellow streetcars
> rocking toward you again through the
> thick snow?
>
> What would you give for the feeling of joy
> as you climbed
> up the three iron steps and took your place
> by the cold window?
>
> Oh, what would you give to pick up your
> stack of books
> and walk down the icy path in front
> of the library?
>
> What would you give for your dream
> to be as clear and simple as it was then
> in the dark afternoons, at the old
> scarred tables?

Classy Little Classic

Talk about stylists! W. M. Spackman, in his seventies, has turned up with as snappy and original a novel as you'll read in a lifetime: *An Armful of Warm Girl* (Knopf, $6.95). Take a tiny swatch to give you an idea:

> Under the dazzling country-summer morning, on a hill-top bowling-green set about thick with yews, Melissa's hostess and Melissa lolled by the plinth of a stone sundial and dried their hair, brushing brushing brushing, stylized little bodies ivory and gold in the immense light; brushed like young madwomen as they idly animadverted upon love.
>
> "—adultery. Though who cares? Only Sam argues so!" the hostess was at that point complaining, of her husband, whose shorts, inside out, she was kneeling naked up in.

Nicholas Romney is a rich, stuffy, refractory banker in his fifties whose wife suddenly leaves him—and rightly so. He's cast adrift in New York, pursuing an old girl friend and a young hussy. Spackman has a wonderful time with the language. I had to look up some unfamiliar words—baldachin, gerent, oestrous, enucleation—but not even my *Oxford English Dictionary* defines *appas*. Any takers? This is a classy little classic of a short novel. And if you don't want to spend $6.95, the whole thing was printed in the summer issue of *Canto*, that new, handsome literary quarterly, which you can get by sending $3.50 to 11 Bartlet Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810. Or, better still, subscribe for $12.50 a year.

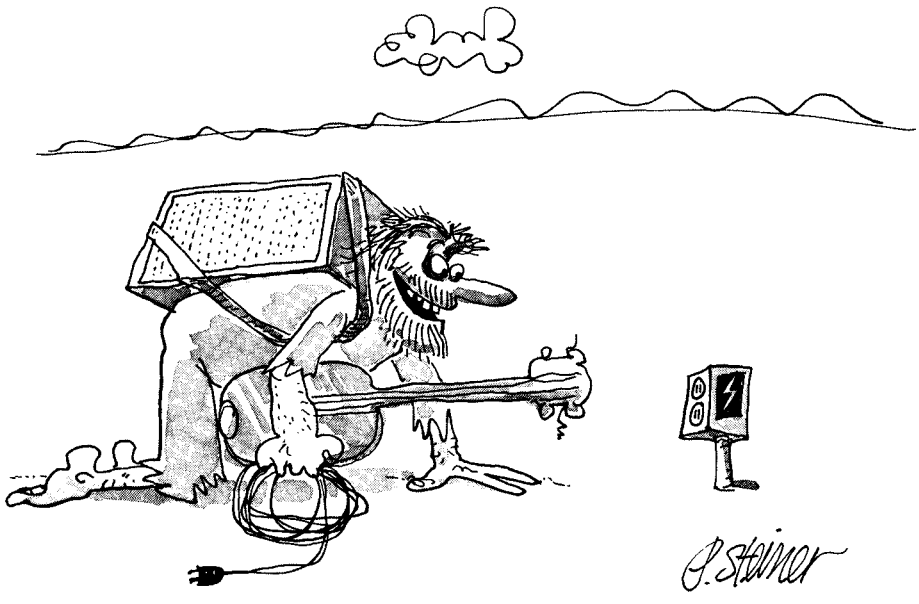
A Romper

Speaking of words, I find it impossible to believe any of them in Richard Condon's *Bandicoot* (Dial, $7.95), particularly when some of the words are gibus, pavonine, and ithyphallic (well, I think I can figure that one out). Condon is a romper, and this is one of his wilder and funnier romps. The plot? Forget it! The story concerns a gambling-mad ex-British naval captain, Japanese industrialists (they stretch their Rolls-Royces a few feet to make them the world's longest), oil deposits under Australia's Great Barrier Reef. Unlike other writers of improbable derring-do, Condon gives lots of little side essays on such things as ballooning, opal mining, haute cuisine, and sexual positions. Here's the captain, getting his mind off the fact that he's being pursued by various factions who want to murder him:

> Instead he tried to think of all other things: of how much Rogier van der Weyden's *Portrait of a Lady* from the fifteenth century looked like the actress, Faye Dunaway; of how the Master of St. Giles' painting *The Baptism of Clovis* resembled Ralph Nader, and of how the child in Dürer's *Madonna and Child* resembled Edward Heath.

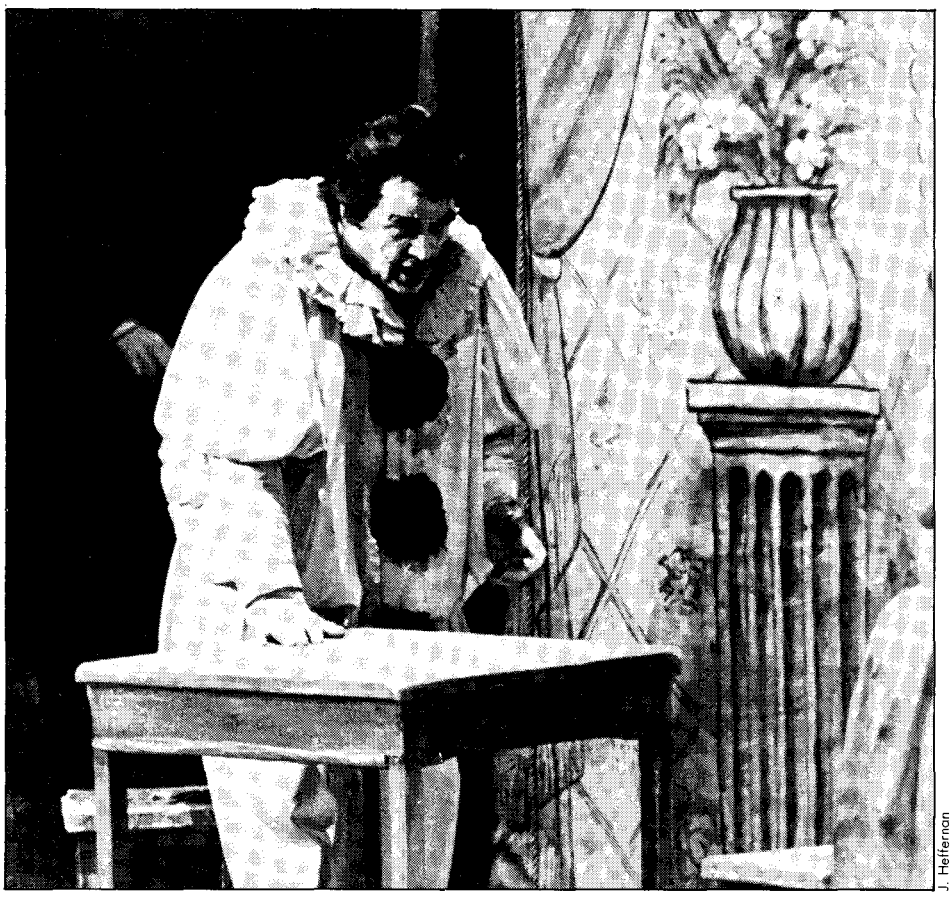
Nazi Tracker

Who ever thinks of John Roy Carlson these days? Remember? He joined the American Fascists and then the Communists and then wrote those exposés that revealed the parties' inner workings. I hope he's still underground somewhere. I was reminded of him when I read *Inside the Fourth Reich: The Real Story of the Boys from Brazil*, by Erich Erdstein with Barbara Bean (St. Martin's Press, $8.95). Erdstein, an Austrian Jew, made a specialty of tracking down Nazi leaders in Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay—what he calls the Fourth Reich—and often joined their ranks so he could work from within. He almost nailed Martin Bormann and actually shot Dr. Josef Mengele, Auschwitz's "Angel of Death," five times. Believes he killed him. Lots of interesting adventuring, but I'm a tiny bit skeptical about his having shared a prison cell with Onassis and am severely puzzled when a backwoods Brazilian shopkeeper uses that curious locution, "I could care less who her Nazi friends are." ◉



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Super Season for Jon Vickers



J. Heffernan

Jon Vickers as Canio, in I Pagliacci—*"I believe in the part."*

by Irving Kolodin

ONE TENOR doesn't make an opera season, any more than one swallow makes a nourishing meal. But it has been Jon Vickers, performing such specialities of his repertory as Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* and Giuseppe Verdi's *Otello*—and to a lesser degree, Canio in Ruggiero Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*—who has, in himself, made the Metropolitan Opera season that is now nearing its end more memorable than some others of recent date.

The subtleties and nuances that enter into Vickers's singing—beginning with a debut in Handel's *Messiah* in Carnegie Hall in 1954—are in themselves a lesson in vocal artistry. That the voice itself has endured over an operatic career embracing some of the most punishing roles in the repertory (the Metropolitan part dates from 1960) is the mark of a man who knows not only what he is doing but also how he is doing it.

To speak of subtleties and nuances in terms of a singer who has long earned an operatic living—not only as Peter Grimes and Otello but also as Siegmund in Wagner's *Die Walküre*, as Tristan in *Tristan und Isolde*, and as the well-remembered Aeneas in Berlioz's *Les Troyens*—may suggest that these qualities are shadows of the past rather than realities of the present. But only two years ago Vickers gave a recital in Carnegie Hall [*SR*, March 20, 1976] that began with "Where'er You Walk," from Handel's *Semele*, sung in a manner rarely heard from a performer in the *Heldentenor* category.

Such mastery is quite congruent with his superb study of Grimes—one of the greatest dramatic as well as vocal achievements of recent operatic times—or with Otello's controlled, tempered fury, which rises, goad upon goad from Iago, to its murderous attack on Desdemona. But why should Vickers choose to sing *I Pagliacci*'s Canio, that tattered and torn shred of a part, mangled by every tenor since Caruso (and by a few before)?

This is a question that could only be answered by the world's greatest authority on Jon Vickers: Jon Vickers himself. Normally such an answer would be more easily imagined than accomplished because Vickers makes his home in Bermuda, from which he "commutes" to work at Lincoln Center. But a fortunate combination of circumstances (performances of *I Pagliacci* at the Met on Saturday and Monday evenings, which made a homeward trip between them impractical) made it possible for me to have a quiet Sunday lunch with him at his midtown hotel. Blond and broad-shouldered, a fine specimen of a man at fifty, he appeared wearing a white turtleneck pullover and a handsome blue blazer. After a few pleasantries, the subject of his Canio surfaced inadvertently in Vickers's own reference to some press comments on his performance in the role—comments that, clearly, he did not like.

"When I first heard you do it," I said (referring to his January 1960 Metropolitan debut as Canio), "I could not understand why a man with your reputation for Wagner and for Beethoven [Florestan in *Fidelio*] should want to perform in a much lesser work that so many tenors sing—some better. Now that you have done it again this year, I see more reason, dramatically. But I am still not persuaded musically."

Vickers took the implied slight with a courteous nod of the head that was also a sign of disagreement. "The answer is simple," he said. "In the first place, one has to do, to a certain extent, what one is offered. The choice, from year to year, is not that broad. I can't sing Tristan [a role in which, currently, he is unquestionably the best in the world] all the time—in fact, I limit myself to no more than fourteen performances of it a year. But beyond that, I do Canio for the same reason I do everything else: I believe in the part and have a conviction I can

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convey something with it."

"In other words," I said, "you believe it is something more than two tenor arias separated by a lot of inferior music?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes," he answered. "I believe it relates very strongly to the profession we are all in: putting on the motley—no matter how you feel—doing the work, getting on with it. Canio, basically, is an aging performer who has never been very good. He has found this young girl, Nedda, who makes him feel ten feet tall. Canio is trying to make something of Nedda, but she doesn't see it in that light. The way Nedda is carrying on with young Silvio really kills Canio emotionally. It all builds within him to that bloody, impulsive climax."

Illuminated if not convinced, I asked, "Am I to understand that this carries over to the reason why you decided not to do Tannhäuser this year, despite all the emphasis put upon it?"

Vickers nodded. "In many ways it carries over to the same matter of conviction. I learned Tristan in three months. I labored over Tannhäuser for about thirteen. I had everything memorized except the 'Romerzählung' [Tannhäuser's third-act narrative], which is the easiest part of all. One day while I was working at it at home, I took a break for a cup of tea. Suddenly I said to my wife, 'I can't swallow this [Tannhäuser] stuff anymore.' She said, 'Why not give it up?' " His candid response to the candid question made interesting if less specific international news.

I pursued this point. "What, *specifically*, was getting to you?"

"The whole philosophy of it," Vickers responded. "[The idea] that a human being can make an approach to eternity by being such a blackguard."

Vickers's strong statement that he has to be a believer in what he performs before he can be a convincing performer of it left some need for further detail. After all, Maria Callas was a great Tosca in act one, though in her oft-stated opinion, Tosca was "just a silly girl." "Do you mean," I went on, "that the mere fact that *Tannhäuser*, as an opera, only expressed a passing phase of Wagner's philosophy, which changed into something else in a few years, didn't make any difference to you?"

"No," replied Vickers. "I'm not a Roman Catholic, but Tannhäuser's abuse of Elisabeth's goodwill and his expectation that the pope should forgive him for his behavior—that doesn't go down with me."

"In other words, conviction is at the heart of everything you perform?"

"How else?" asked Vickers. "If I didn't enter into the abuse Peter Grimes suffered as a human being from the misguided people of the Borough or didn't feel the emotion of Tristan for the beautiful love ideal of Isolde and for the marvelous music in which it is expressed, how could I reproduce it? I have to utilize whatever talents I have to put before the public an ideal in which I believe, a truth for which I strive. If I don't have that conviction, opera to me is just lousy entertainment. You do feel the conviction in what I am doing, don't you?"

"More often than not," I answered. "But that kind of communication can be artfully simulated by acting technique and vocal tricks. For some of your colleagues, the stage is the only reality and everything else is unreality."

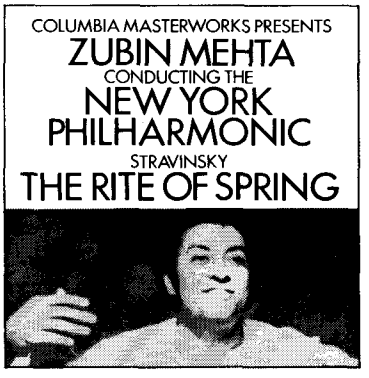
"Not for me," said Vickers. "I don't function that way. My reality is my wife, and my five children, aged twelve to twenty-two."

None of this was said with evangelical fervor. His words were, rather, a calm, simple statement of fact. So was his praise for George Lambert, "my only vocal teacher" (at the Toronto Conservatory of Music). Vickers also expressed his high regard for Herbert von Karajan for taking him at his word when, in 1957, the conductor suggested they do *Tristan* together and Vickers asked for 10 years in which to grow up to the part. He then spoke of how much he looked forward to singing Vashak in next year's production at the Met of Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*—though it is a character part usually sung by a younger performer with a lighter voice. Vickers also mentioned how gratified he felt at having sung Jason to the Medea of Callas ("a phee-nomenal performer"), and he expressed regret that he had never performed Pollione to her Norma.

As to the future, Vickers said, "I would like to go on as long as I can and when I leave, do so with dignity." He then confided one ambition, not previously known to me: to sing "Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung*, not Siegfried in *Siegfried*, who to me is only a cardboard figure. But the elder Siegfried—he is something else."

I can only join other opera lovers in wishing him well toward realizing that ambition, which would make a Vickers *Ring* something to anticipate. And what could be a more dignified end to a great career than being carried off, as Wagner's action prescribes, on the hero's shield, to the great strains of the Siegfried funeral music? ◉

Mehta
and The New York
Philharmonic.
Columbia Masterworks presents
an historic partnership.



In September,
Zubin Mehta will be
officially installed as the
principal conductor of
The New York Philharmonic.
But you can hear
them perform Stravinsky's
"The Rite of Spring" today.

XM-34557

A specially-priced Record of the Month.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

℗ "COLUMBIA," ® MARCAS REG. © 1978 CBS INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television

The Golden Giveaway

by Karl E. Meyer

AMERICAN TELEVISION can be seen as a game show in which the biggest prize is given to those who are rich already and don't need a free mink coat. The prize is the use of the air—a national resource that commercial broadcasters exploit for private profit while the public television system subsists on welfare, a mendicant outsider with nose pressed against the gold-mullioned window.

We need to be continually reminded of this fundamental paradox, especially since commercial television would have us believe that this hidden public subsidy is its God-given right. Congress is now reviewing all aspects of federal broadcast policy, and it ought to consider—on both practical and moral grounds—the case for dedicating some of the profits of commercial television to the money-starved public system.

This case is being freshly argued by Joseph D. Hughes, a member of the Pennsylvania Public Television Network Commission and a seasoned street fighter in video village. Writing in the current *Public Telecommunications Review*, Hughes notes that the idea of a franchise tax on commercial broadcasters is nothing new. Only in the United States are commercial television stations given a free ride on public air. In Britain, for example, Independent (i.e., commercial) Television paid a levy in 1976 of $70 million on net advertising revenues as a charge for the right to broadcast.

But the particular merit of Hughes's argument is that it is solidly grounded in American precedent. Almost every similar national resource, he points out, is subject to a charge: mining claims, timber-cutting rights in national forests, domestic and offshore oil leases, and even permits to graze cattle on public lands. All produce tax revenues. Last year, to cite a single instance, the federal government sold Alaskan oil and gas leases for $400.39 million in high bids and fixed bonuses.

Referring to the air around us, Hughes asks:

Why should this valuable national resource continue to be made available without cost when public broadcasting is starved for funds and must beg for survival? To impose a license fee on the airwaves is to place the tax on those who benefit most from their use—commercial broadcasters.

If a 3 percent franchise tax were imposed on all commercial broadcasters, Hughes calculates, the yield would be $243 million annually at their current rate of income, or roughly half of the total operating costs of public television. Adding this amount to the public sector would give public TV something nearer to a realistic operating budget while preserving the diversity of funding that protects the integrity of the system.

Given the soaring profits of commercial broadcasting, the 3 percent franchise tax seems, if anything, too modest. Figures for 1977 are not available as I write. But in 1976, combined network television and station profits were $1.25 billion, up 60.3 percent over the preceding year. Thanks to profits like those, television can afford to pay Johnny Carson some $3 million a year for his talk show skills, and NBC can offer Fred Silverman a reported $1 million annually to bring his prime time wizardry from ABC to the third-place network.

"And to keep you occupied during your brief stay, you will write 10,000 times, 'I will not address the bench as cutie.'"

In the unforgettable phrase of the late Lord Thomson, the Fleet Street magnate, commercial television is indeed "a license to print money." On what basis should the single most valuable thing a station possesses—the monopoly use of a fixed frequency—be given away free?

The rationale for the American subsidy to commercial broadcasting has been that a starting incentive was necessary to spur development—the classic argument behind all federal handouts. But we have long ago passed the homesteading era in broadcasting, and what was once a frontier is now a flourishing metropolis. It is high time we began a new chapter in American broadcasting.

Resistance to such a change will plainly be formidable. The National Association of Broadcasters (NAB) is among the most potent lobbies in Washington—the more so since members of Congress have a self-serving political stake in cultivating the warm regard of local and national television executives. A diffuse public interest here confronts a highly organized and glibly articulate special interest that has all but emasculated the watchdog Federal Communications Commission.

A potential counterweight in the situation is organized labor. Last August, the executive committee of the AFL-CIO approved a policy statement describing public broadcasting as "America's best hope for an alternative communications medium." The TV franchise tax was expressly endorsed by an AFL-CIO spokesman at a subsequent House hearing as a fair way of raising money for public television. Significantly, even the conservative weekly *U.S. News & World Report* has editorialized in favor of public broadcasting support deriving from a tax on commercial broadcasting revenues (in the October 3, 1977, issue).

What is lacking is a national lobby dedicated to this single, vital question. There are a dozen organizations concerned with particular aspects of public broadcasting, and representatives of each could combine to form an ad hoc clearinghouse to counter the NAB lobby and spotlight the hidden subsidy given to commercial television. Few Americans are aware that we are giving away gold to the already rich and that in doing so we are perpetuating an arrangement that narrows the choice available on the home television screen. A franchise tax is not only morally justifiable but it also could give public television adequate resources for truly competitive quality programming. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

Swordplay, and Satire

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

EARLY IN THIS CENTURY, Joseph Conrad published a novella called "A Point of Honour." Later he rebaptized it "The Duel" and included it in *A Set of Six*. Now Ridley Scott, an English television director making his first theater film, has converted the Conrad story into a movie called *The Duellists* (Paramount).

Conrad intended, he wrote later, "a serious and even earnest attempt at a bit of historical fiction." His idea was to capture "the Spirit of the Epoch—never purely militarist in the long clash of arms, youthful, almost childlike in its exaltation of sentiment—naïvely heroic in its faith." The Epoch was the Napoleonic period; and Conrad saw it in transition from the chivalric fictions that Napoleon both despised and exploited to the cynical rationality he incarnated.

So two hussars in Napoleon's army meet in 1801. An incomprehensible slight leads one to force a duel on the other. For 15 years thereafter, while Europe is wracked with wars, the two officers, as Conrad put it, "like insane artists trying to gild refined gold or paint the lily, pursued a private contest through the years of universal carnage." D'Hubert is the rational man, trapped by an archaic code into a series of preposterous encounters. Feraud is the obsessed man for whom a meaningless vengeance becomes the consuming passion of his life. The duels themselves are no romantic ballets in the manner of Fairbanks or Flynn but brutal, sweating, hacking affairs, leaving the duellists "dishevelled, their shirts in rags, covered with gore and hardly able to stand" (again Conrad).

Gerald Vaughan-Hughes's script is uncommonly faithful to the original tale. I am acquainted with the argument that nothing could matter less, that a film exists in its own terms and must stand by itself. For many, perhaps most, adaptations that argument persuades. But a film taken from the work of a great writer not only assumes a certain obligation to the original but has the opportunity to draw on—to "incorporate by reference," as lawyers say—the richness of suggestion and association evoked by the original. It is not a bad idea in such cases to respect the text, as Scott and Vaughan-Hughes intelligently do.

In *The Duellists* even the photography seeks the cinematic equivalent of Conrad's shimmering prose. Frank Tidy's camera composes its scenes so brilliantly that it calls attention to itself—a venial, not a mortal, sin. Conrad wrote of the gently glowing land of southern France, "the grey rocks, the brown fields, the purple undulating distances harmonized in luminous accord," and this is precisely what we see on the screen; so, too, the retreat from Moscow, "the mortal silence of the plains shining with the livid light of snows under a sky the colour of ashes."

The characters are also carefully copied from the original. D'Hubert, "tall, with an interesting face and a moustache the colour of ripe corn," is played by Keith Carradine; Feraud, "short and sturdy, with a hooked nose and a thick crop of black curly hair," by Harvey Keitel. They both look right, they are gifted actors, they fight nobly; but they lack the style for this particular movie. I don't know why we think that French hussars are more plausibly represented by actors speaking with an English rather than with an American accent, but we do, and the convention is hard to violate. In this case, the supporting British actors—Albert Finney as Fouché, Edward Fox, Robert Stephens, Alan Webb—have exactly the air, the flair, the easy command that Carradine and Keitel, for all the intelligence and sensitivity of their interpretations, don't quite achieve. If the duellists had been better cast, this could have been a distinguished film. As it is, it is an arresting one and a promising debut for Ridley Scott.

An Unmarried Woman (20th Century-Fox) is Paul Mazursky's latest exploration into the vicissitudes of modern living. His films have been most successful when they have had a satiric thrust, as in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* and *Blume in Love*. The others have tended toward urban soap opera. *An Unmarried Woman* is about halfway between.

It tells the story of Erica, whose husband of 16 years leaves her for another woman. We follow her through the successive stages of response—shock, hysteria, self-pity, fear, and eventual growth into mature independence. By the end, Erica has become self-reliant enough to reject her husband when he begs to return, even to refuse commitment to the painter whose love has done so much to bring her back. This last point suggests the flaw in the argument. For Erica may not really be self-sufficient; she is, rather, a woman whose self-esteem has been restored by the fact that a man for whom she has regard loves her.

As usual, Mazursky captures urban surfaces with spirit and on occasion with lyricism. It is a relief to see a film about New York City without one of Neil Simon's boring mugging scenes. The dialogue is brisk. The plot, however, lacks invention, and the film drags seriously in the second half. Nor is such invention as there is—Erica's visit to a singles bar, for example, or the tedious meetings with her three women friends—always happy.

Jill Clayburgh gives a bravura performance as Erica. I particularly admired the scene in which she lost her temper with her daughter; but then I admired her throughout, except for her tendency in the scenes with her psychotherapist to fall into an imitation of Diane Keaton. Michael Murphy is fine as the weak husband, and Alan Bates does what he can with the ill-defined part of the painter. Though it may be half an hour too long, *An Unmarried Woman* provides an entertaining annotation on the mores of our day. ◉

Wit Twister No. 114

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 69.*

The __ __ __ __ __ __ church
stands lonely, silent, drear.
What hopes and __ __ __ __ __
__, what dreams were cherished
here?
Its door, __ __ __ __ __ __
open, groans and hangs askew:
Dark welcome to the __ __ __
__ __ __, bat, and shrew.

Contributed by Mrs. Thomas E. Harris, Alexandria, Va.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

Love Among the Middle-Aged

by Martin Gottfried

LOVE among the middle-aged has always been a laughing matter as far as the commercial theater is concerned. Romance is for young, good-looking characters played by young, good-looking actors, and the chubby kiss is a cue for chuckles. Actors who play romantic leads spend their lives staying fit and cheating age. They keep playing young people, opposite younger people. The rest of us spread as we grow up, but we do grow up. We no longer fall in love or make love. This is what the stage tells us, and we buy it even though the laugh is on us.

There is something about the bed that is off limits for dramatic characters past fifty, and apparently it is the past-fifty audience that wants it that way. Why? I wonder.

A couple of recent, lightweight plays tell the story otherwise, one amusingly and the other sentimentally. *Cheaters* is an unpretentious Broadway sex farce about the middle-aged. It is unpretentious in that it doesn't pretend to be anything but what it is, a callow entertainment. There is nothing wrong with such an entertainment. It does nobody any harm; it doesn't deny more ambitious plays the right to exist; it doesn't insult the theater. At worst, it insults the intelligence of someone who doesn't belong in its audience in the first place. Anyone who buys a ticket to a play called *Cheaters*, whose ads display an open zipper, and who still doesn't expect a sex farce cannot have an insultable intelligence.

As for theatergoers too sensible to see such plays, I think they are missing something. *Cheaters* is a predictable, mechanical, perfectly no-good play, a garden-variety comedy of the sort that was once common on Broadway (now there are almost no comedies, garden-variety *or* hothouse). Its plot is so contrived that only a twenty-two-year-old playwright aiming to write a hit could possibly have thought it up. Two middle-aged couples are having adulterous romances. One couple, who have been together for years, are quarreling—the lady is cynical, and the man, unsatisfied. He wants younger girls ("I'm not concerned with my middle age. I'm concerned with *your* middle age"). The other couple, by way of convenient contrast, are just beginning to cheat, most nervously. They are the romantics.

There is yet a third couple, representative of the younger generation. These two have been living together, but the girl wants to get married. The boy isn't quite sure. Hoping to make up their minds, they go home to their respective parents. That is when the audience learns the four middle-aged lovers are the youngsters' intertwined parents. Inevitably, one set of unknowing parents telephones the other set with a dinner invitation for after intermission.

But isn't this sort of thing the fluff of Broadway? Yes, and the fluff of Feydeau and of Molière—and of Plautus before them. This is an elementary burlesque situation, an old routine but a still workable one. It has certainly been more neatly written than young Michael Jacobs has managed, and yet his play is not only perfectly no-good but it is also perfectly amusing. What's more, in speaking the shared language of middle-class comedy, it has something to say to its middle-class audience: The sheer duration of an unsatisfying marriage is not an end in itself. Why discount romance just because you're fifty, going on overweight? Run off to Tahiti with your new romance; it isn't too late. You, too, can be a cheater of age, and in a better way than actors can.

Banal as such advice may seem, it is not by any means orthodox to the average older theatergoer,who wanders into a Broadway theater of a Saturday matinee. What's more, in the context of *Cheaters*, this advice is given rather comically and is played out by Doris Roberts, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Jack Weston as the four expert comedians of the lusty (if not suave) quartet. Only the slinky Murphy is conventionally attractive. The able director, Robert Drivas, has taken sensible pains to cast the other roles with actors who look like the rest of humanity. As we laugh at their doings, we can well imagine ourselves involved in similar hanky-panky. There is a kernel of reality among the jokes in such a play, a relevance to our lives somewhat greater than that of, say, *Equus*—unless there is a horse mutilator among you.

Do You Turn Somersaults? is the other middle-aged romance referred to above—the *mature relationship* kind. This is a contemporary Russian play, written by Aleksei Arbuzov. It didn't last long on Broadway, and it would probably never have been produced in the first place had not Mary Martin agreed to make it her vehicle for returning to the New York stage after an absence of 10 years or so. Martin is of course a theatrical institution. Perhaps more of a musical performer than an actress, she has in the past gotten by in straight plays. But in this she was as Russian as Kansas in August. A modest musical turn for her was inserted in the production for the sake of old times. Otherwise the play was so modest we couldn't tell why it bothered coming around.

Do You Turn Somersaults? is set in a Russian seaside sanatorium. Anthony Quayle played the physician in charge. The character Martin played suffers, we are told, from arteriosclerosis. She is also suffering from a severe case of impishness that at first appalls, but ultimately appeals to, the emotionally repressed doctor. Only a repressed person could withstand this onslaught of whimsy. I'm told that in the original Russian the lady's problem is psychiatric and that her unconventionalism is symbolic of Soviet dissidence. That may have given the piece reason enough for existence in the U.S.S.R., but in this English translation by Ariadne Nicolaeff there is little justification for anyone's caring about its talky, bloodless, courtly courtship. Too many middle-aged romances are modeled on such a pattern. Audiences would be better off noting the examples set in *Cheaters* and if not following them, at least laughing with them, sensing there something akin to life as we know it (here on planet earth). ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 142

(Boyce) Rensberger:
The Cult of the Wild

There is plenty of evidence that our species advanced not through conflict but through cooperation.... Man is...another of the animals, considerably kinder to his own species than most are to theirs and vastly more capable of the empathy that can and should move him to be still kinder.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance

Bouquets for the Cleveland Ballet

by Walter Terry

"THE FOUNDING of the Cleveland Ballet," says Ian Horvath, the company's artistic director, "was a matter of accident and design. Just a few years back, my mother and my former teacher—I'm Cleveland-born, you know, but I left town when I was sixteen—bought a local ballet school. It grew like wildfire, from forty students to four hundred and fifty. Next, a local regional ballet group lost its director. Its board came to us and asked if we'd like to join forces. The result? The Cleveland Ballet!" As it is now constituted the Cleveland Ballet,with Horvath as its head, Dennis Nahat as associate director and principal choreographer, and Gerald Ketelaar as general manager,is just two years old. It's a knockout.

Horvath and Nahat are not just local ballet tyros. Both Cleveland's Horvath and Detroit's Nahat joined the Joffrey Ballet, where their dancing skills attracted the interest of the public and the critics alike from 1965 to 1968. Next, they moved to the American Ballet Theatre, where they quickly rose to soloist rank and where Nahat, in 1969, began his career as a prolific and highly original choreographer. So why, before reaching thirty, should they relinquish advancing careers with an internationally famous company and, especially, New York exposure for Cleveland?

"New York," says Horvath, "has become saturated. Ballet is everywhere in the city. It never stops. Furthermore, economically the expenses are so astronomical that the big ballet companies can no longer afford to take a chance, to take a risk. Even $40,000, which may produce a twenty-minute ballet, is prohibitive, so there had to be another solution."

The first accident leading to the solution occurred when Mrs. Horvath bought a ballet school. The second occurred when she invited her son to be guest teacher at the school during free periods allowed by his ABT contract. The third happened when the regional (amateur) ballet in Cleveland was casting about for a new director. Here accident ended and design began. Horvath agreed to take the job if—and it was a big if—the local troupe's board of directors would agree to upgrade the company from its modest regional status to a potentially national, professional standing.

In terms of hard cash, this meant, for 1975, jumping the annual budget from about $15,000 to $100,000 to pay for a year of organization of and preview performances by the new company. Then came, in 1976, the jump to a half-million dollars for the company's first full year as a professional troupe. Today, the budget is $1 million. According to Ketelaar, who had been general manager of Ruth Page's Chicago Opera Ballet, the budget will level off at close to $3 million in four or five years.

Horvath, a highly sensitive artist, has always had a businesslike side and an interest in administration. Before saying yes to the offer to head a new company, he got reacquainted with his hometown. "I discovered that although Cleveland is a small city, it is the third-largest corporate city in America, with huge Chicago in the number two spot. There is loads of money here. It can support us, just as it has supported one of the world's great symphony orchestras, the Playhouse, and one of the country's great art museums."

The Cleveland Ballet's 29 professional dancers are under contract for 34 weeks a year, a period that in the future will be extended to 44 salaried weeks. Last season the company gave nine performances in Cleveland. The 1977–78 season has mushroomed to 27 performances, almost all of them sellouts to local audiences estimated at close to 50,000. During its current year, the company will pay its Cleveland-based employees—dancers, staff, musicians, stagehands, and so forth—nearly $600,000. For the city of Cleveland, ballet has become not only an art enterprise but also a big business.

The company, and I'm happy to report that it is an excellent one, appears in a repertory composed principally of ballets by the prolific and versatile Nahat, who has choreographed (and continues to do so) for the American Ballet Theatre and for major companies abroad, including the Royal Swedish Ballet and London's Festival Ballet. But it is not all Nahat. As Horvath says, "I wanted a company that would give Dennis an opportunity to create frequently and under the best of conditions. I believe in him. But we want to model the company after the youthful, highly creative Joffrey Ballet and to model our repertory along the lines of the ABT, in that we want masterworks from the immediate past as well as new pieces."

As for Nahat the choreographer, he does not feel held to one particular style. "I won't be boxed in," he says. "I've had fabulous opportunities to work with the great choreographers—De Mille, Robbins, Tudor, even modern dance's Limón and lots of others—and I've been like a sponge. So I am experienced. For Cleveland, then, I do all kinds of dances—some because I want to do a special piece and others because we need a ballet of this or that style in our repertory."

An outstanding coup in the performing wing is that Cynthia Gregory, very probably America's foremost ballerina and the prima ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre for major seasons, has come to treat the Cleveland Ballet as her home away from home. She has danced with the troupe in the past, and this spring she will be the guest star on April 21 and 22, when the Cleveland Ballet makes its Chicago debut at the Auditorium Theater. What is unusual about the great ballerina's performances is that she will not come in merely to display her wares in standard pas de deux. Rather, she will be seen in five Nahat ballets, *Suite Caractéristique*, *Grand Pas de Dix*, *In Concert*, *Some Times*, and *Brahms Quintet*.

That the Cleveland Ballet is here to stay in terms of real estate as well as of art is evidenced by its moving into the large Stouffer Building, for which it pays $35,000 a year rent. This gives it facilities that not even the New York-based American Ballet Theatre can match. It has four large studios—there will be more when further renovations are made—for the growing school and company, a costume room, a scene shop, essential offices for both school and company, dressing rooms, showers, and nearby in the same building, a photography studio and a printing concern! But the Horvath-Nahat move from New York to the Middle West and the establishment of what promises to be a new American ballet company of major stature were predicted in the title of the Broadway show in which the teen-age Horvath made his professional debut, *Fade Out, Fade In*. On the American dance scene, Horvath is very definitely in. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sporting Life

The Allure of an Olympiad

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

WHEN NOT A SINGLE CITY came forward with a bid to build a new sports palace for the 1984 summer Olympics, Lord Killanin, chairman of the International Olympic Committee (IOC), commented, "Perhaps we have come to the end of an era. It will be a pity if these traditions die. Over the years the Olympics have been an incentive to civic enterprise. Many fine stadiums have been built for the games and have proved of lasting value."

I wonder what the lord could have been thinking of? Surely not London's White City, where, near the spot of Dornando Pietro's famous collapse during the 1908 marathon, they now practice the charming sport of dog racing. Perhaps he meant Munich's posh 1972 complex—the Bren guns looked so nice sticking out of the wood paneling—which now hosts local soccer matches. Or was it Montreal's 1976 stadium—due for completion any day now, though the games ended a year ago—with the leftover debts estimated to be in the billions.

As many former Olympic-site cities have learned, 10 days of rubbing doubleknits with Howard Cosell and the media jocks simply isn't worth the price. And yet the allure of hosting an Olympiad—the word itself has a majestic ring—still prevails wherever ambitious local lads dream of putting their town on the world map. To bring home the crown jewel of sporting events is a temptation some men find irresistible—the sports promoter's opportunity to rise above smelly cigars, broken lockers, and shady deals.

This is the story of one such temptation, of a city saved—if only temporarily—from its local Olympic committee. The story began more than a decade ago, when a small group of Canadian sports enthusiasts attending the 1960 Squaw Valley Winter Games turned to each other with a glint in their eyes and said something like, "Look here, now, we're as good as these California blokes. Let's bring the winter games to Vancouver."

They thought they could do that without raising a sweat. Vancouver, British Columbia, is the third largest city in Canada and perhaps the most scenically bewitching city in North America. It is also a citadel of the active outdoor life. Those who know the place well say that no matter how hard one tries to be a wastrel there, one soon lapses helplessly into good health and well-being. The rest of Canada jealously refers to Vancouver as "lotus land."

In the past 10 years, Vancouver has undergone a swift transformation from what the young locals call a "laid back" atmosphere to a modern cosmopolis of condominium towers, corporate headquarters, and young professionals. The latter group is wont to view Vancouver as—in suave, modern jargon—the continent's "gateway to the Pacific rim." They anticipate the Vancouver of the future as "executive city," a blend of transnational companies, glittering resorts, convention trade, and a life-style that includes a lot of sliding glass and hanging plants. The sports appetite of these new movers isn't satisfied by the Vancouver Canucks hockey team, the uncrowded ski areas, the year-round golf and tennis, or the literally millions of nearby wilderness acres available for camping, bird-watching, canoeing, and fishing. Instead, they shop for sports events that will serve as pendants to their new status.

When an IOC member visited Vancouver, the nascent Vancouver Olympic Committee chauffeured him about in a private helicopter. The visitor was dazzled. For only 50 miles north of the city stood the twin virgins Whistler and Garibaldi mountains—Whistler having a vertical drop of more than 4,000 feet, ideal for giant slalom racing. Both mountains were undeveloped except for the crude swaths the loggers had cut, and the empty basin fairly begged for a flashy resort with appropriately breathtaking views. The Whistler basin looked so perfect that the IOC man left winking and nodding, intimating that Vancouver had it in the bag. On the basis of this preliminary tour alone, a ski lift company was formed, trails were cut, gondolas and chair lifts were erected. And uncontrolled development began. In brief, the mood was elated, the snow was pure, and Vancouver seemed to be off to the Olympics.

Of course, nailing down the games isn't quite so simple as possessing the perfect venue. There is Olympic protocol to consider. For example, a city must submit a preliminary first bid to the IOC, which, after many meetings in exotic places, rejects it and invites a second bid four years hence. Supposedly, this tests a candidate city's mettle. In addition, the IOC tries to separate both the summer and the winter games geographically and politically, alternating a totalitarian site with a democratic one, a Third World dictatorship with an industrialized social democracy, and so forth. The IOC mandarins also consider a host nation's political problems. Riots in the slums? Jewish dissidents? An Olympiad will demonstrate the regime's stability. (Thus, Canada's wish to shore up its federal image in French Quebec gave Montreal the 1976 summer Olympics, nixing Vancouver's bid until 1980.) Finally, if all the political stars are right, the IOC holds its decisive venue vote six years ahead of time. This ensures five years for graft, corruption, and land speculation at the site selected, still leaving 12 whole months for crash construction of the actual facilities.

Development in Whistler basin proceeded in anticipation of Vancouver's selection. With high-priced hotels and condominiums springing from the bare rock faces, the rare and beautiful Canadian ski bum almost became an endangered species. "When you live in a rural mountain area," one member of the Whistler ski patrol explained, "you become conservative pretty fast. We're not against development as a principle, like environmentalists in the states. But we are afraid of being overwhelmed by too much change, too fast. Basically, we felt the whole thing was getting out of hand."

The pre-Olympic boom was well under way but without sewage or water facilities, an adequate road, or even a local governing body to act as vox populi. Most of the Whistler area, like 95 percent of British Columbia, remained provincially owned "crown lands." The irony was that cleaning up the environmental mess wrought by Olympic expectations soon became the trump argument for holding the games at Whistler: The Vancouver Olympic Committee pressed the idea that the Olympics were the only way of rationalizing Whistler's helter-skelter development without costing taxpayers both arms and a leg.

The IOC never dictates finances. Like a habitual bar grub, the committee blithely assumes that if all the government entities

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

involved invite you for a round, someone will pick up the tab. The Vancouver Olympic Committee projected costs of $15 million for 1980, a suspiciously reasonable amount. By mid-1974, the Canadian government had committed itself for $10 million, the city of Vancouver had contributed $2 million, and the committee had proposed to pay off the rest by selling commemorative trinkets and lottery tickets. If it sounds a bit weird that the government of British Columbia, owner of the site and the ultimately responsible fiscal authority, was not asked to help finance the games—indeed, was being told it would have the Whistler problem taken off its hands free of charge—then meet the New Democratic party (NDP).

As it happens, British Columbia's NDP is a mildly socialistic, trade union-based party that had been waiting in the wings to form a government since the Great Depression. By the time the NDP won an unexpected landslide election in 1972, the party was not exactly concerned with "executive city," the "Pacific rim," or high-prestige sports events. Its concerns did include public recreation and sports facilities. The NDP preserved 5 million acres of British Columbia wilderness, including Spatsizi Park, near the Yukon, the last refuge of the North American mountain sheep. It also established a $35 million provincial pork barrel for community-based ski lifts, ice rinks, and new gymnasiums.

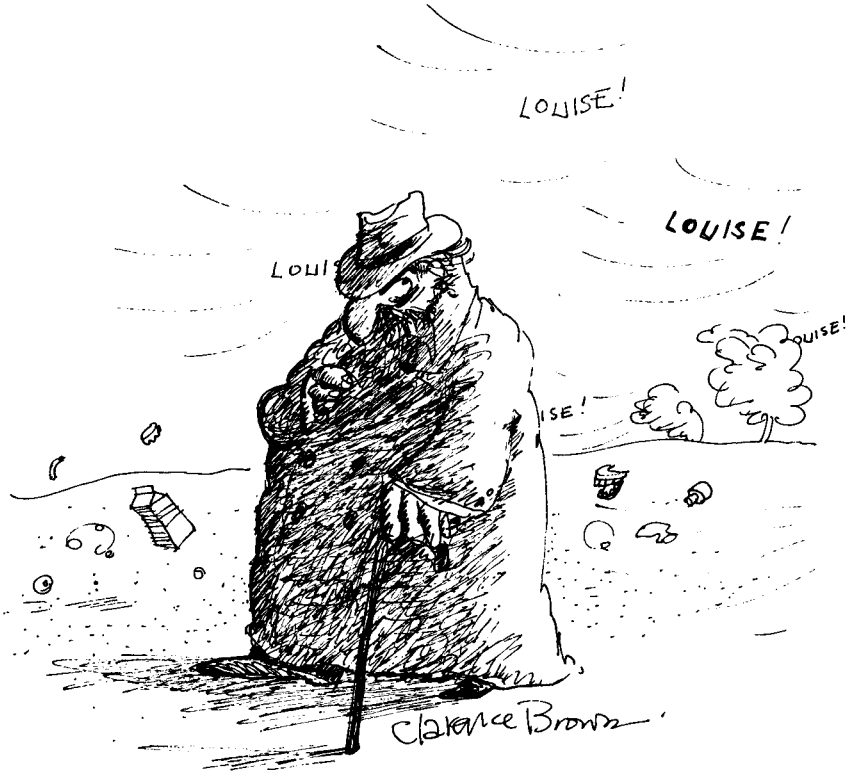
"We had a special problem with higgledy-piggledy development at Whistler, and for a while we thought the Olympics could be the glue to hold the place together," says Bob Williams, former NDP minister of Lands, Forests, and Water Resources. "But regardless of what numbers anyone came up with, it seemed you had to multiply by three. We accepted as a given the eventuality of a big ski area at Whistler, but the Olympics promoters weren't well prepared to discuss the social costs and impact. There was no question that once we agreed to support the Olympics bid, the province would guarantee the roads, sewers, water, and pick up the deficit. Personally, I felt the better thing was just to make skis and boots available to inner-city kids and send them up on buses to ski."

Because the minister of Lands, Forests, and Water Resources is a virtual czar in his appointed areas, Williams made his decision on the Olympics issue without, as he put it, "the kind of strong interest-group pressures you have in the U.S." An urban planner by occupation, he took eight months before announcing the provincial government's decision to withdraw the Vancouver application. Williams recalls saying at a packed press conference, "It's nice to have the international elite in for a week but far better to raise our own level of sports." Recently he reflected, "There were already too many Olympic white elephants, so maybe it was time to recycle one. It wasn't a popular position. Here we were at a twenty-foot table surrounded by sports reporters. You could see the anticipation of being on satellite TV in their eyes. It faded suddenly, and I was the rat taking away their big chance."

When I visited Whistler Mountain recently, a railroad delivered me to the base of a gorgeous but simple ski area catering mainly to Vancouverites—7,000 each weekend. The provincial government subsequently incorporated Whistler as a "resort municipality" with an orderly development plan. There's a new town hall, a school, and a modern sewage treatment plant. The skiing is terrific right through July and is relatively cheap. Almost everyone I spoke to there admitted that Whistler owes its development to the 1980 Olympics bid; but they also heaved a "thank God" that they weren't swamped by the games themselves.

Nevertheless, a legacy of bitterness remains among Olympic supporters. More than over the actual turndown, they still smart under Williams's suggestion that the Olympics are an elitist luxury and an exploitative commercial venture. "So they didn't want another Aspen—fine," said A. Leonard Taylor, a travel agent and a vice-chairman of the Vancouver Olympic Committee. "But if they were really worried about pricing the local people out, they had the power to expropriate the valley and develop it for the common man. What were they worried about? It came down to the fact that the NDP wanted all the credit for developing British Columbia themselves. They're just dull, gray socialists, and as a result, we now have to pay for a ski resort the whole world would have supported. I mean, it could have been one of *the* Olympic sites. There could have been Canadian kids competing in international races up there. You don't see other socialist governments with hang-ups about the 'elitist' Olympics. It's just a damn shame."

The issue has not been permanently resolved. It will take Canada a few years to forget Montreal's Olympic follies. Lake Placid got the 1980 games, so 1984's will probably go to Europe. But there's always 1988. The NDP lost at the last elections, and the Vancouver Olympic Committee is quietly gearing up for another bid. No need to furrow thy brow, Lord Killanin: The Olympic temptation remains as strong as the other deadly sins. ◉



EVERY LITTLE BREEZE SEEMING TO WHISPER LOUISE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Education Now

We understand that something called suggestology is sweeping the nation's schools. Exactly what is it, and does it have anything to do with hypnosis?

Lee and Karen Chase
Ashland, Oreg.

SUGGESTOLOGY, or SALT (suggestive-accelerative learning and teaching), employs, as its name implies, the age-old power of suggestion in the classroom. What's new is its systematic use in a carefully contrived academic setting, one using a broad spectrum of such supportive techniques as physical and mental exercise, music and fantasy. With suggestology, adherents claim, entire semesters can be mastered in as little as *two weeks*, their course content not only absorbed faster and more effectively but remembered longer and better.

Suggestology is not yet a household word, and it is hardly "sweeping the nation's schools." To date, only a smattering of schools in Texas, Illinois, Kansas, New Mexico, California, and Iowa have experimented with the method. Iowa has gone perhaps the farthest with a two-year study of the effects of "suggestological" teaching on several hundred public school children. The study ends this summer. Meanwhile, alcoholics and executives with low self-esteem are also being taught to use it to overcome their handicaps, and a suggestology congress held two years ago at Pepperdine University, in Los Angeles, drew almost a thousand delegates. Nevertheless, a scholastic world grown weary of isms and ologies would do well to delve deeper before either embracing suggestology as the ultimate antidote to slumping SAT scores or dismissing it as a ritualized truism.

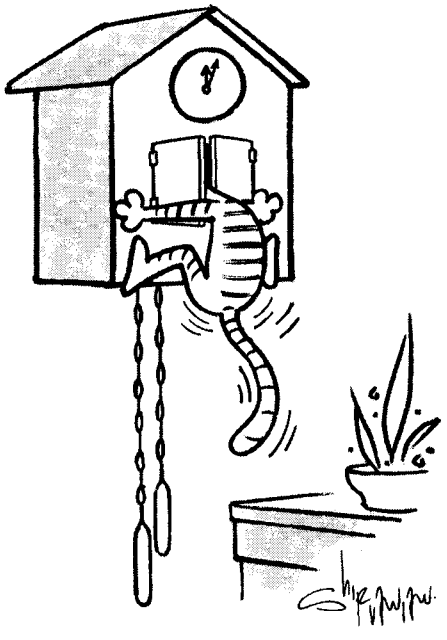
How does it work?

In a junior high school science class using suggestology, for example, the period begins with a series of mild stretching exercises designed to relax all parts of the pupils' body, including the brain. Soothing birdcalls and other sounds of nature issue from stereo speakers. After five minutes, the instructor announces that the pupils are ready to learn the chemical terms for natural elements, an experience that will be "creative and enjoyable as well as informative." Guided-imagery trips aimed at enabling each student to relive some pleasant learning experience from the past follow.

"Remember how you felt when you got your best-ever score on an English test?" the teacher intones. "Was the sun shining? Feel the warmth of it on your arms again, that same glad glow in your chest."

From there the teacher goes on to remove with positive suggestion the barriers each student may have erected against his own learning in other years, in other classes: "You aren't 'just naturally dumb' in science. You need only pay attention to do as well as anybody." The lesson is then offered in a strong fantasy context: "You're a molecule of water. Feel how it would be to roil around, take any shape you are put into because you're liquid."

Next, students relax to restful music while the teacher measuredly reads aloud the study material, saying each term three times in a voice that sinks to a whisper, then rises to a theatrical shout: "Water. The symbol is H_2O. Water off a duck's back. Water." Finally, the students are encouraged to invent pertinent fictional roles as they act out what they have learned: "Do tell us, Dr. Einstein, what you have discovered about the properties of H_2O."



Given such circumstances, the Iowa researchers found, perfectly average little "Einsteins" can learn from 50 to 100 vocabulary words in science and in foreign languages a day. Not always, of course. Plagued by poor criteria, inadequate training, illness, and in-house disputes, barely a slim majority of the Iowa teachers, in fact, did better in increasing classroom achievement—and then only marginally, most of them—than did control teachers using orthodox techniques. But enough found their instruction so vastly improved that project director Don Schuster, an Iowa State University psychology professor, enthused, "The amount you can learn is limited only by how fast it can be fed into you."

To some, such a statement gives rise to an image of Strasbourg geese being methodically stuffed until their livers explode. What is going on here, anyway? The father of suggestology, a Bulgarian medical doctor named Georgi Lozanov, admits his ideas stem from a visit to India, where he became acquainted with yogis who memorize 100,000-word holy books through what he concluded was heightened suggestibility. And as David Martin and Dr. Roger Bernhardt point out in their new book, *Self-Mastery Through Self-Hypnosis*, hypnosis, however induced, is generally recognized today as another point on the same psychological continuum.

But before fears of instant indoctrination and automatic mind-bending run rampant, critics would do well to ask themselves—and the suggestologists—a couple of questions that would occur to anyone familiar with the perils of pedagogy and with the pitfalls of social research. First, in such a multifaceted approach who can say what makes the difference—heightened suggestibility, physical and mental calisthenics, guided imagery, fantasy, or role-playing? And second, what about student motivation, teacher dedication, or some critical mass of mutual enthusiasm?

For that matter, teachers must volunteer, and once selected they get up to 120 hours of specialized training. Emphasizing as it does skills and sensitivity in communicating with and relating to students, how can suggestology help but make a motivated teacher better?

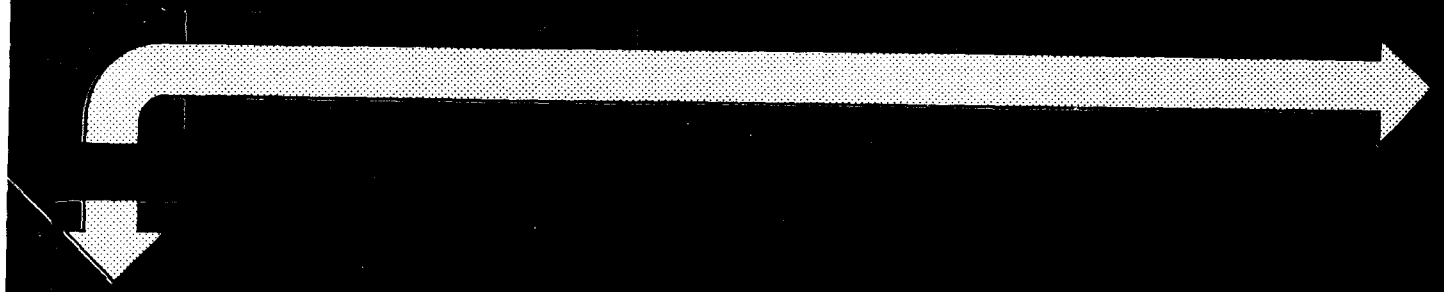
Just how such vital truths are to be teased out, the suggestologists cannot yet say. Until they can, all their claims should be taken with a grain of S-A-L-T.

—JACK FINCHER

Jack Fincher lives in Oregon and writes on educational psychology.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATION PLANNER



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

Once More, into the Mine Fields

by Thomas H. Middleton

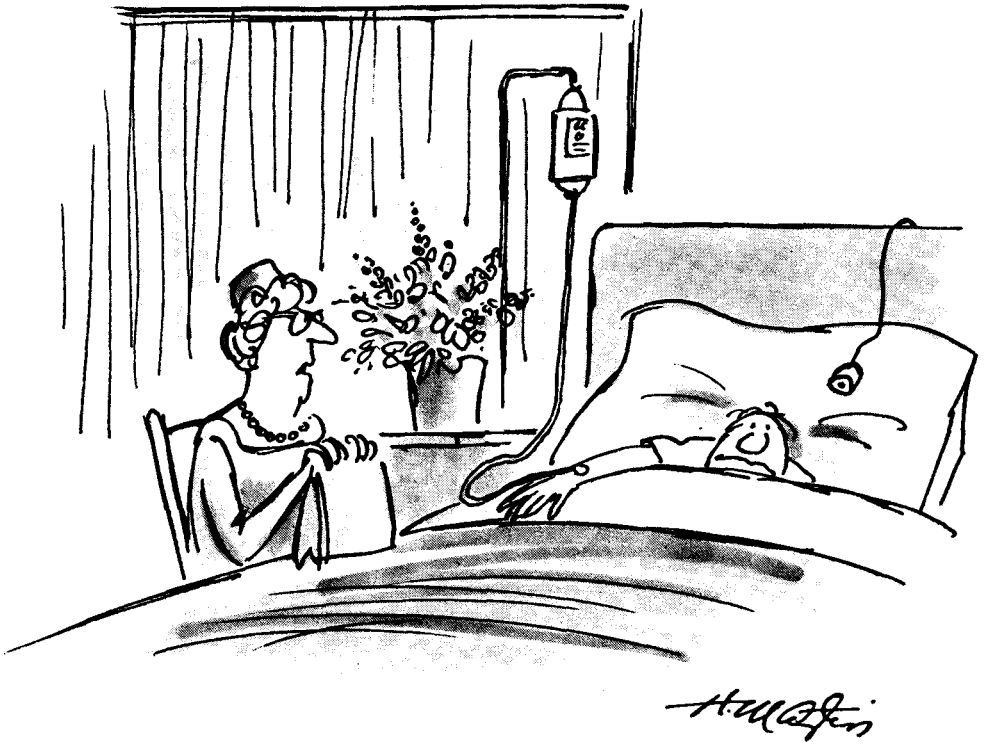
LAST DECEMBER 10, in a Light Refractions titled "The Rape of a Word," I discussed what I said I had begun to think of as a cliché: "Rape is not an act of sex; it is an act of violence." I said that the statement was nonsense, as it rendered both *rape* and *sex* meaningless.

I had hoped to let it go at that, but I got some astonishing responses to that column, and I think they're worth disclosing. I hesitate to set forth again on this treacherous path for fear that I'll slip and fall, crashing into a controversy about rape, sex, male-female relationships, feminism, and sexism, all of which are excellent topics for all-night bull sessions, legislative meetings, and other open-ended forums, but which can only be crippling in a brief essay.

One response that I found strange and somewhat alarming came from several outraged women who accused me of saying that rape is not an act of violence and implied that I didn't consider it a serious crime.

When a writer is completely misunderstood, he wonders if he hasn't botched his clarity; so I went over that column slowly and carefully, and I couldn't find even a hint that I do not believe rape to be a violent act. What I objected to was the statement "Rape is not an act of sex," which I think might have its origin in the modern confusion of sex with love. The two are frequently related, but they are by no means the same thing.

As I said, I hesitate to get back into this field of discussion. It is highly emotional, and understandably so. For instance, the story of the judge who acquitted a couple of teen-age boys of rape last year on the ground that teen-age girls wear sexy clothing was enough to make any nonsavage, including me, fairly scream in rage and frustration.



"It's so typical of you, Otis, to be having pneumonia when everyone we know is having diverticulitis."

In today's mail, though, the first letter I opened began, "I am appalled that one as intelligent as you seem to be takes issue with the statement that 'rape is an act of violence.' "

Since that was the eighth or ninth letter of the sort that I had received and since it is often said that the number of letters a writer gets in response to a subject represents only a small percentage of the number of people who thought about writing but didn't, I think I should try to clear myself of this implied charge of insanity.

While I may be somewhat out of touch with reality, I am not so far gone as to consider rape a nonviolent crime. I consider it one of the most awful of violent crimes; but it is also a sexual crime. In fact, the one feature that differentiates rape from other violent crimes is its sexual nature.

I got two or three letters that disagreed not only with "my contention" that rape is not an act of violence—a contention I didn't make—but with my contention that rape is an act of sex—which I *did* make.

These correspondents are especially disturbing to me. They're taking a giant step toward unintelligibility. They seem to maintain that an act of sex is pleasant and good and that if it is awful, it is not sex.

Unfortunately, that is a perversion of language and, as such, is a serious threat to rational communication. There's nothing wrong with the casual statement "Sex is good" any more than there is anything wrong with the casual statement "Mushrooms are good." But if you incorporate goodness as part of the definition of either *sex* or *mushrooms*—if you use either of those statements as a premise in a serious formulation of ideas—you'll find yourself saying things like "Awful sex is not sex" and "Poisonous mushrooms are not mushrooms," both of which are self-contradictory gibberish.

One of the most important functions of our dictionaries is to tell us what the overwhelming mass of knowledgeable members of the English-speaking world take a word to mean. We can ascribe our own private meanings to any given word, but we do so at the risk of being unable to communicate with society at large, and that's a good way to come unhinged.

Even when using words according to Webster, as I believe I did in my earlier column, I can evidently be misunderstood. When we alter the meanings of words according to our own private conceits, we virtually guarantee that we'll be dealing in nonsense.

Gibberish in even the best of causes is still gibberish. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates per contract year (10-word minimum): 1 time $2.10 per word; 6 times $1.95 per word, per insertion; 12 times $1.85 per word, per insertion; 24 times $1.75 per word, per insertion. No charge for zip codes. In addition to word count, include $2.00 for domestic SR box numbers, $5.00 for overseas SR box numbers. Copy deadlines, 4th Wednesday preceding issue date. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review Magazine, **1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS,** New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS by M. N. Bunker. Famous textbook. Hardbound, 256 pages. Only $1.98, postpaid. Nelson Company, 325 Jackson, Chicago 60606.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., N.Y.C., 10021. (212) 628-1666.

HARRIS TWEED, SCOTTISH TWEED, WORSTED SUITING, tailored to measure. Workmanship guaranteed, $1.00 for swatches—ALEXANDER GRAHAM, BORVE, LEWIS, SCOTLAND, PA86 ORX.

MEXICO—DEVALUATION BARGAIN. Ranch hotel in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals: $13.00. Brochure from Apdo. 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $15.00. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s ... Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-SR-31, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

PSYCHIC. Can bewitch (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding: Write requests. Donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. JAMIL, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

U.S. UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA merit degrees. Catalogue $3. #4552-SR, Washington, D.C. 20017.

SEND YOUR LOVE OVERSEAS! You can become a Foster Parent to a little boy or girl for $19 a month—and learn the child's name, receive a photograph, a detailed case history, and exchange letters. For information write: Foster Parents Plan, 158-D Plan Way, Warwick, R.I. 02887 or call toll free (800) 327-0444.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $10.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop, The New School for Social Research. Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

DID YOU GET "all the law allows" on your savings account? Send for CHECK YOUR INTEREST. $2 postpaid. Morse Publications, 2429 Lookout Dr., Manhattan, Kans. 66502.

LOSE 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS! The more you eat the more you lose. For this easy diet send $1.00 and self-addressed, stamped envelope to P.M., Box 2131, Silver Spring, Md. 20902.

SPICY KITCHEN HUMOR. "Literate" puns title excellent recipes—both are to be savored. $4.50. "PUNS & PLOVERS," Box 445, Crawfordsville, Ind. 47933.

LIBERTY LAWNS, LAURA ASHLEY and other cottons; handkerchief linen. Irish tweeds, blankets, bedspreads. What would you like? Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346. SASE.

MILLENIUM SOCIETY. What the world needs is a party at the millenium to celebrate awareness of life and beauty. Preparation is important and will be twenty-two years of fun. Much help needed, as you can imagine. R. Conner, etc. 3001 Helena St., Apt. 2, Houston, Tex. 77006.

UNFORTUNATE COMPUTER ERROR has made it necessary to recall all our ladies' swimsuits, sizes 6 through 12, because of chemical substance in synthetic fibers that causes suit to dissolve on contact with sea water. Unchlorinated pool water no problem. Full refunds promptly provided. Baremore Swimsuit Co. SR Box B.S.

INTENSIVE SPANISH PAINLESSLY? Year-round courses, all levels, at Instituto Allende. Box AA, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Free prospectus?

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

JOGGERS/RUNNERS—National Class Marathoner, Coach, personally answers training/racing questions. $5.00. Derderian, P.O. Box 853, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

DESIGNER CLOTHING KITS. Imported from England. Unique, award-winning women's and children's ready-to-sew clothing kits with matching ready-mades. Send $1.00 for 40-page colour catalogue. Charing Cross Kits, Box C, Meredith, N.H. 03253.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, other interesting capes, to order of her Irish tweeds. SASE brochure. Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346.

WILL THE YOUNG LADY whom I met on the New York subway the night of the big snowstorm, January 20, and who invited me to her apartment but whom I lost when the subway lights went out please write to me at SR Box S.L.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORD, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

I'D RATHER BE... Bumper Stickers: Walking, Jogging, Skiing, Sailing, Playing Golf, Playing Tennis, Sleeping. $1.00 each. All seven $5.00. CSB, Box 81, Saltsburg, Pa. 15681.

PROFESSIONAL CALLIGRAPHER: Invitations, menus, thank-you's, poetry, etc.Send for sample. 5 Irene St., Burlington, Mass. 01803. Fast!

COUNTRY LAND—How to find and purchase for second home, campsite, investment. 42-page booklet—exact instructions. $4.98 postpaid. QUARRY ENTERPRISES, INC., 5024 S. Broad St., Trenton, N.J. 08610.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

BOOMERANGS! IMPORTED gift model $5.00. FREE catalogue. BoomerangMan. 306-A Park, Monroe, La. 71201.

PHOTO CUBE RADIO. Lucite cube holds four photos of your loved ones. Six transistors, big 2¼" speaker! Revolving stand lets you have ever-changing view. Money back guarantee. Send $14.95 to A.M. Velez, Dept. 962, P.O. Box 18469, Seattle, Wash. 98118.

GOURMET INTERESTS

TEA LOVERS sample 30 great world teas; infuser; catalogue. $6.75. 50¢ postage. The Tea Cup, Box 4461, Bluefield, W. Va. 24701. Guaranteed.

"A PROFESSORS'S JUST DESSERTS", 12 Three Star gourmet recipes, $2.00. The Professor, Box 83, Marietta, Ohio 45750.

WILLIAMSBURG SPAGHETTI SAUCE! Thick & delicious! $1 & SASE to Recipe, Box 786, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSING How To's! Proven menus—Perfected Recipes For Easy Entertaining. Guaranteed. $2.00. JERCO ASSOCIATES, Box 9142-S, Savannah, Ga. 31402.

THACKERAY'S HUMOROUS workable recipe for lobster. Never before publicized. $1.00. S.R. Box 2306.

TEN MOUTHWATERING SUGARLESS desserts for the gourmet weight watcher. $2.00. RECIPES, Box 25778, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

GAMES

MATH FUN GAME. SMAD® (− × + ÷) bingo reinforces Johnny's basic math skills. New exciting card game. Skill-adjustable; fun for all ages. Includes SMAD (− × + ÷) cards, number markers, bingo cards, instructions. $3.49 + 50¢ postage; 2 sets $6.98 guaranteed. Smad, 5621 Peabody, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

PERSONALIZED CROSSWORDS! Puzzles custom-made for your convention, anniversary, retreat, any occasion! Relevant names, technical terms, in-jokes. Write: CUSTOM CROSSWORDS, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300-S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

QUALITY BOOKS MANUFACTURED (HARD COVER & PAPERBACK) IN 90 DAYS OR LESS. Complete plant—typesetting, letterpress, offset, binding, jackets. For details and prices write Dept. 731. JERICHO BOOK MFG., 900 S. Oyster Bay Road, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801. (516) 822-5700.

CREATIVE, IMAGINATIVE WRITER. Articles, novels, biographies. Bob Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

SPEECH ASSIGNMENT? Questionnaire captures your message, thrust. Parkstone Company, P.O. Box 1542, Eugene, Oreg. 97440.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. CA, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003.

EDITING, REVISING, manuscript typing, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Free catalogue. Write: Hamilton, Box 1252S, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

FIRST EDITIONS Catalogue #38. 1800 items, profusely illustrated. $10.00. J. Stephan Lawrence, Rare Books, 1301 S. Wabash, Chicago, 60605.

MINIATURE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Mosaic Press, Dept. 30, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

BOOK COLLECTIONS built by globe-girdling agents. All fields A to Izzard. Book Landes, 8926 National Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

WE FIND BOOKS! Rare or out-of-print. Free search. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

POETRY

YOUR POETRY PUBLISHED FREE. Write: Publishers, Box 3455-S, Knoxville, Tenn. 37917.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore. Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN artist, represented by top American Galleries offers $1500.00 landscapes for $500.00. Send $2.00 for color brochure. 601 San Nicolas Lane, Foster City, Calif. 94404.

COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 90,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $1.00. Visuals, P.O. Box 381215, Miami, Fla. 33138.

NSLA MEMBER SERVICES

RECORDS AND TAPES: Discount of 20% on world's largest selection of records and tapes, including many hard-to-find. All categories from classical to rock! For details and order forms, write: NSLA RECORDS AND TAPES SERVICE, P.O. Box 844, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. No minimum purchase required.

BOOKS: Discount of 20% on all the newest bestsellers as well as most books of general interest currently published in hard cover editions. (Offer does not include text, technical and most University Press titles). For details and order forms, write: NSLA BOOK SERVICE, P.O. Box 66, Essex Fells, N.J. 07021. No minimum purchase required.

MUSIC

HARPSICHORD MUSIC. Urtext editions from all over the world, available postpaid. Also books on history and performance. Write for free catalogues. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORD AND FORTEPIANO KITS. Authentic replicas of historical instruments in kit form for construction by the amateur craftsman. Illustrated brochure. Frank Hubbard Harpsichords, Inc., 185A-W Lyman Street, Waltham, Mass. 02154.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Free color catalogue of kits and beautifully finished instruments. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

HISTORIC PIANO—Opera star Frances Alda's (contemporary Caruso, Toscanini) Fischer studio. Decorator Oriental red. Box 1599, Tryon, N.C. 28782.

RECORDS AND TAPES

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, opera boxes, 78 sleeves, double jackets. CABCORS, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

CASSETTES—new, dramatic documentary stereo dolby programs run an hour with History Makers, Great Events, Justice, Children's and Special shows. Send for free description and list. Communication Institute, Box 1207, Arlington, Va. 22210.

SCHOOLS

DARROW, a mountainside co-educational boarding school. College prep, small classes, stimulating teachers. Twenty sports; outdoor program. Strong sense of community. Admissions without regard to race, religion, nationality. Write Porter Caesar, Admissions, Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring... all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GRADUATE INSTITUTE in Liberal Education, an accredited institution approved for M.A. and teacher recertification. Twelfth annual summer session, June 25 - August 18. Small classes with open discussions of great books of western civilization. Write: Graduate Institute, Box 332, St. John's College, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 103* (see page 54): Always do right; this will gratify some and astonish the rest. —Twain

DOCTORAL PROGRAMS FOR QUALIFIED PROFESSIONALS. Intensive residence alternate with independent study under faculty guidance. Compatible with employment. Licensed by Florida State Board of Colleges. Heed University, Box 311, Hollywood, Fla. 33022. (305) 925-1600.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s ... Free revealing details. Counseling Box 317-RS7, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residences in Vermont alternated with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to fully accredited B.A. Also unusual Residential, Graduate and Teacher Certification programs available. Approved for payment of Veterans' benefits. Write Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667. Goddard College admits students of any race, color, nationality, sex or ethnic origin.

CAMPS

NONCOMPETITIVE, stressing simple lifestyle. Instrumental music, drama, hiking. Golden Arrow Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

CAMP ROBIN HOOD FOR GIRLS. Established 1926. Chambersburg, Pa. 85 NW of Washington D.C. Ages 6 to 16, 4 or 8 weeks, June 22-August 17 COURTESY RESPONSIBILITY HONOR Riding daily, tennis, swimming, team sports crafts, music, drama, dance, campcraft, canoeing archery, riflery, fencing. Miss Margaret C. Duncan Owner and Director, Chambersburg, Pa. 17201 (717) 263-2495 or (919) 829-9062.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallet's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill jumping. Sailing, racing tactics, water skiing, drama swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C. Burlington, Vt. 05401.

BELLE TERRE GYMNASTIC CAMP FOR GIRLS. (607) 538-3701. So. Kortright, N.Y. 13842.

NONFORMAL ARTS, SCIENCE PROGRAM. Creative use of talent. Teenagers from 9 nations. High/Scope Foundation, 600 River, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS co-ed 6-18. Special programs. Write! Find out! Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 15, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

STUDIES ABROAD

SUN AND SPANISH TOO! Instituto de Filologia Hispánica, Apdo. 144, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY School of Arts, 9 rue Ursulines, PARIS 5. ACADEMIC YEAR—SUMMER IN FRANCE—FASHION WORKSHOPS. U.S.A. contact: Hazel Kley (203) 226-1348.

WARNBOROUGH COLLEGE is accepting applications for the Spring, Summer and Fall semesters 1978. Warnborough College is a private British college of higher education located in Oxford, England. Course offerings and applications may be obtained from Director of Admissions, Warnborough College, Boars Hill, Oxford OX15ED, England. Travel to Europe and throughout Great Britain may be arranged in conjunction with academic programmes.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

YUCATAN-OAXACA WITH ANTHROPOLOGIST. Optional photographic workshop. Students 14-18. (Mexico, Borneo. All ages, year-round.) Box 590, Cavecreek, Ariz. 85331

SUMMER IN GREECE. Five week program in Theatre, Fine Arts and Greek Studies. June 25 - July 28. University or in-service teaching credits arranged. Information: Athens Centre, 22 Massalias, Athens, Greece.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEARN FRENCH IN FRANCE during the Summer. Four and eight week intensive sessions in Normandy. State age, present level and goal. FASC, Manoir de Fauguernon, 14100 Lisieux, FRANCE.

OXFORD, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE. Summer English Studies, July 3 - August 12, 1978. Three six-credit courses, travel, and theater. Audit or credit, undergraduate through Ph.D. $1335.00. Write: Pigott-Wolff, English Department, University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich. 48221.

SUMMER STUDIES

WILDERNESS CHALLENGE. Discover your capabilities, become more self-reliant & confident. Learn outdoor skills: camping, climbing & survival, kayaking. Two 3-week courses for small groups of boys and girls 11-15. Base camp; river and mountain expeditions. Optional Reading/Math Tutoring, 6 weeks. Forestry Program 3 or 6 weeks. Director, Box 365, Proctor Summer Programs, Andover, N.H. 03216.

STUDENT TRAVEL

WILDERNESS VENTURES. Backpacking-Mountaineering-Rafting. Eight week expeditions from East to Rockies and Northwest. Small co-ed groups, ages 14-18. Mike & Helen Cottingham, Box 333-R, Moran, Wyo. 83013. (307) 543-2301.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in July at Mont Blanc; bike in Denmark; ride horseback in Swiss Alps; work on Normandy farm; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain; live with European family. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Bicycle trip in Canada. EIGHTH GRADERS: France. Unique summer travel. 27th year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346.

BICYCLE-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Trips to New England, Nova Scotia, Western Canada, Europe. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

EUROPE-U.S.A., Jr. High, High School, College students. Unique, lively, flexible programs. Touring, Camping, French/Spanish study, Summer Ski/Tennis Camps, Soccer, Gymnastics, African Safari, Wilderness Trips. 21st year. STUDENTS ABROAD / CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS, 1-S Sherman Square, N.Y.C. 10023. (212) 595-3044.

SUMMER IN LONDON. LIVE WITH A BRITISH FAMILY. Teenage and college groups. Tours, theatre, social activities. Brochure. Specify teenage or college. Mrs. H. Goldfarb, Anglo-Continental Holidays, 200 Pinehurst Avenue, Dept. S, N.Y.C. 10033. (212) 923-2136.

TRAVEL

EXPLORE POLYNESIA: Unique expeditions visit unspoiled traditional villages, meeting Pacific Islanders in their own environment. UTA French Airlines, P.O. Box 9000, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406, or Goodman's GoodTravel Tours, Dept. SR, 5332 College, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 163-09-ZA6 Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

THIS AD + $12.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$20.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

CULTURAL AND WILDLIFE EXPEDITIONS New Guinea, East Island, Galapagos, Mongolia, Patagonia, Europe, Antarctica. Expert lectures on culture, wildlife, archeology. Small escorted groups. SOCIETY EXPEDITIONS, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, Wash. 98105.

HIMALAYAN TREKS. Kashmir, Ladakh, Nepal. Magnificent mountains and remote cultures for the adventurous few. HIMALAYA, 3023 Franklin, San Francisco 94123. (415) 441-2933.

THE INFINITE ODYSSEY. WILDERNESS ADVENTURES. Alaska, Maine, British Columbia, Tetons, Rockies. Non-profit. Educational. 10th year. Minimum age 16. Contact: Rob Hartz, THE INFINITE ODYSSEY, 14 Union Park St., Boston, Mass. 02118. (617) 542-0060.

SOUTH SEAS SAILING ODYSSEY. Galapagos, Pitcairn, Marquesas, Tahiti, Hawaii, etc. 8 months. Adventure brochure. World cruising Brigantine Romance, Box 5086 (SR), St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

LITERARY TOUR, England, Scotland, Wales. Unforgettable deluxe 19-day fully escorted tour—July 3-21. Restricted to 32 persons. Early registration advised. Special Features: Banquet at House of Commons; Oxford University lecturer at Stratford with reserved seats Royal Shakespeare Theatre; Scottish Dinner with Highland Dancers; Visit to the Lake Country with Richard Wordsworth, distinguished actor; Welsh singers at banquet in Ruthin Castle. For brochure: Professor Curtis Baxter, Marshall University, Huntington, W. Va. 25701.

FREE! 1100 UNIQUE TRAVEL IDEAS. Domestic/foreign brochures about adventures, resorts, accommodations, transportation and more. For complimentary issue write THE HAPPY WANDERER, 4257-R W. Main, Skokie, Ill. 60076.

TRAVEL STUDY

STAY AT AN OXFORD COLLEGE. Study: Historic Buildings: 10 - 15 April, Historic Gardens: 24 - 29 July and 11 - 16 September. Write: ISIS SEMINAR, MALT HOUSE COTTAGE, TACKLEY, OXFORD 0X5 3AH, ENGLAND.

VACATIONS

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, boating, skindiving, tennis, birdwatching, loafing. Congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Box 633, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. Phone (305) 664-4435.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

THE WIGWAM—Litchfield Park 85340. Great Arizona Holidays: 7 days/6 nights, $344.50 per person including room, all breakfasts, dinners, airport transfers, and choice of greens fees on 3 courses, tennis, or riding. Mobil 5-Star Resort, private Country Club atmosphere, nightly entertainment and dinner-dancing. 15 miles from Phoenix. Write Dept. C or call (602) 935-3811 for reservations and information.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located, Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 59):
spired, prides, prised, spider

MAINE WINDJAMMER SAILING VACATION—Schooner Isaac H. Evans and Schooner Lewis R. French. $265. Weekly. Brochures, Captains Lee and Foss, Box 482R, Rockland, Maine 04841. Tel. (207) 594-8007.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES $28-$36. Featuring snorkeling. Swimming. Fishing. Mental/physical reconditioning. Remarkable year-round value. CARIBEPLAYA, Guardarraya, Puerto Rico 00723.

PLEASURE OR STUDY TOURS (8th year): Arts, Archaeology, Photography. France: begin Paris—25 June - 18 July, $1550.00. Celtic: begin Paris—Brittany, England, Wales, Ireland—19 July - 12 August, $1450.00. Dr. Gale W. Engle, 755 Parma Way, Los Altos, Calif. 94022. (415) 948-4924.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine 04617.

FAMILY & GROUP WILDERNESS CANOEING. Complete outfitting and guiding in Minnesota Boundary Waters. Six days for five people, about $600.00. Pigeon River Expeditions, Box 547, Hovland, Minn. 55606.

PILGRIM'S INN, Deer Isle, Maine 04627 (207-348-6615). Vacation at a colonial inn of warmth and distinction. Brochure upon request.

COMFORT & CHARM ON MT. DESERT ISLAND, Maine. The Claremont Hotel & Cottages. On Somes Sound—95th Season—Delightful dining, tennis, swimming. Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. (207) 244-5036.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful, serene, secluded. Cottages. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

WYOMING RANCH VACATION for entire family. Spectacular mountain scenery. Famous for 63 years: Valley Ranch, Southfork R, Cody, Wyo. 82414.

BAHAMIAN GARDEN RESORT—Double rooms, $18.00 economy—$35.00 deluxe. ROCK SOUND CLUB, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. Phone (809) 334-2243.

LINCOLN HOUSE—Historic country inn offering seclusion, superb accommodations, choice birding, unusual hospitality. Dennysville, Maine 04628.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, PUERTO RICO waterfront, sleeps six. Snorkeling, scuba. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708. (914) 961-6591.

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78th St., New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 879-8870.

WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home-cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

TAKE A THRIFTTRIP to San Francisco. The Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

AEGEAN ISLAND: See houses for rent.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Housekeeping and overnight cottages in towering pines. Fireplaces, waterskiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, snackbar. Write CHUTE HOMESTEAD, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $235.00 - $265.00 complete! Box 617B, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $265 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Mike Anderson, Box 736-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

QUIET, ELM-SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel. Heated pool. Tel. (617) 546-3211. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Mass. 01966.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $265.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851 or (207) 763-3137. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

MAINE OCEANFRONT. Charming seacoast inn, motel. Swimming Pool. Restaurant features "Down East" cooking. Cocktails. Rooms May-November. Restaurant late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, East Boothbay, Maine 04544.

ENGLAND. COTSWOLDS: Chipping Campden. Ancient wool barn. Sleeps 6. $300/fortnight. SR Box 2310.

COME ABOARD A MAINE WINDJAMMER. Weekly cruises, $265 includes everything. Call (207) 594-2923. Schooner J. & E. RIGGIN, Box 571J, Rockland, Maine 04841

VACATION WORKSHOPS

EARLY MUSIC WORKSHOP - July 2 - July 14, 1978. Instruments, voices, ensembles, concerts, instrument making, performance practice. For brochure and application, write: Early Music Workshop. Scarborough College, University of Toronto, 1265 Military Trail, WEST HILL, Ontario, Canada M1C 1A4.

PREFABRICATED HOMES

BUILD A BEAUTIFUL LOG HOME OR CABIN! Kits from $3900. Brochure $3.50. Dealership Information Package $5.00. WILDERNESS LOG HOMES: RR 2SR-31, Plymouth, Wis. 53073.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

COME TO OAK PARK—The unique suburb 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Historic architecture—community activism. Great schools, day care. Free apartment referral service. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Boulevard, Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights... a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

EAST 90's, 3 rooms, June 1 - Sept. 30. $500 monthly. (212) 427-6739.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange. Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacation. Write: Vacation Exchange Club (R), 350 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013.

CATALOGUE, FULLY ILLUSTRATED. INTERNATIONAL EDITION. 500 ENTRIES. $10.00. 6532(SR) Maple St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6P 5P2.

EXCHANGES/RENTALS. Professional-Executive homes. Inquiline, Box 208-D, Katonah, N.Y. 10536.

HOMES FOR EXCHANGE OR RENTAL-Exchange homes throughout Europe, America, worldwide. Plus 1,000 Mediterranean villas, apartments, British cottages, for rental. INTERCHANGE, #400(S), 888 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 265-4300.

KEY BISCAYNE for Kahala or Waikiki several months. 660 N. Mashta Dr., Key Biscayne, Fla. 33149.

HOUSES FOR RENT

MYKONOS ISLAND, GREECE. Luxurious, seaside villa. $2,400/month. (313) 884-2826.

NEW HAMPSHIRE RETREAT. Woodland, lake, restored 1780 farmhouse, fully-equipped, sleeps 8; rowboat and canoe. $175 weekly. $650 month. Sirkin, 6525 Wiscasset, Bethesda, Md. 20016.

SOUTHERN FRANCE, Provence hilltop. Luxurious villa, fully-equipped, 3 twin bedrooms, 3 baths. Heated indoor-outdoor pool. Gorgeous views. Fine restaurants. Wickett, 34 Linda Vista, Atherton, Calif. 94025. (415) 324-3227.

AEGEAN ISLAND (GREECE). 4-bedroom villa. Superb view. SR Box 2178.

HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Over 1 acre adjoining park, distinguished contemporary house, informal, gracious. Economical radiant heat. Tennis court, pool, fruit trees. Complete privacy. 2 minutes to Beltway, Connecticut Ave. S.R. Box 2308.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

BERMUDA—Homes for Sale or Rent, write Colin Anderson, Kitson and Company, P.O. Box 449, Hamilton, Bermuda, giving the number in party and specific dates.

SANIBEL ISLAND HOME, spacious, acre setting of tropical vegetation, private easement to Gulf beach, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, maid's quarters, large pool-patio, 5,409 sq. ft. total, $275,000. Other quality homes $125,000, $110,000. Mid-Island Real Estate, 5301 Sancap Rd., Sanibel, Fla. 33957.

BIG... FREE... CATALOGUE! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

ITALY. Florence Siena old farmhouses for sale/lease on private protected estate. Call for details (313) 886-6654 or write SR Box 2309.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS—LIBRARIANS—PRINCIPALS: Current U.S. school, college openings list $5.95; Abroad $5.95. Leading Placement Sources U.S. $3.95; Foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J, Boston, Mass. 02103.

EDUCATORS: Get first choice of jobs in educatio business, government. Free information!! Oxford A sociates—Box 5529W, Washington, D.C. 20016.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest informatio $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Cali 90808.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwi Directory and complete information—$2.00. Oppo tunities. Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, U skilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, A plication, Resume Instructions $3.00. Nation Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Buil ing, Washington, D.C. 20005.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupation high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerize reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Ai port, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,00 $50,000+. Free Information! Employment Intern tional, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

TRAVEL ON FOREIGN SHIPS! GOOD PAY! N experience. Men, women. Stamped, long envelope GLOBETROTTER, Box 1266-SRA, Kansas City Mo. 64141.

TEACHERS-MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 9 Woodchester, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

OPPORTUNITIES IN EDUCATION—Indepen dent Schools nationwide and overseas seeking to quality faculty and administrators with minimum t substantial experience; exposure to Independen Schools desirable but not required; teaching and ad ministrative careers. SCHOOL SERVICE BU REAU, Box 278-S, Windsor, Conn. 06095.

TUTOR: Young, single, or married, qualified, wit recent references for ninth grade girl, 16. Salary, sepa rate new house provided in fox-hunting country. On hour from Washington, D.C. S.R. Box 2307.

COUNSELORS—New Hampshire girls' camp Specialists, all areas, age 20+. SR Box 2301.

TEACHERS, SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS— New opportunities, new responsibilities, new loca tions available in elementary and secondary indepen dent schools—from East to West Coast and abroad Register with Sandoe & Associates, national teache agency. Call (800) 225-7986 toll free or (617) 262-538 from Massachusetts.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAILORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Gil Turk, Dept. 66, Montvale, N.J. 07645.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, P.O. Box 22791(DF), Tampa, Fla. 33622.

TURN THOUGHTS INTO CASH! Write short newspaper paragraphs. FREE DETAILS. O'Dell, 3131-S Stanwood, Philadelphia, Pa. 19136.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

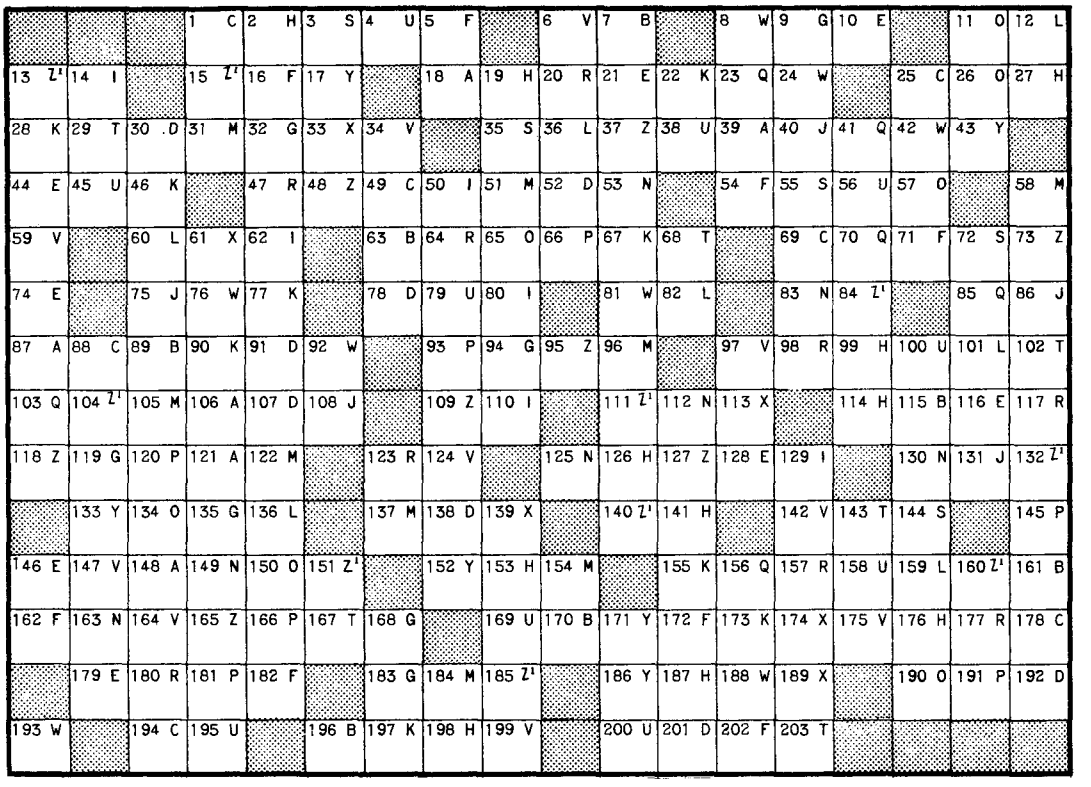
GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS — $59.30! — CARS — $33.50! — 200,000 ITEMS!—GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—Most COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00— MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-30, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 143

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer *only a few of the WORDS correctly*, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so *you can work back and forth, from* WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. River flowing from central Wales through western England into the Bristol Channel	18 39 87 106 121 148
B. Impaired	161 7 196 63 89 115 170
C. Concocted, contrived	178 1 25 49 69 88 194
D. Paragon	30 52 78 91 107 138 192 201
E. Takes back; swallows one's words (2 wds.)	10 21 44 74 116 128 146 179
F. Turkish saber having a double-curved blade	5 16 54 71 162 182 202 172
G. Foams	135 168 183 9 32 94 119
H. Admit to citizenship	99 114 141 187 2 27 126 153 176 198 19
I. Caught	50 62 80 110 129 14
J. Sound of a whip cutting the air	40 75 86 108 131
K. Needy, indigent	28 46 77 90 155 173 197 22 67
L. Larval salamander found especially in the lakes and ponds of the southwestern United States and of Mexico	101 36 82 136 12 60 159
M. Crystalline alkaloid, also called quebrachine	122 137 184 51 96 31 58 105 154
N. Thrives by feeding; grows fat	83 112 130 149 163 53 125
O. Eccentric, queer	134 150 190 26 57 65 11
P. Wealthy persons from whom large contributions are expected (2 wds.)	93 120 181 145 191 66 166
Q. Seaport, northwest Belgium	23 41 70 103 156 85
R. Memory	98 117 157 177 64 123 180 47 20
S. Upper regions of space; clear sky; heavens; anesthetic	35 72 55 144 3
T. Trembling; vibration	68 167 203 143 29 102
U. Snake worshiper	79 100 45 169 195 4 56 200 158 38
V. Distracting, annoying (comp.; chiefly British)	124 175 59 97 147 199 142 6 164 34
W. Signified; was important	188 76 8 81 42 24 193 92
X. "It's true I've got no ___ to wear" (Gilbert, "To the Terrestrial Globe")	113 61 174 33 139 189
Y. Scanty supply	43 171 186 17 152 133
Z. Suitable, pertinent	127 37 48 95 118 109 165 73
Z¹. European ragwort, *Senecio jacobaea*	151 132 13 160 140 15 111 84 185 104

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 142*** appears on page 60.

SR 3 18 78

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Racy Reading

"What Evelyn Wood offers is the familiar American sacrifice: delight for efficiency, quality for quantity."

MY RESULTS on the first test at the Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Institute's free introductory lesson indicated to the instructress that my reading methods were "inadequate, inefficient, too damn slow." My eyes were "fixating" on individual words, which, thanks to my unenlightened education, I was mentally articulating. Studies had proved that a human brain—even *my* human brain—was capable of assimilating information at the rate of 20,000 words per minute (wpm). "Rock-bottom" reading speed for an "adequate" reader was 900 wpm. And here I was, plugging along at a paltry 312 wpm.

Happily, my problem was remediable. I could enroll in the seven-week course and if dissatisfied with the results have my tuition refunded. Far from being adversely affected, my comprehension would most likely increase with my reading rate. So would my pleasure, since in the brochure's words, "slower reading tends to be dull and discouraging." A number of universities, politicians, and corporations—including my alma mater, President Carter, and *Family Circle* magazine—had found Evelyn Wood's reading dynamics "a useful skill." What was there to lose?

Plenty.

The theory behind the Evelyn Wood method is that the human brain can be taught to absorb the meaning of words without reference to the words' sounds. Thus, a sentence like "It is a peculiarity of the pelican that he can hold more food matter in his beak than in his stomach" conveys the same information as Ogden Nash's "A wondrous bird is the pelican/Whose beak can hold more than his belly can," except that the prose sentence is more precise.

Having overcome the need to "say the words" mentally while reading, you become able to absorb whole paragraphs and pages at a time. Knowledge is power: The better informed you are, the better you will be able to do your job, the quicker your star will rise.

The problem is not the efficacy of the method b its effects. Just as a person tells you more abo himself by his manner than by his conversation, t concatenation of words suggests more than their li eral meanings. *Please be quiet, pipe down,* and *sh the hell up* make the identical request but sugge very different things about the situation and abo the person speaking.

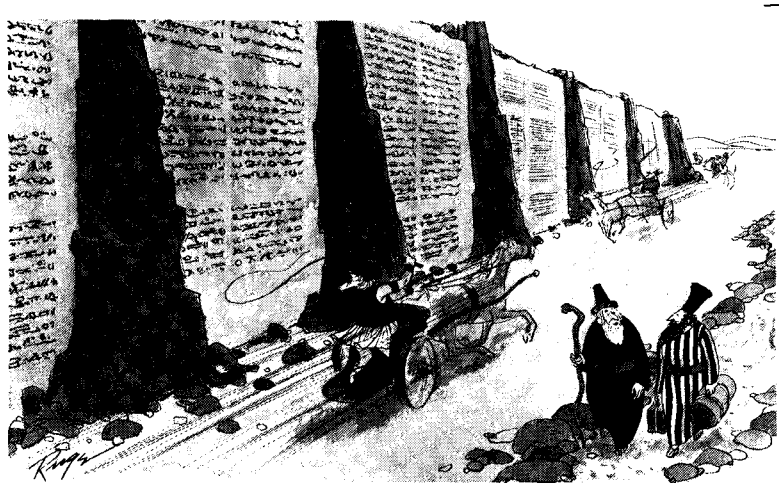
The words a writer chooses convey his tone voice and that tone, much more than the meaning his words, characterizes the writer. Shakespear Samuel Johnson, and Henry James said few thin that others had not said before, but they said them a way that changed people's perception and appr ciation of the world. Were it not for the way they a written, *Romeo and Juliet* might be a *National E quirer* nightmare and the *Rambler* essays, just a other drab collection of sermons.

There is a further reason why one ought to artic late words while reading them. "Dynamic" readi may enable us to get the gist of an article quickly, b it prevents us from assessing the clarity and rigor the author's mind. Had we Evelyn Wood studen the time to look, we would have discovered that th prose on which our class practiced speedy readin was garrulous and slovenly, rife with extra adje tives, misused words, and miserably mixe metaphors.

No doubt the Evelyn Wood method has helpe many students to absorb more information and t improve their grades. No doubt it has helped many busy executive perform his function faster and ge home to his children before their bedtimes. N doubt it has helped sloppy readers to concentrat and to derive more benefit from their reading. Bu for those who care about the quality of prose an thought and the delight of meeting an author throug his tone of voice, the loss is great.

What Evelyn Wood offers is the familiar Americ sacrifice: delight for efficiency, quality for quantity Ten years ago (for I am a sneak who has held thes opinions for a long while), I graduated from a seven week Evelyn Wood reading course. That night, read four novels by Mark Twain in a single sittin and did not laugh once. I was too busy reading.

—CARLL TUCKE



"Traffic has become something fierce ever since they've begun selling those courses in speed reading."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

by Sy Levin.

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "must," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

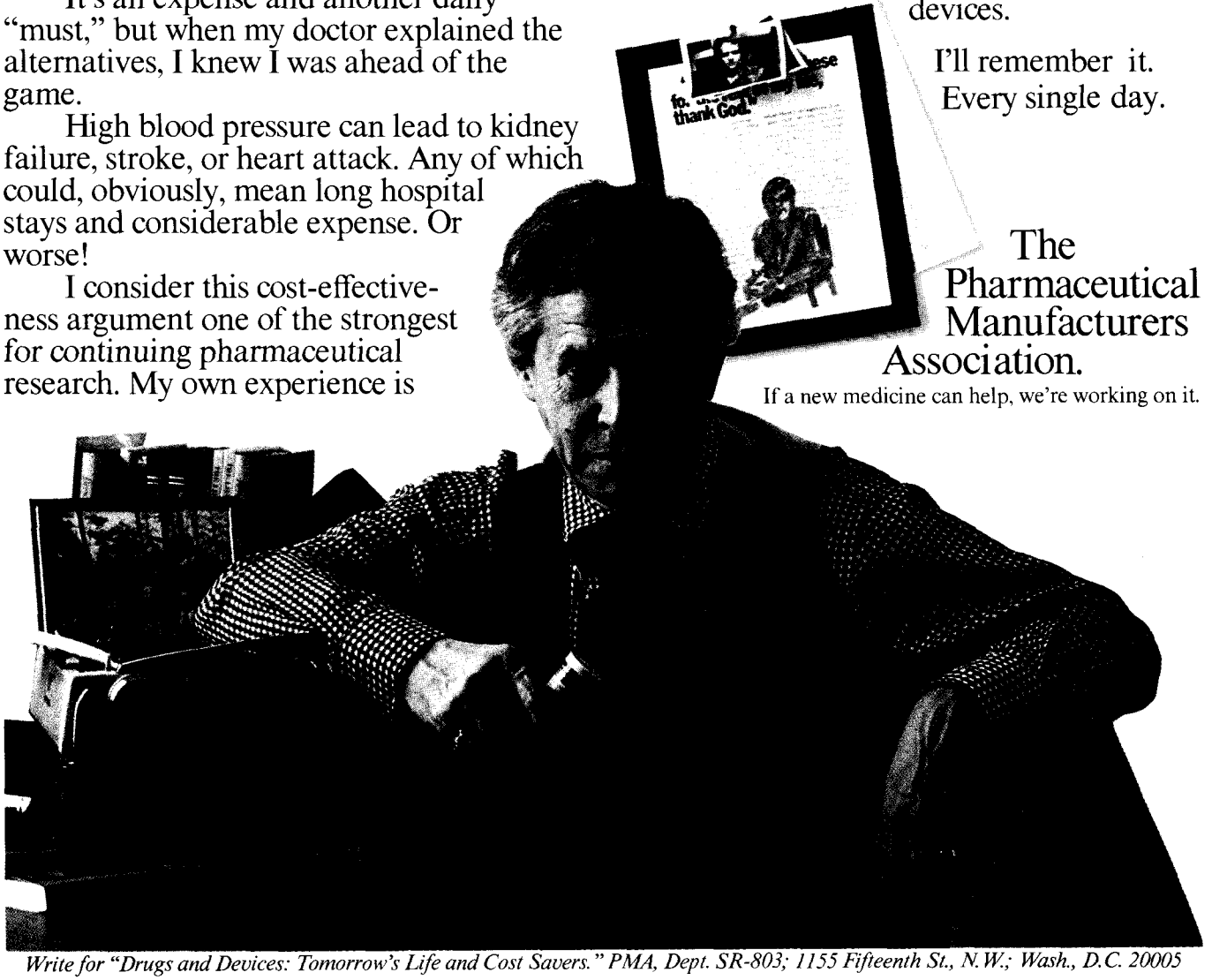
High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

I consider this cost-effectiveness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it.
Every single day.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

Write for "Drugs and Devices: Tomorrow's Life and Cost Savers." PMA, Dept. SR-803; 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W.; Wash., D.C. 20005

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Impress friends and influence people.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED